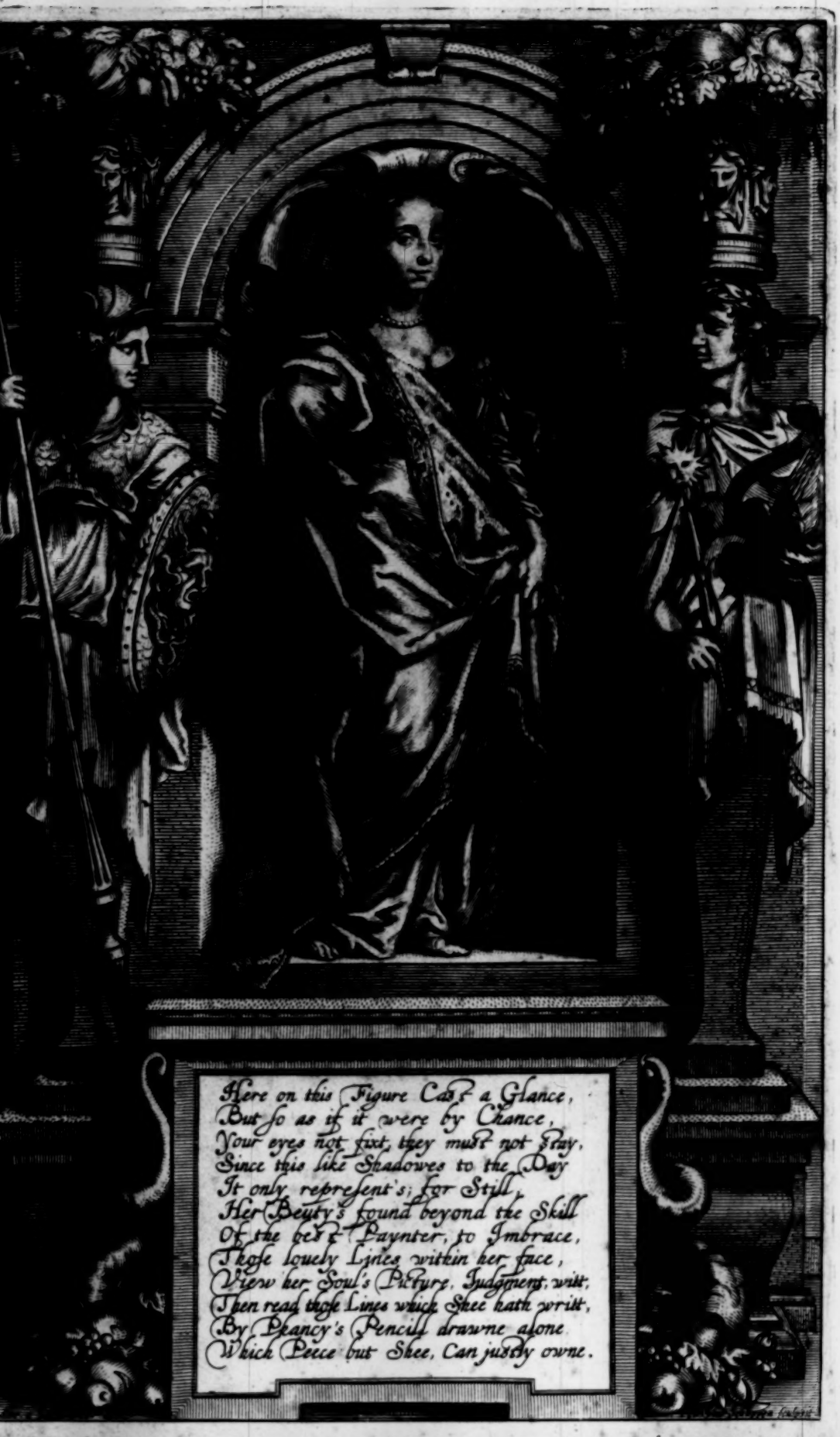
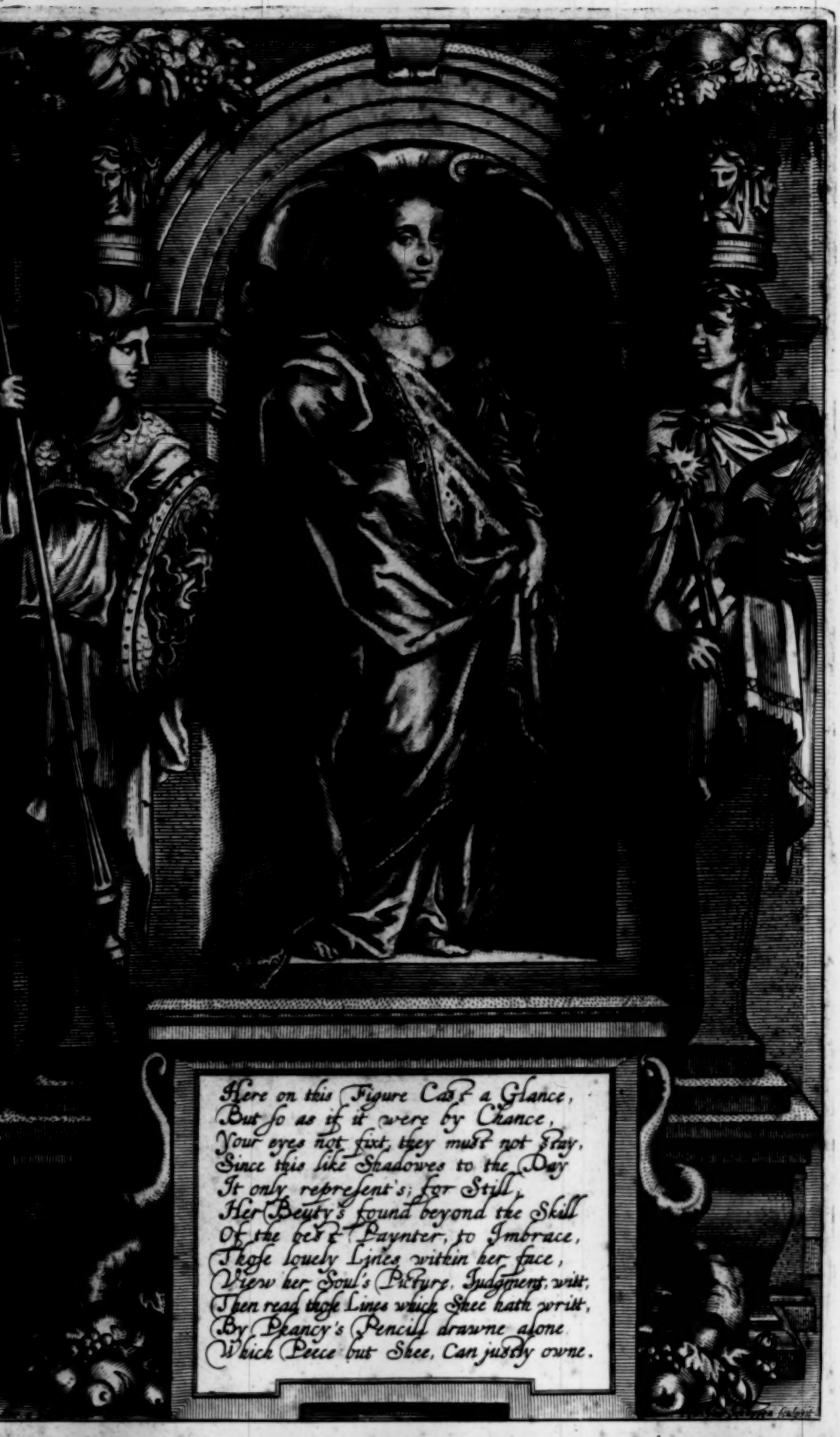


Here on this Figure Cast a Glance,
But so as if it were by Chance,
Your eyes not fixt, they must not Stay,
Since this like Shadowes to the Day
It only represent's; for Still,
Her Beuty's found beyond the Skill
Of the best Paynter, to Imbrace,
Those lovely Lines within her face,
View her Soul's Picture, Judgment, wit,
Then read those Lines which Shee hath writt,
By Fancy's Pencill drawne alone
Which Peece but Shee, Can justly owne.



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NATURES PICTURE

Drawn by

FANCIES PENCIL

To the Life.

Being ſeveral Feigned Stories, Comical, Tragical, Tragi-comical, Poetical, Romancical, Philoſophical, Hiſtorical, and Moral: Some in Verſe, ſome in Proſe; ſome Mixt, and ſome by Dialogues.

Written by the

Thrice Noble, Illuſtrious, and moſt Excellent Princeſs,

THE

DUCHESS of NEWCASTLE.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,

Printed by *A. Maxwell*, in the Year 1671.



THE

DUKE of NEWCASTLE

UPON ALL THE

WORKS

OF HIS

DUCHESS.

YOU, Various Readers, various Judgments give;
And think, Books are condemn'd, or ought to live,
According to your Cenſures, bad or good,
Before you read them, or they're underſtood:
Laying Aſperſions with a jeering brand.
But read theſe firſt; and, if you underſtand
What's to be lik'd, you'l like what here is writ;
Elſe you will forfeit your Judgment and Wit.
For your own ſakes, diſlike not theſe Books then,
Have mercy on your ſelves, you cenſuring Men:
For when you're dead, with all your envious looks,
Theſe Writings will out-live all other Books.

O, but a Woman writes them! She does ſtrive
T' intrench too much on Man's Prerogative.
Then that's the Crime, that her Fame pulls yours
If you be Scholars, ſhe's too of the Gown; (down.
Therefore be civil to her: think it fit
She ſhould not be condemn'd 'cauſe ſhe's a Wit.
If you be Soldiers, Ladies you'l defend,
And your ſheath'd Arguments, when drawn, will end
The ſmall Male-Goſſipings. But, Gallants, pray
Be not ye Factious, though your Miſtris ſay,
The Books are naught; but do you talk with thoſe,
Of Ribbans, *Point de Gen's*, and curious Clothes,
Their better reading; and let Books alone:
But theſe I will compare to every one
That here doth follow. Nay, old *Homer* writ
Not clearer Fancies, nor with clearer Wit:
And that Philoſophy ſhe doth diſpenſe,
Is beyond *Ariſtotle*'s hard Non-ſenſe.
Her Obſervations of Diſeaſes new,
Hippocrates the *Grecian* never knew.
As Eloquent ſhe is as *Cicero*,
And ſweeter Flowers of Rhet'rick here do grow.
Her lofty high Deſcriptions do ſhame ſtill
The ſwell'd Lines of th' Imitator *Virgil*.
As good Odes too as *Horace:* nay, I can
Compare her Dialogues to rare *Lucian*.
Lucan, the Battel of thy Civil-War
Is loſt; this Lady doth exceed thee far.

More

More Fame, by Morals, ſhe, than *Plutarch*, gains.
As uſeful Fables ſhe, as *Æſop*, feigns.
And as good Language as e're *Terence* writ.
Thy Comedies, poor *Plautus*, have leſs wit.
Her rare Epiſtles all Epiſtles ſully,
Even the too-familiar of vain *Tully*.
And as wiſe Sentences ſhe ſtill doth ſay,
As *Marcus Aurelius*, or *Seneca*.
Verſes as ſmooth and ſweet as *Ovid* writ:
And may compare with ſweet *Tibullus* Wit.
What takes the Soul more than a gentle vain,
That charms the charming *Orpheus* with its ſtrain?
If all theſe Wits were prais'd for ſeveral ways,
What deſerves this that hath them all? what praiſe?

THE PREFACE.

THE Deſign of theſe my *Feigned Stories*, is, To preſent *Virtue* to your view, the *Muſes* leading her, and the *Graces* attending on her: To defend Innocence, help the Diſtreſſed, lament the Unfortunate, and ſhew that *Vice* is ſeldom crown'd with good ſucceſs.

I have deſcribed in this Work many ſorts of Paſſions, Humours, Behaviours, Actions, Accidents, Governments, Laws, Cuſtoms, Peace, Warrs, Climates, Arts and Sciences; but have not Painted them all alike, ſome being done with Oily-colours of Poetry, others with Water-colours of Proſe: ſome upon dark Grounds of Tragedy, and others upon light Grounds of Comedy. Nor are thoſe Deſcriptions ſo lively expreſt by my Pen, as Sir *Anthony Vandike*'s Pictures by his Pencil, being rather

ther form'd by Fancy, than copied from the true Originals of immediate Action; for I have not read much of Hiſtory to inform my ſelf of what was done in former times, where I might unhappily have found, to my grief, that ſome of my Sex have out-done all the glory I can aim at, or hope to attain to.

That my ambition of extraordinary Fame, is reſtleſs, and not ordinary, I cannot deny: and ſince all Heroick Actions, Publick Employments, as well Civil as Military, and Eloquent Pleadings, are deni'd my Sex in this Age, I may be excuſed for writing ſo much; for that is the Reaſon I have run, more buſily than induſtriouſly, upon every Subject I can think of.

Though ſome of theſe Stories be Romancical, I would not be thought to delight in Romances, having never read a whole one in my life; and if I did believe that theſe Tales ſhould neither benefit the Life, nor pleaſe the Mind, more than what I have read in them, did either inſtruct or ſatisfie me; or that they could create Amorous thoughts in idle brains, as Romances do, I would never ſuffer them to be printed, and would make Blots inſtead of Letters. But Partiality perſwades me otherwiſe; and I hope, that this Work will rather quench Paſſion, than enflame it; will beget chaſt Thoughts, nouriſh the love of Virtue, kindle Human Pity, warm Charity, encreaſe

creaſe Civility, ſtrengthen fainting Patience, encourage noble Induſtry, crown Merit, and inſtruct Life: will damn Vices, kill Follies, prevent Errors, forewarn Youth, and arm the Mind againſt Misfortunes; and in a word, will admoniſh, direct, and perſwade to that which is beſt in all kinds, wherein I have my wiſhes and reward.

I have not dreſs'd theſe Diſcourſes with conſtraint faſhions, which are hard words, ſet-phraſes, and bombaſt Sentences: but though it be done careleſly, yet not looſly; and when I uſe any forreign words, do not, I beſeech you, attribute it to affectation, or to the vanity of being thought skilful in thoſe Languages from whence they are taken: for I have never learn'd any, beſides my Mother-Tongue, which is (at this time) extreamly enrich'd with the wiſe and lawful Plunder of others; and is like Mithridate and Cordial-waters, which are much the better for being compounded of the choiceſt Ingredients.

For Method, I do neither underſtand perfectly what it is; nor, if I ſhould, have I the patience to be ty'd to its exact Rules, which in my opinion fetters Nature more often than it helps it by its pretended Order. And therefore do not expect in this Book any artificial Contrivances, and be contented to find my Expreſſions clear, natural, and very intelligible, without the leaſt Art in the World.

If I cannot be ſo happy to deſerve your Com-

mendations, let me deſerve your Cenſure; which cannot be (in relation to you) till you have read the whole Work; and chiefly, the Stories of the *Anchoret*, and of the *Experienced Traveller*; and then (I hope) the Prejudices you may have againſt an unlearned Woman, will be taken off.

AS I was writing, by a little fire,
Theſe Feigned Hiſtories; I did deſire
To ſee my Native Countrey, Native Friends,
That lov'd me well, and had no other ends
Than harmleſs mirth to paſs away dull time,
With telling Tales either in Proſe or Rime.
But though Deſire did then like a Wind blow
The Sails of Wiſhes on Love's Ship to go;
Yet Baniſhment to my dear Lord, was then
A dangerous Rock, made of hard-hearted men.
And hearing of ſuch dangers in my way,
I was content in Antwerp *for to ſtay;*
And in the Circle of my Brain to raiſe
The Figures of my Friends crowned with Praiſe:
Theſe Figures plac'd in company together,
All ſetting by a Fire in cold weather;
The Fire was of Fancy, which I made
Within the Glandule of a Chimney laid:
My Lord and I amongſt our Friedns was ſet
In the midſt of them that were thither met.

But

But afterwards perceiving I could make
As many Figures as my Thoughts could take.
Then I invited all the Learned men,
And beſt of Poets that the Age had then:
The pooreſt Gueſs, though they no birth inherit,
To entertain according to their merit.
Thus was my Mind as buſie as a Bee,
To entertain this Noble Company.
Then my Imaginations a large Room built,
Furniſh'd moſt curiouſly, and richly gilt:
I hired all the Arts for to provide
Choice of Proviſions, and Paſtime beſide.
The Wit *I had unto the Muſes ſent,*
With Love's Requeſt, which humbly did preſent
My Mind's Deſire; which was, without delay,
To come and help to paſs the time away.
Wit *travell'd far, and ſearch'd them all about,*
At laſt in Nature's Court Wit *found them out.*
Then firſt to Nature, Wit *did bow down low;*
To Wit, *Dame Nature did her Favours ſhow;*
And, with a pleaſing-ſmile, ſhe bid him ſay,
Whether he came to fetch her Maids away.
Wit *anſwered, Yes. Then Nature bid them take*
The Helicon *Water, and with it make*
The Company all Poets. Which they did,
Although they were but Pictures in my Head;
Their real perſons at great diſtance were:
But on my Thoughts that did their Figures bear,

The

The marvellous Waters could not work well,
Which is the cauſe no better Tales I tell;
But hope thoſe Friends my Fancy do preſent,
Will take it well, and for a good intent:
For I did trouble much my poor weak Brain,
This worthy Company to entertain.

MARGARET NEWCASTLE.

SEVERAL

Feigned Stories

IN

VERSE.

The First BOOK.

READERS, my Works do not ſeem
(in my Mind)
So bad as you make them, if Faults
you find:
For if you find much Fault, you would not ſpare
Your ridgid Cenſures, but their Faults declare.
For I perceive the World is evil bent,
Judging the worſt of that which was well meant.
When they a word to Wantonneſs can wreſt,
They'l be well-pleas'd, and often at it jeſt:

When every fooliſh Tongue with words can play,
And turn good ſenſe, with words, an evil way.
But at my Writings let them do their worſt,
And for their pains with Ignorance be curſt.

IN VVinter cold, a Company was met,
Both Men and VVomen by the Fire were ſet;
At laſt they did agree (to paſs the time)
That every one ſhould tell a Tale in Ryme.
The VVomen ſaid, VVe no true Meaſures know;
Nor do our Rhymes in even Numbers go.
Why, ſaid the Men, All Women's Tongues are free
To ſpeak both out of time, and fooliſhly.
And, drawing Lots, the Chance fell on a Man,
Who having ſpit and blown his Noſe, began:

Of the Mournful Widow.

I Travelling, it was my chance to ſpy
A little Houſe, which to a Tomb ſtood nigh.
My Curioſity made me inquire
VVho dwelt therein: to further my deſire,
I knocked at the door; at laſt came one
Which told me, 'Twas a Lady liv'd alone.
I pray'd that I the Lady might but ſee:
She told me, ſhe did ſhun all Company.
By her diſcourſe, the Lady had been Wife,
But being a Widow, liv'd a loneſome life.

I told her, I did travel all about,
Only to find a Conſtant Woman out.
She anſwer'd, If the world had any where
A Conſtant Woman, ſurely ſhe dwelt there.
I waited there, in hope my Fortune might
At length direct me to this Lady's ſight:
And lying underneath a Tomb at night,
At *Curfue*-time, this Lady with a Light
Came forth out of the Houſe all cloth'd in white,
And to the Tomb her walk ſhe bended right;
With a Majeſtick-grace ſhe walk'd along,
She ſeem'd to be both beautiful and young;
And when ſhe came, ſhe kneeled down to pray,
And thus unto her ſelf did ſoftly ſay.

Give leave, you Gods, this Loſs for to lament;
Give my Soul leave to ſeek which way his went:
O let my Spirits with his run a Race,
Not to out-go, but to get next in place:
Amongſt the Sons of Men raiſe up his Fame,
Let not foul Envy Canker-fret the ſame:
And whilſt, Great Gods, I in the world do live,
Grant I may Honour to my Husband give:
O grant that all fond Love away may flye,
But let my Heart amongſt his Aſhes lye.
Here do I ſacrifice each vainer dreſs,
And idle words, which my Youth did expreſs:
Here, Dear, I cancel all Self-love, and make
A Bond, thy loving Memory to take,

And in my Soul always adore the ſame;
My Thoughts ſhall build up *Altars* to thy Name:
Thy Image in my heart ſhall fixed be:
My Tears from thence ſhall Copies take of thee,
And on my Cheeks thoſe Tears as Pictures plac't,
Or, like thy Carved Statue, ne're ſhall waſte.
Thy Praiſe my words(though air) ſhall print ſo deep,
By Repetition ſhall for ever keep.
With that, Tears from her Eyes in ſhow'rs did flow:
Then I roſe up, to her my ſelf did ſhow.
She ſeemed not to be mov'd at my ſight,
Becauſe her Grief was far above her Fright.
Said I, Weep, weep no more, thou Beauteous Saint,
Nor over theſe dull aſhes make complaint;
They feel not thy warm Tears, which liquid flow;
Nor thy deep Sighs, which from thy Heart do go:
They hear thee not, nor thank thee for thy love;
Nor yet his Soul, that's with the God's above.
Take comfort, Saint, ſince Life will not return;
And bury not thy Joys within this Urn.

She Anſwered.

I have no Joys, in him they did reſide;
They fled away when as his Body dy'd:
Not that my Love unto his Shape was ty'd,
But to his Virtues, which did in him 'bide.
He had a Generoſity beyond all Merit,
A Noble Fortitude poſſeſt his Spirit;

Fore-

Foreſeeing-Prudence, which his Life did guide;
And Temperate Thoughts did in his Soul abide:
His Speech was ſweet and gentle to the Ear;
Delight ſate cloſe, as liſtning for to hear
His Counſel wiſe, and all his Actions good:
His Truth and Honeſty as Judges ſtood
For to direct and give his Actions Law:
His Piety to Gods was full of awe.
Wherefore return, your Counſels are in vain;
For I muſt grieve whilſt I'n the world remain:
For I have ſacrific'd all my Delight
Upon my Noble Husband's Grave, and ſlight
All Vanities, which Women young do prize,
Though they entangle them, as Webs do Flies.
Lady, ſaid I, you being Young and Fair,
By Pleaſures to the world invited are:
Bury not all your Youth and Beauty here,
Which like the Sun may to all Eyes appear.
O Sir, ſaid ſhe, the Sun that gave me light,
Death hath eclips'd, and taken from my ſight.
In Melancholy Shades my Soul doth lie,
And grieves my Body which will not yet die.
My Spirits long to wander in the air,
Hoping to find its loving Partner there.
Though Fates my Life have power to prolong,
Yet they have none my conſtant Mind to wrong.
But when I did perceive no Rhetorick could
Perſwade her to take comfort, grieve ſhe would;

Then taking my leave for to go away,
With adoration thus to her did ſay:
Farewell thou Angel of a Heavenly Breed,
For ſure thou com'ſt not from a Mortal Seed,
Thou art ſo conſtant unto Virtue fair,
Which very few of either Sexes are.
And after a ſhort time I heard ſhe dy'd;
Her Tomb was built cloſe by her Husband's ſide.

After the Man, a Woman did begin
To tell her Tale; and thus ſhe entred in.

A Deſcription of Diverted Grief.

A Man had once a Young and Handſom Wife,
Whoſe Virtue was unſpotted all her life.
Her words were ſmooth, which from her Tongue did ſlide;
All her Diſcourſe was wittily appli'd.
Her Actions modeſt, her Behaviour ſo,
As when ſhe mov'd, the Graces ſeem'd to go.
Whatever Ill ſhe chanc'd to ſee or hear,
Yet ſtill her Thoughts as pure as Angels were.
Her Husband's Love ſeem'd ſuch, as no Delight
Nor Joy could take him out of his Wife's ſight.
It chanc'd this virtuous Wife fell ſick to death,
And to her Husband ſpake with dying-breath:
Farewell my deareſt Husband, dye I muſt,
Yet do not you forget me in the Duſt;

Becauſe

Becauſe my Soul would grieve if it ſhould ſee
Another in my room, your *LOVE* to be:
My Ghoſt would mourn, lament; that never dyes,
Though Bodies do; pure Loves eternalize.
You Gods, ſaid he, that order Death and Life,
O ſtrike me dead, unleſs you ſpare my Wife.
If your Decree be fix'd, nor alter can,
But ſhe muſt dye, (O miſerable Man!)
Here do I vow (Great Gods all witneſs be),
That I will have no other Wife but thee:
No Friendſhip will I make, converſe with none,
But live an *Anchoret* my ſelf alone.
Thy Spirits ſweet, my Thoughts ſhall entertain;
And in my Mind thy Memory remain.
Farewell, ſaid ſhe, for now my Soul's at peace,
And all the Bleſſings of the Gods encreaſe
Upon thy Soul; but I pray do not give
Away that *Love* I had whilſt I did live.
Turning her Head, as if to ſleep ſhe lay,
In a ſoft Sigh her Spirits flew away.
When ſhe was dead, great Mourning he did make,
Would neither eat, nor drink, nor reſt could take;
Kiſſing her cold pale Lips, her Cheeks, each Eye;
Curſing his Fate he lives, and cannot dye:
Tears fell ſo faſt, as if his Sorrows meant,
To lay her in a watry Monument.
But when her Corps upon the Hearſe was laid,
No Tongue can tell what mournful Cries he made.

Thus did he paſs his time, a week or two,
In ſad commplaints, and melancholy wo;
*A*t laſt he was perſwaded for to take
Some air abroad, ev'n for his own healths ſake.
But firſt, unto the Grave he went to pray,
Kiſſing that Earth wherein her Body lay.
*A*fter a Month or two, his Grief to eaſe,
Some Recreations ſought himſelf to pleaſe;
*A*nd calling for his Horſes, and his Hounds,
He went to hunt upon the Champian grounds:
His Thoughts by theſe Paſtimes diverted are,
Paſs'd by the Grave, and never dropt a Tear.
*A*t laſt he chanc'd a Company to meet
Of Virgins young, and freſh as Flowers ſweet;
Their Cloathing fine, their Humours pleaſant, gay,
*A*nd with each other they did ſport and play,
Giving his Eyes a liberty to view;
VVith interchanging Looks, in Love he grew.
One Maid amongſt the reſt, moſt fair and young,
VVho had a ready wit, and pleaſant tongue,
He Courtſhip made, to her he did addreſs,
Caſt off his Mourning, Love for to expreſs.
Rich Clothes he made, and wondrous fine they were;
He barb'd, and curl'd, and powder'd ſweet his Hair:
Rich Gifts unto his Miſtreſs did preſent,
*A*nd every day to viſit her he went.
They like each other well, they both agree,
That in all haſte they ſtraight muſt married be.

To

To Church they went, for joy the Bells did ring:
When married were, he home the Bride did bring.
But when he married was ſome half a year,
He Curtain-Lectures from his VVife did hear:
For whatſoe're he did, ſhe did with ſpight
And ſcorn diſlike, and all his kindneſs ſlight:
Croſs every word, ſhe would, that he did ſay;
Seem'd very ſick, complaining every day,
Unleſs ſhe went abroad; then ſhe would be
In humour good, in other Company.
Then he would ſigh, and call into his Mind
His dear dead Wife that was ſo wondrous kind.
He jealous grew, and was ſo diſcontent,
(And of his later Marriage did repent)
With Melancholy Thoughts fell ſick and dy'd;
His VVife ſoon after was another's Bride.
VVhen ſhe had done, the Men aloud did cry;
Said ſhe had quit her Tale moſt ſpitefully.

Another Man, to anſwer what ſhe told,
Began to tell, and did his Tale unfold.

The Feminine Deſcription.

A Man a walking, did a Lady ſpy;
To her he went: and when he came hard by,
Fair Lady, ſaid he, why walk you alone?
Becauſe (ſaid ſhe) my Thoughts are then my own:

For in a Company my Thoughts do throng,
And follow every fooliſh babling Tongue.
Your Thoughts, ſaid he, 'twere boldneſs for to ask.
To tell, ſaid ſhe, it were too great a task:
But yet to ſatisfie your Mind, ſaid ſhe,
I'le tell you how our Thoughts run commonly:
Sometimes they mount up to the Heavens high,
Then ſtraight fall down, and on the Earth will lye;
Then circling run to compaſs all they may,
And then ſometimes they all in heaps do ſtay.
At other times they run from place to place,
As if they had each other in a Chace.
Sometimes they run as Phanſie doth them guide,
And then they ſwim as in a flowing-Tide:
But if the Mind be diſcontent, they flow
Againſt the Tide, their Motion's dull and ſlow.

Said he,

I travel now to ſatisfie my Mind,
Whether I can a Conſtant VVoman find.
O Sir, ſaid ſhe, it's Labour without end,
VVe cannot Conſtant be to any Friend:
VVe ſeem to love to death, but 'tis not ſo,
Becauſe our Paſſions ſtill move to and fro:
They are not fix'd, but do run all about;
Every new Object thruſts the former out.
Yet we are fond, and for a time ſo kind,
As nothing in the world ſhould change our Mind:

But

But if Misfortune come, we weary grow;
Then former Fondneſs we away ſtraight throw:
Although the Object alter not, yet may
Time alter our fond Minds another way.
We love, and like, and hate, and cry,
VVithout a Cauſe, or Reaſon why.
Wherefore go back, for you ſhall never find
Any VVoman to have a Conſtant Mind:
The beſt that is, ſhall hold but for a time,
Wav'ring like wind, which Women hold no Crime.

A Woman ſaid, This Tale I will requite,
To vindicate our Sex which you did ſlight.

A Man in love was with a Lady fair,
And for her ſake would curl, perfume his Hair.
Profeſſions thouſands unto her did make,
And ſwore for her a Pilgrimage would take.
I ſwear, ſaid he, Truth ſhall for me be bound,
Conſtant to be, whilſt Life in me is found.
With all his Rivals he would Quarrels make;
In Duels fought he often for her ſake.
It chanc'd this Lady ſick was, like to dye
Of the *Small-Pox*, Beauty's great Enemy.
When ſhe was well, her Beauty decay'd quite,
He did forſake her, and her Friendſhip ſlight;
Excuſes made, her did not often ſee,
Then asked leave a Traveller to be.

And thus, poor Lady, when her Beauty's gone,
Without her Lover ſhe may ſit alone.

Then was the third Man's turn, his Tale to tell,
Which to his Company he fitted well.

A Deſcription of Conſtancy.

THere was a Noble Man that had a VVife
Young, Fair, and Virtuous; yet of ſo ſhort life,
That after ſhe had married been a year,
A Daughter's born, which Daughter coſt her deer;
No ſooner born, the Mother laid in bed,
Before her Lord could come, his VVife was dead;
Where, at the ſight, he did not tear his Hair,
Nor beat his Breaſt, nor ſigh, nor ſhed a Tear;
Nor buried her in ſtate, as many do,
And with that Funeral-Charge a new Wife wo:
But ſilently he laid her in a Tomb,
Where, by her ſide, he meant to have a Room:
For by no other ſide he meant to lye,
In Life and Death to keep her company.
The whilſt he of his Daughter care did take,
And fond he was ev'n for his dear VVife's ſake:
But Grief upon his Spirits had got hold,
Conſum'd him more than Age, that makes Men old.
His Fleſh did waſte, his Manly Strength grew weak;
His Face grew pale, and faintly did he ſpeak:

As

As moſt that in a deep *Conſumption* are,
Where *Hectick-Fevers* do with Life make warr:
And though he joy'd he had not long to live,
Yet for to leave his Daughter young, did grieve;
For he no Kindred had to take a care
Of his young Child, and Strangers he did fear
They would neglect their Charge, not ſee her bred
According to her Birth, when he was dead;
Or rob her of her Wealth, or elſe would ſell
Her to a Husband might not uſe her well:
Or elſe (by Servants brib'd) might her betray
With ſome mean Man, and ſo to run away.
Theſe cares of his, his Mind did much torment,
And her Ill Fortune to his Thoughts preſent.
At laſt he did conclude, If any be
True, Juſt, and full of Generoſity,
They're ſuch as are like to the Gods on high,
As Powerful Princes, and Dread Majeſty.
The Soveraign was dead, but left to reign
His Widowed-Queen, whoſe Prudence did maintain
The Government, though Forreign Warrs ſhe had,
Which was a Charge, and oft-times made her ſad.
This Noble-man ſent to the Queen to crave,
That ſhe upon his Child would pity have,
To take her to the Court, there to be bred,
That none might wrong her after he was dead.
The Queen moſt willingly his Suit did ſign,
And ſo in Peace his Soul he did reſign.

This Lady ſoon did to the Court repair,
Where ſhe was bred with tender Love and Care;
And Youth, that's bred in Courts, may wiſeſt be,
Becauſe they more do hear, and more do ſee
Than other Children that are bred obſcure,
Becauſe the Senſes are beſt Tutors ſure.
But Nature in this Maid had done her part,
And in her frame had ſhew'd her curious Art;
Compos'd her every way, Body and Mind,
Of beſt Extracts that were to form Mankind:
All which ſhe gave to Time for to diſtill,
And of the ſubtil'ſt Spirits the Soul to fill;
As Reaſon, Wit, and Judgment; and to take
The ſolid'ſt part the Body for to make.
For though that Nature all her works ſhapes out,
Yet Time doth give ſtrength, length, and breadth about.
And as her Perſon grew in ſtature tall,
And that her Beauty did encreaſe withall;
So did affection in her Heart grow high,
Which there was planted in her Infancy.

There was a Subject, Prince within the Land,
Although but young, the Army did command:
He being choſe for Birth, Wealth, Valour, Wit,
And Prudence, for to lead and martial it;
The whilſt his Father did the Queen aſſiſt
To manage State-affairs, as knowing beſt
The Kingdom's Conſtitutions, Natures bad
Of Common-People, who are ſometimes mad,

And

And wildly in Diſtempers, Ruins bring;
For moſt Rebellions from the Commons ſpring.
But he ſo juſt and loyally did ſerve
His Queen and Countrey, as he did preſerve
Himſelf within her Favour, and her Love,
As great Reſpect, and honour'd Praiſe did prove;
And in the Warrs his Son ſuch Fame did get,
That in *Fame*'s Chariot he triumphant ſet.
For he was Valiant, and of Nature free,
Courteous, and full of Generoſity:
His Wit was quick, yet ſo as to delight,
Not for to croſs, or in Diſputes to fight:
For gallant Sword-men that do fight in warr,
Do never uſe with Tongues to brawl and jarr.
He was exact in Body and in Mind,
For no Defects in either could you find.
The Queen, that had a Neece both young and fair,
Did ſtrive to match her to this Prince, and Heir
Of all his Father's Wealth, who had ſuch ſtore,
As all the Nobles elſe did ſeem but poor:
And the young Princeſs lik'd ſo well the choice,
That thoughts of marrying him did her rejoice:
And through her Eyes ſuch Meſſages Love ſent,
On ſmiling-rays and poſting-glances went.
The other Lady did hear the Report,
For every one did talk of it in Court:
Beſides, ſhe ſaw his Perſon ſtill attend
Upon the Princeſs, and did Preſents ſend:

And

*A*nd every day to viſit her did go,
*A*s being commanded by his Father ſo.
*A*t which ſhe ſad and melancholy grew;
Yet her Diſeaſe not thorowly ſhe knew.
Like as a Plant, that from the Earth doth ſpring,
Sprouts high, before a full-blown Flower it bring.
So did her Love in Bud obſcurely lye,
Not any one as yet did it deſcry:
Nor did the Prince the leaſt affection find,
She being reſerv'd in action, and in mind.
Sober ſhe was, and of a baſhful look,
Of but few words; yet ſhe good notice took,
*A*nd much obſerv'd, for Love hath a quick Eye,
*A*nd often by her Countenance doth ſpy
The hidden Thoughts, that the Tongue dare not tell:
For in the Mind obſcurity doth dwell.
But yet ſhe did eſpy ſomething lay croſs
To his Deſires, but gueſs'd not what it was;
But griev'd that any thing ſhould him diſpleaſe:
For thoſe that love, do wiſh their Lov'd much eaſe:
Nay, ſo much eaſe, they Torments would endure,
If theſe, for thoſe they love, might good procure.
But ſhe grew reſtleſs, and her Thoughts did run
*A*bout him, as about the VVorld, the Sun:
For he was her ſole VVorld, and wiſh'd her Love
Had influence, as Planets from above,
To order his affections, and to bring
From ſeveral Cauſes, one Effect to ſpring;

*A*nd

And the Effect, that he might love her ſo,
As love her beſt, or at leaſt he might know
How well ſhe lov'd him; for ſhe wiſh'd no more
Than love for love, as Saints which do adore
The Gods in Heaven, whoſe love is wholly pure,
And nothing can of droſſy fleſh endure.
At laſt ſhe and her Thoughts in Councel ſate,
What was beſt to be done, or this, or that:
They all agree, that ſhe her Love ſhould own,
Since innocent and pure, and make it known
By her Epiſtles, and her Pen to write
What her pure Heart did dictate and indite:
No forfeit of her Modeſty, becauſe
She had no Ends, but only Virtuous Laws.
Then took ſhe Pen and Paper, and her Wit
Did tell her Love the truth; and thus ſhe writ:
Sir, You may wonder much that I do ſend
This Letter, which by Love doth recommend
It ſelf and ſuit unto your judging-ear,
And that it was not ſtopt by baſhful fear:
But let me tell you, This pure Love of mine
Is built on Virtue, not on baſe Deſign.
It hath no droſs, nor proudly doth aſpire;
A Flame inkindled by immac'late Fire,
Which I to th' Altar of your Merits bring,
From whence the Flame to Heaven high may ſpring.
Your glorious Fame within my Heart, though young,
Did plant a Slip of Honour, from whence ſprung

Pure Love, and Chaſt Deſires; for I do crave,
Only within your Heart a place to have.
I do not plead, hoping to be your Wife,
Nor 'twixt you and your Miſtreſs to breed ſtrife;
Or wiſh I that her Love you ſhould forſake,
Or unto me a Courtly Friendſhip make:
But only, when I'm dead, you would inſhrine
Within your Memory, this Love of mine;
Which Love to all the World I may proclame
Without a bluſh, or check, or ſpotted-fame:
'Tis not your Perſon I do ſo admire,
Nor yet your Wealth or Titles I deſire:
But your Heroick Soul, and Generous Mind,
Your Affability and Nature kind;
Your honeſt Heart, where Juſtice ſtill doth raign;
Your prudent Thoughts, and a well-temper'd Brain;
Your helping Hand, and your induſtrious Life,
Not to make broils, but to decide all ſtrife;
And to advance all thoſe are in diſtreſs,
To help the weak, and thoſe are powerleſs;
For which my Heart and Life to Love is bound,
And every thought of you with Honour crown'd.
Theſe are not feigning Lines that here I write,
But Truths as clear and pure as Heaven's Light.
Nor is it Impudence to let you know,
Love of your Virtues in my Soul doth grow.
Her Love thus innocent ſhe did enroll,
Which was the pure *Platonick* of her Soul:

Though

Though in black Characters the Envious may
Call the ſenſe clear, as is the Morning's day;
And every word appear unto the ſight,
To make her ſmoother Paper yet more white.
Thus ſhe infolded Honour, and more Truth,
Than ever yet was known in Female-youth.
Bluſh-colour'd Silk her Letter then did bind,
For to expreſs how modeſt was her Mind:
And Virgins Wax did cloſe it with her Seal:
Yet did that Letter all her Love reveal.
Then to her Nurſe's Husband ſhe did truſt
Theſe loving Lines, knowing him faithful, juſt
To all her Family; he obey'd her will, (ill:
And would have done, no doubt, though't had been
For his Obedience never ask'd the cauſe;
Nor was he Caſuiſt in Divine Laws,
But faithful and moſt truſty: ſo was ſent
With this moſt Sacred Letter; then he went.
In the mean time that ſhe her Letter ſent,
The Prince to her a Letter did preſent
By a Servant, in whom he put much truſt,
As finding him both dextrous, prudent, juſt
In all Employments; he this Letter brought,
Which 'mongſt this Lady's Thoughts much wonder wrought;
Even ſo much, as ſhe could not believe,
But thought he did miſtake, and did conceive
She was the Princeſs. Whereupon, ſaid ſhe,
I doubt this Letter was not writ to me.

But he confirm'd, to her that it was writ.
She to her Cloſet went, and open'd it:
With trembling hands the VVaxen Seal ſhe broke,
And what he writ, with a faint Voice thus ſpoke:
Faireſt of all your Sex, for ſo you are
Unto all others; as a Blazing-Starr,
VVhich ſhews it ſelf, and to the VVorld appears
As a great VVonder once in many years;
And never comes, but doth portend on Earth
Either the fall of Princes, or their Birth.
O let your influence only at me aim,
Not for to work my Overthrow, or Fame;
But Love, to make me happy all my life;
Then yeeld your ſelf to be my Virtuous VVife.
But if you (this Requeſt) to me deny,
The Gods, I hope, will grant me ſoon to dye.
She, when ſhe this had read, was in a maze,
And ſenſleſly did on the Letter gaze;
By which her Spirits diſcompoſed were,
In quarrelling-diſputes, 'twixt Hope and Fear.
At laſt Hope got the better, then did they
Triumph with joy, and in her Heart did play.
For when the Spirits mutually agree,
Both in the Eyes and Heart they dancing be.
Then to the Gentleman that came, ſhe went,
And told him civilly that ſhe had ſent
Unto the Prince, and that ſhe could not fit
So well an Anſwer to return as yet.

The

The Prince as Melancholy ſate alone,
But all the while his Miſtreſs thought upon:
Staid for the Meſſenger's return; for he,
Till anſwer came, refus'd all Company.
At laſt one of his Pages to him ran,
To tell him, Without was an ancient Man
That would not be deny'd, for ſpeak he muſt
Unto the Prince, or elſe muſt break his truſt
He was in charge with; and rather than ſo,
Would venture life, before he back would go,
And not his Meſſage to the Prince to tell.
Whereat the Prince, liking his Courage well,
Sent for him, who came with Humility,
The Letter gave upon his bended knee.
The Prince the Letter read, and pleaſed ſo,
As by his ſmiling-countenance did ſhow;
Which made all Cloudy Thoughts diſperſe,& clears
His Mind, as in dark days when Sun appears.
Sure, ſaid the Prince, the Gods our Loves decree,
And in our Unions they do all agree:
They joyn our Hearts in one, our Souls ſo mix,
As if eternally in Heaven would fix.
Then ſoon he (all delays for to prevent)
Another Letter writ; which to her ſent
In anſwer of her own; this Letter gave
Unto her Foſter-Nurſe, who was as grave
As old bald Father *Time*, of Courage ſtout,
A Ruſtick plainneſs, and not eas'ly out

Of countenance; truſty to be employ'd,
And in her Lady's ſervice would have dy'd.
The Prince commended her Fidelity,
And pleas'd he was at her blunt Quality:
But with the Letter quickly did return,
(For ſhe, though old, yet every ſtep did run)
And then the Letter which the Prince had ſent,
She to her Lady did in mirth preſent;
Who then the Letter broke with joyful ſpeed,
And to her Foſter-Nurſe ſhe did it read:
Sweeteſt, You have expreſt your Love to me
With ſo much plainneſs and ſincerity;
And yet your ſtile ſeverely have you writ,
And rul'd your Lines with a Commanding-wit:
Heroick Flouriſhes your Pen doth draw,
Or executes as in a Martial-Law.
Then ſolemnly doth march in Mourning-trail,
And melancholy words all hopes do vail.
As Golden duſt on written lines ſtrewn were,
Your written lines ſeem ſprinkled with a Tear;
As by the Heat of Paſſion ſpread about,
For fear that Cruelty ſhould blot it out.
But let me tell you, That my love is ſuch,
As never Lover loved half ſo much,
And with ſo fervent Zeal, and pureſt Flame,
Nay, ſomething above Love, that wants a Name
For to expreſs it; like to Gods on high:
For, who can comprehend a Deity?

And though I honour all your Sex, yet my
Having another Miſtreſs, I deny,
Beſides your ſelf; and though I do obey
To viſit the fair Princeſs, nothing ſay
Concerning Love, nor yet Profeſſions make,
As common *Lovers*, promiſe for her ſake
Wonders; and yet my *Life* to her will give
To do her ſervice: but whilſt I do live,
My Heart and Soul is yours; and when I dye,
Still will my Soul keep yours in company:
Though by Honour my active life is bound
Unto your Sex, you only will be found
Within my Heart, and only *Love* to be,
From whence my Brain doth Copies take of thee:
On which my Soul doth view with much delight,
Becauſe the Soul ſees not with vulgar ſight:
For Souls do ſee, not as the Senſes do,
But as tranſparent Glaſs, the Minds quite through:
Or rather as the Gods ſee all that's paſt,
Preſent, or what's to come, or the *World* vaſt;
Or what can be, all unto them is known;
And ſo are Souls to one another ſhown:
And if our Souls do equally agree,
Our Thoughts and Paſſions to each known will be.
But after this *Letter*, they both did get
An opportunity, by which they met:
No Complemental-wooing they did uſe;
True Love all flattering words it doth refuſe.

But they agreed, and both did think it fit,
Their love to hide, not to diſcover it.
At laſt the Queen and Father did agree,
The Prince and Princeſs ſtraight ſhould married be;
Ne're made a queſtion, for they doubted not
But Youth and Beauty had each other ſhot (known,
With *Amorous Loves.* But when the Prince made
How that his heart was now none of his own;
His Father ſeem'd, with trouble, diſcontent:
But the enraged Queen, with malice bent,
Did ſtrive all ways ſhe could for to diſgrace
The ſweet young *Lady*, oft diſprais'd her Face,
Her Perſon, Dreſs, Behaviour, and her Wit;
And for to match with ſuch a Prince, not fit.
The Prince's love ſo firm, no words could break;
Impatiently did hear, but little ſpeak.
But the Princeſs heard the Prince to be
A Lover to another; then did ſhe
Tear, rail, and rave, as if ſhe frantick were;
And of her Rival, words ſhe would not ſpare.
One day a Company of Nobles met,
And in a Room they were together ſet;
The Prince and his Fair Miſtreſs ſhe did ſpy,
And often at them caſt a ſpightful Eye.
At laſt her Malice ſet a-work her Tongue,
And at the Prince ſhe evil words out flung,
Which he receiv'd with a ſubmiſſive face,
Turning thoſe ſcorns as favours of her grace.

But

But when ſhe had with Scorns his Patience try'd,
She (for to vent her Spleen) in Paſſion cry'd.
Some of the Company there jeſting by
The other Lady, ask'd if ſhe would cry:
She anſwer made, ſhe had not the like cauſe;
Nor had ſhe broke the Modeſt Civil Laws:
But if her Paſſion had miſled her Tongue,
She would have wept to water, or elſe flung
Her ſelf to duſt, for want of moiſture dye,
Unleſs her life could iſſue through her eye.
But when the Prince perceiv'd ſuch ſtorms to riſe,
And ſhowring tears to fall from beauteous eyes,
He did abſent himſelf, and ſhun'd to be
A trouble to the Princeſs Company.
But when the Queen had try'd all means ſhe could
To alter his affections, nothing would;
She then their Marriage ſtrove for to prevent,
And to the Army ſhe the Prince ſoon ſent;
Then order gave, Not to return again,
But with the Army there for to remain.
He to his Miſtreſs went, his leave to take,
Perſwading her a Journey ſhe would make
Unto the Army, and there to agree,
When they ſhould meet, & ſtraight-way married be.
At laſt ſhe did reſolve to leave the Court,
And privately with great ſpeed to tranſport
Her Perſon to the Prince where he was gone,
For ne're till then ſhe found her ſelf alone.

When the Army began for to retire
To Winter-Quarters, he did there deſire
His Miſtreſs Company, and then did write
To thoſe he had entruſted, how they might
Convey her ſafely: but by ſome miſtake,
The Queen had means this his Letter to take;
Which when ſhe read, all in a rage ſhe grew,
And then his Letter into the fire ſhe threw.
Which when ſh' had told her Neece, they both did ſtrive,
And both in Council ſate, for to contrive
To hinder her wiſh'd-meeting; wherefore they
Did think it beſt, the Lady to convey
Unto ſome private place, and then give out
That ſhe was dead, which ſoon was ſpread about,
And every one in cenſuring ſpent ſome breath,
And moſt did judg ſhe dy'd a violent death.
But the Queen's anger only would deſtroy
Their Loves, becauſe her Neece then ſhould enjoy
The Prince, on whom her heart in love was ſet,
And us'd all means ſhe could, his love to get. (mourn;
But though at firſt they thought the Prince might
Yet when his grief had been by time out-worn,
He then might take the Princeſs for his Wife,
Concealing the young Lady all her life.
And though they did not murther her, yet they
Did ſtrive to grieve and croſs her every way:
Wherefore they did agree that ſome ſhould tell
Her, that the Prince in Battel fell.

The

The report of her death ſpread far and near;
And at laſt came unto the Prince his ear:
The news ſtruck him ſo hard, as it did make
His ſtrength grow weak, and all his limbs to ſhake.
But when his ſtrength return'd, his mind ſad grew,
And from all company himſelf withdrew:
No Orders he would give, but left the care
Of all the *Army* to an Officer:
And from th' *Army*, without the Queen's conſent,
He did return, and to his Father went,
And told him, he all worldly things did wave,
Had buri'd them all in his Miſtreſs Grave,
And the remainder of his days would ſpend
In holy Devotion, his Prayers would ſend
Unto the Gods; and my dear Saint, ſaid he,
Will be a Mediator there for me:
His Father did diſſwade him all he could,
But all in vain, a Hermit be he would.
Inſtead of Palaces, he choſe a Cell,
Left Courts and Camps, did ſolitary dwell:
Inſtead of Clothes that rich and coſtly were,
He wore a Garment made of Camel's hair.
Inſtead of *Arms*, a *Hermit*'s Habit took;
And for a Sword, he us'd a Prayer-book:
Inſtead of treading Meaſures in a dance,
And wanton Eyes that oft would ſide-ways glance;
His knees upon hard ſtone did bowing bend,
And his ſad Eyes unto the Earth deſcend:

Inſtead of flattering words to tempt Maids fair,
No words did ſpeak but what were us'd in Prayer.
*A*ll wild & wandring thoughts were now compos'd,
*A*nd the dead object of his Miſtreſs clos'd,
Like Multitudes that gather in a Ring,
To view ſome curious or ſome wondrous thing:
Or like a devout Congregation met,
Will ſtrive about the *Altar* near to ſet:
So did his Thoughts near her *Idea* get,
Which, as a Goddeſs, in his Soul did ſet:
Then he an *Altar* built of Marble white,
*A*nd Waxen Tapers round about did light:
Her Picture on this *Altar* plac'd was high,
There to be ſeen with an up-lifted Eye.
She was his Saint, and he there every day
Did offer Tears and Sighs, to her did pray,
*A*nd her implore, ſhe would the Gods requeſt
To take his Soul, his Body lay to reſt.
In th' mean time his Miſtreſs's made believe
That he was kill'd, for which ſhe much did grieve:
For when ſhe at the firſt the news did hear,
Her Face turn'd pale, like Death it did appear:
Then gently ſinking, ſhe fell to the ground;
Grief ſeiz'd her heart, and put her in a ſwound:
*A*t laſt, life got the better, and then wept,
*A*nd wiſht to Heaven, that ſhe in death had ſlept.
But Melancholy her whole Soul poſſeſt,
*A*nd of all pleaſing Thoughts it ſelf diveſt:

*A*ll

All objects ſhuns, that pleaſing were, and fair;
And all ſuch ſounds as were of a leight air:
The ſplendrous Light and glorious Sun ſhut out,
And all her Chamber hung with black about:
No other light but blinking Lamps would have:
Some Earth and Turf therein, like to a Grave,
The which ſhe often view'd, or ſate cloſe by,
Imagining the Prince therein did lye;
And on that Grave, her Tears, like ſhow'rs of rain,
Keep freſh the Turf, on the green Graſs remain
As pearled dew before the Sun doth riſe;
Or as refreſhing ſhow'rs from Cloudy Skies:
And often this ſuppoſed Grave doth dreſs
With ſuch ſignificant Flow'rs as did expreſs
His Virtues, and his Diſpoſitions ſweet,
More than thoſe Flowers when in Poſies meet:
His various Virtues, known to all ſo well
More fragrant than thoſe Flowers were for ſmell.
But firſt, ſhe ſet a Lawrel-Garland green,
To ſhew that he a Victor once had been;
And in the midſt a copious Branch did place,
For to expreſs he dyed in the chace
Of his fierce Enemies; his Courage was ſo true,
That, after a long fight, away they flew.
Thus Melancholy paſt her time away,
Beſides ſad ſolemn Muſick 'twice a day:
For ev'ry Senſe with Melancholy fill'd,
And always dropping-tears from thence diſtill'd,

With which her Melancholy Soul did feed,
And Melancholy Thoughts her Mind did breed:
Then on the ground her Head aſide-ways hung,
Would lye along whilſt theſe ſad Songs were ſung.

A SONG.

TITAN, I baniſh all thy joys of Light,
Turning thy glorious Rays, to darker Night;
Clothing my Chamber with ſad Black, each part,
Thus ſuitable unto my mournful heart:
Only a dimn Wax Taper there ſhall wait
On me, to ſhew my ſad unhappy Fate.

With mournful Thoughts my Head ſhall furniſht be,
And all my Breath ſad Sighs, for love of thee:
My Groans to ſadder Notes be ſet with skill,
And ſung in Tears, and Melancholy ſtill.
Languiſhing-Muſick to fill up each Voice
With Palſied trembling Strings, is all my choice.

A SONG.

SInce he is gone, Oh then Salt Tears,
Drown both mine Eyes, and ſtop mine Ears
With Grief; my Grief it is ſo much,
It locks my Smell up, Taſte, and Touch.
In me remains but little breath,
Which quickly take away, Oh Death.

A

A SONG.

WHY ſhould I live? But who doth know
The way to him, or where to go?
Death's ignorant, the Dead they have
No ſenſe of Grief, when in the Grave.

Forgetful and Unthankful Death,
Haſt thou no love, when gone's our Breath?
No Gratitude, but there doſt lye,
In dark Oblivion for to dye?

No ſenſe of Love, or Honour, there:
Then Death I prethee me forbear:
Thouſands of years in ſorrow I
Would live in Grief, and never dye.

A SONG.

MY Bed of Sorrow's made, ſince no relief;
And all my Pillows ſhall be ſtuff'd with Grief,
My Winding-ſheets are thoſe whereon I lye,
My Curtains drawn with ſad Melancholy.

Watching ſhall be my Food, Weeping my Drink,
Sighing my Breath, and Groaning what I think:

Trembling and ſhaking, all my Exerciſe;
Diſquiet and diſorder'd Thoughts now riſe.

Wringing of hands, with folded arms lamenting,
Is all the joy is left me of contenting:
For he is gone that was my joy, my life;
I'm left his Widow, who ne'er was his Wife.

But all the while, the Queen was angry bent
Againſt the Prince, becauſe away he went,
And left the Army without a General;
For which ſhe Rebel, Traytor, him did call:
But ſhe another General did make,
Which of the Army all the Charge did take:
Yet his Succeſs in Warrs proved but bad,
For afterward the Queen great Loſſes had.
And all the Soldiers they were diſcontent:
Whereat the Queen another General ſent;
But he no better Fortune there could meet,
The Enemy did force him to retreat;
Then did the Enemy ſo pow'rful grow,
The Forces of the Queen they overthrow
In every Fight and Skirmiſh which they had;
For which the Queen and Kingdom did grow ſad.
At laſt the Queen the Prince did flatter, and
Entreated him again for to Command:
But he deny'd the Queen, would not obey;
Said, Earthly Power to Gods they muſt give way.

At

At laſt ſhe ſent him word ſhe would not ſpare
His life, and therefore bid him to prepare
Himſelf for death, for dye he ſhould
For Diſobedience, and Revenge ſhe would
Have on him: Then his Father to him went
For to perſwade him, and there did preſent
Show'rs of Tears, which ſadly pouring fell
Upon his only Son, his grief to tell.
He round about his Neck one arm did wind,
The other arm embrac'd his Body kind:
His Cheeks his Son did joyn to his,
And often he his Lips did kiſs:
O pity me, my Son, and thy Life ſpare,
Thou art my only Child, and only Heir.
Th' art my ſole Joy, in thee I pleaſure take,
And wiſh to live but only for thy ſake.
The Prince, his Father anſwer'd; and ſaid he,
I am not worth thoſe Tears you ſhed for me.
But why do you thus weep, and thus lament,
For my death now? When to the Warrs I went,
You did encourage me to fight in field
For Victory, or elſe my Life to yeeld:
I willingly obey'd, and joy'd to find
My Father's Sympathy unto my Mind.
Beſides, it ſhew'd a greater love to me,
Than Parents ſelf-lov'd fondneſs us'd to be;
For to prefer my Honour, and my Fame,
Before the perpetu'ty of your Name:

And as you priz'd my Honour and Renown,
So I a Heavenly, not an Earthly Crown:
And give me leave the better choice to make,
To quit all troubles, and ſweet Peace to take:
I ne'er more willing, nor more fit can dye,
For Heaven, and the Gods pure company:
For had I dy'd in Warrs, my Soul had been
Stained with Blood, and ſpotted o're with Sin.
But now, my Miſtreſs is a Saint, in Heaven
Hath interceſſion made, my ſins forgiven.
And ſince ſhe's gone, all Joys with her are fled,
And I ſhall never happy be, till dead:
She was my Soul's delight, in her I view'd
The pure and Celeſtial Beatitude.
But were I ſure the Soul that never dyes,
Should never meet, nor Bodies never riſe
By Reſurrection; yet ſure thoſe are bleſt
That paſs this life, and in the Grave do reſt.

Then ſaid the Duke (his Father) to his Son,
What ever comes, Son, Heaven's will be done;
But ſince you are reſolv'd, and needs will dye,
I in the Grave will keep you company.

The young Prince ſaid, I cannot you diſſwade,
Since none are happy but thoſe Death hath made.
The Day of Execution drawing nigh
Of the young Prince, his Father too would dye.
Then the young Prince askt leave, and leave he had,
That he like to a Soldier might be clad:

When

When he was brought to dye, and on that day
Death he did meet in Soldierly array:
Inſtead of Mourning-Garments, he had on
A Suit of Buff, embroidered thick upon;
And a Rich Scarf that was of Watchet-dye,
Set thick with Pearls; inſtead of ſtrings to tye
It cloſe together, were rich Diamonds, ſo
As like a Ring or Garter it did ſhow,
Of but one entire Diamond; this did bind
The Scarf ſo firm as an united Mind:
A Scarlet Coat embroidered thick with Gold;
And Hangers like to it, his Sword did hold;
And in his Hat a Plume of Feathers were,
In falling-folds, which hung below his Hair.
He being thus accouter'd, Death to meet
In Gallantry, yet gently, friendly, ſweet:
He would embrace it, and ſo gladly yeeld,
Yet would he dye as Soldiers in the Field:
For gallant valiant men do court Death ſo,
As amorous courtly men a wooing go.
His Father all in Mourning-Garments clad,
Not griev'd to dye, but for his Son was ſad:
Millions of People throng'd about to ſee
This gallant Mourning Prince's Tragedy.
But in the time theſe Preparations were,
The Queen ſent to th' young Lady to prepare
Her ſelf to dye: when ſhe the news did hear,
Joy in her Countenance did then appear:

Then ſhe her ſelf did dreſs like to a Bride,
And in a Rich and Gilded Coach did ride:
Thus triumphing as on her Wedding-day,
To meet her Bridegroom Death; but in the way
The people all did weep that ſhe ſhould dye,
And Youth and Beauty in Death's arms ſhould lye.
But ſhe did ſmile, her Countenance was glad,
And in her Eyes ſuch lively Spirits had,
As the quick-darting Rays the Sun out-ſhin'd,
And all ſhe look'd on, for a time were blind.
But when the Queen and Nobles all were ſet,
And the Condemned on the Scaffold met:
Where when the Lovers they each other ſpy'd,
Their Eye-ſtrings ſeem'd as if together ty'd:
So firmly they were fix'd, and did ſo gaze,
And with each other ſtruck in ſuch a maze,
As if with wonder they were turn'd to ſtone,
And that their feet unto the ground were grown;
They could not ſtir; but at the laſt mov'd he
In a ſlow pace, amazed, went to ſee
That Heav'nly Object; for, thought he, it may
An *Angel* be, my Soul to take away.
Her Limbs did ſhake, like ſhiv'ring *Agues* cold,
For Fear upon her Spirits had got hold,
When ſhe did ſee him move; for ſhe had thought
He was a Statue, and by Carvers wrought,
And by the Queen's Command was thither brought.

When

When he came near, he kneeled down to pray,
And thus unto her ſofrly he did ſay:
My Senſe my Spirits ſurpriſe, thy Spirit my Mind;
And great diſturbance in my Thoughts I find:
My Reaſon's miſty, Underſtanding blind;
Tell me whether thou art of Mortal Kind.
Said ſhe, That Queſtion I would ask of you,
For I do doubt my Senſes are not true
Intelligencers; are you the Prince I ſee?
Or are you a Spirit that thus ſpeaks to me? (clear;
With that, the Queen did come, their doubts to
It was my Plot, ſaid ſhe, to bring you here:
And why I croſt your Loves, I will forbear
To tell you now, but afterwards declare.
Then did ſhe cauſe a Prieſt to join their hands,
Which he devoutly ty'd in Wedlock-bands.
Then did the Queen unto her Nobles ſay,
That ſhe a Debt to Gratitude muſt pay:
And to the Prince's Father ſtraight ſhe went;
Here, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I do my ſelf preſent
To be your Wife; for by your Counſel I
Have Rul'd and Reign'd in great Felicity.
He, kneeling, kiſt her Hand; and both agree,
That in few days the Wedding kept ſhould be.
Such joys of acclamation loud, of wonder,
Echo'd the air, louder than is *Jove*'s Thunder.
Her Princely Neece ſo Noble was, that then
For joy ſhe modeſtly threw up her Fan;

Since to a High-born Prince ſhe well knew ſhe
In glorions Nuptials ſoon ſhould joined be.

The Marriage-Song.

WEre all the Joys that ever yet were known;
Were all thoſe Joys met, and put into one,
They'd be, than theſe two Lovers Joys, far leſs;
Our Lovers height of Joys, none can expreſs:
They've made another Cupid, *I am told,*
And buri'd the blind Boy that was ſo old.
Hymen *is proud, ſince Laurel crowns his Brow,*
He never made his Triumphs until now.

The Marriage-Song for the Old Duke and the Old Queen's Marriage.

NOW the Old Cupid *he is fled*
Unto the Queen; ſhe to her Bed
Brought the Old Duke; ſo ends all harms
In Love's Embraces, in their Arms.
This Elder Wedlock, more than ripe,
Was of the Younger but a Type:
What wants of Cupid, Hymen's *Cup,*
Ceres *and* Bacchus *make it up.*

A Marriage-Song of the Queen's Neece.

SEE the Old Queen's Beloved Neece,
For Beauty, Favour, ſuch a Piece
As Love could feign, not hope to ſee;
Juſt ſuch a Miracle was ſhe.
She doth congratulate, and's eas'd
To ſee theſe Noble Lovers pleas'd
Above repining: The Fates ſince
Are juſt, and gave her a brave Prince.

A SONG.

HYMEN triumph in joy,
Since overcom'd Love's Boy:
Each Age, each Sex and Place,
The Wedlock-Laws embrace,
The looſer ſort can bind,
Monarch of what's Mankind.

All things do fall ſo pat
In this Triumvirat,
Which now in Wedlock mix;
Now Three, though once were Six.

A Lady ſaid, Such Conſtant Love was dead,
And all Fidelity to Heaven fled.

Another Lady ſaid, She fain would know,
When Marri'd, if they did continue ſo.

O, ſaid a Man, ſuch Love (as this was) ſure
Doth never in a Married Pair endure:
But Lovers croſs'd, uſe not to end ſo well:
Which, for to ſhew, a Tale I mean to tell.

The Deſcription of the Violence of Love.

THere was a Lady, Virtuous, Young, and Fair,
Unto her Father only Child and Heir:
In her Behaviour modeſt, ſweet, and civil;
So innocent, knew only Good from Evil:
Yet in her Garb had a Majeſtick Grace,
And affable and pleaſant was her Face.
Another Gentleman (whoſe Houſe did ſtand
Hard by her Father's, and was rich in Land)
He had a Son whom Beauty did adorn,
As ſome might think, of *Venus* he was born:
His Spirit Noble, Generous, and Great;
By Nature Valiant, Diſpoſitions ſweet:
His Wit ingenious, and his Breeding ſuch,
That his Sci'nces did not Pedantry t'uch.
This Noble Gentleman in love did fall
With this fair Lady, who was pleas'd withall:
He Courted her, his Service did addreſs;
His Love by Words and Letters did expreſs.

Though

Though ſhe ſeem'd Coy, his Love ſhe did not ſlight,
But Civil Anſwers did in Letters write.
At laſt ſo well acquainted they did grow,
That but one Heart each other's Thoughts did know.
Mean time their Parents did their Love's deſcry,
And ſought all ways to break that Unity:
Forbad each other's company frequent;
Did all they could Love's Meetings to prevent.
But Love regards not Parents, nor their Threats;
For Love, the more 'tis barr'd, more Strength begets.
Thus being croſs'd, by ſtealth they both did meet,
And Privacy did make their Love more ſweet;
Although their Fears did oft affright their Mind,
Leſt that their Parents ſhould their Walks out-find.
Then in the Kingdom did Rebellion ſpring,
Moſt of the Commons fought againſt their King:
And all the Gentry that then Loyal were,
Did to the Standard of the King repair.
Amongſt the reſt, this Noble Youth was one;
Love bade him ſtay, but Honour ſpurr'd him on:
When he declar'd his Mind, her Heart it rent;
Rivers of Tears out of her Eyes grief ſent;
And every Tear, like Bullets, pierc'd his Breaſt,
Scatter'd his Thoughts, and did his Mind moleſt.
Silent long time they ſtood, at laſt ſpake he,
Why doth my Love with Tears ſo torture me?
Why do you blame my Eyes, ſaid ſhe, to weep,
Since they perceive you Faith nor Promiſe keep?

For, did you love but half ſo true as I,
Rather than part, you'ld chuſe to ſtay and dye:
But you Excuſes make, and take delight,
Like cruel Thieves, to rob and ſpoil by Night.
Now you have ſtole my Heart, away you run,
And leave a ſilly Virgin quite undone.
If I ſtay from the Warrs, what will Men ſay?
They'l ſay, I make excuſe to be away:
By this Reproach, a Coward I am thought;
And my Diſgrace will make you ſeem in fault,
To ſet your Love upon a Man ſo baſe;
Bring Infamy to us, and to our Race.
To ſacrifice my Life for your content,
I would not ſpare; but (Dear) in this conſent,
'Tis for your ſake Honour I ſtrive to win,
That I ſome Merit to your Worth may bring.

She.

If you will go, let me not ſtay behind,
But take ſuch Fortune with you as I find:
I'le be your Page, attend you in the Field;
When you are weary, I will hold your Shield.

He.

Dear Love, that muſt not be; for Women are
Of tender Bodies, and Minds full of Fear:
Beſides, my Mind ſo full of Care will be,
For fear a Bullet ſhould once light on thee,

That

That I ſhall never fight, but ſtrengthleſs grow,
Through feeble Limbs be ſubject to my Foe.
When thou art ſafe, my Spirits high ſhall raiſe,
Striving to get a Victory of Praiſe.
With ſad Laments theſe Lovers did depart;
Abſence, as Arrows ſharp, doth wound each Heart:
She ſpends her time, to Heaven-high doth pray,
That Gods would bleſs, and ſafe conduct his way.
The whilſt he fights, and Fortune's Favour had,
Fame brings this Honour to his Miſtreſs ſad:
All Cavaliers that in the *Army* were,
There was not one could with this Youth compare:
By Love his Spirits all were ſet on fire,
Love gave him Courage, made his Foes retire.
But, O ambitious Lovers, how they run
Without all guidance, like *Apollo*'s Son*,
Run out of Moderation's Line; ſo he
Did through the thickeſt of the *Army* flee
Singly alone, amongſt the Squadrons deep
Fighting, ſent many one with Death to ſleep.
But Numbers, with united ſtrength, at laſt,
This Noble Gallant Man from Horſe did caſt:
His Body all ſo thick of wounds was ſet,
Safety, it ſeems, in fight he did forget,
But not his Love, who in his Mind ſtill lyes;
He wiſh'd her there, to cloſe his dying-Eyes.
Soul, ſaid he, if thou wandreſt in the *Air*,
Thy Service to my Miſtreſs be thy care:

* *Phaeton.*

Attend her cloſe, with her Soul Friendſhip make,
Then ſhe perchance no other Love may take.
But if thou ſink down to the Shades below,
And (being a Lover) to *Elyzium* go;
Perchance my Miſtreſs Soul you there may meet,
So walk and talk in Love's Diſcourſes ſweet:
But if thou art like to a Light put out,
Thy Motion's ceas'd, then all's forgot no doubt.
With that a ſigh, which from his Heart did riſe,
Did mount his Soul up to the Airy Skies.
The whilſt his Miſtreſs being ſad with care;
Her Knees were worn, imploring Gods with Prayer.
A Drowſie Sleep did all her Senſes cloſe,
But in her Dreams Fancy her Lover ſhows
With all his Wounds; which made her loud to cry,
Help, help, you Gods, ſaid ſhe, that dwell on high.
Theſe fearful Dreams her Senſes all did wake;
In a cold ſweat, with fear, each Limb did ſhake.
Then came a Meſſenger as pale as Death,
With panting ſides, ſwoln eyes, and ſhortned breath;
And by his looks, his ſadder Tale did tell;
Which when ſhe ſaw, ſtraight in a ſwoun ſhe fell:
At laſt her ſtifled Spirits had recourſe
Unto their uſual place, but of leſs force:
Then lifting up her Eyes, her Tongue gave way,
And thus unto the Gods did mourning ſay:
Why do we pray, and offer to high Heaven,
Since what we ask, is ſeldom to us given?

If

If their Decrees are fix'd, what need we pray?
Nothing can alter Fates, nor croſs their way.
If they leave all to Chance, who can apply?
For every Chance is then a Deity.
But if a Power they keep to work at will,
It ſhews them cruel to torment us ſtill.
When we are made, in Pain we always live;
Sick Bodies, Grieved Minds, to us they give:
With Motions which run croſs, compos'd we are,
Which makes our Reaſon and our Senſe to jar.
When they are weary to torment us, muſt
We then return, and ſo diſſolve to Duſt?
But if I have my Fate in my own Power,
I will not breathe, nor live another hour:
Then with the Gods I ſhall not be at ſtrife,
If my Decree can take away my Life.
Then on her feeble Legs ſhe ſtraight did ſtand,
And took a Piſtol charg'd in either hand:
Here, Dear, (ſaid ſhe) I give my heart to thee,
And by my Death, divulg'd our Loves ſhall be;
Then Conſtant Lovers, Mourners be; when dead,
They'l ſtrew our Graves, which is our Marriage-Bed:
Upon our Hearſe a weeping-Poplar ſet, (may wet.
Whoſe moiſtning-drops our Death's-dri'd Cheeks
Two Cypreſs Garlands at our Head ſhall ſtand,
That were made up by ſome fair Virgin's hand:
And on our cold pale Corps ſuch Flowers ſtrow,
As hang their Heads for grief, and downward grow.

Then ſhall they lay us deep in quiet Grave,
Wherein our Bones long Reſt and Peace may have.
Let no Friends Marble-Tombs erect upon
Our Graves, but ſet young Mirtle-trees thereon:
Thoſe may in time a ſhady Grove become,
Fit for ſad Lovers Walks, whoſe Thoughts are dumb:
For Melancholy Love ſeeks place obſcure,
No Noiſe nor Company it can endure:
And when to ground they caſt a dull ſad Eye,
Perhaps they'l think on us who therein lye:
Thus, though w'are dead, our Memory remains;
And, like a Ghoſt, may walk in moving-Brains;
And in each Head Love's Altars for us build,
To ſacrifice ſome Sighs, or Tears diſtill'd.
Then to her Heart the Piſtol ſet, ſhe ſhot
A Bullet in, and ſo her Grief forgot.
Fame with her Trumpet blew in every Ear;
The ſound of this great Act ſpread every where:
Lovers from all parts came, by the report;
Unto her Urn, as Pilgrims did reſort:
There offer'd Praiſes of her Conſtancy,
And vow'd the like unto Love's Deity.

A Woman ſaid, That Tale expreſt Love well,
And ſhew'd, that Conſtancy in Death did dwell.
Friendſhip, they ſay, a thing is ſo ſublime,
That with the Gods there's nothing more Divine.

With

With wonder *Lovers*, having but one will,
Their two Bodies one Soul doth govern ſtill:
And though they be always diſ-joined much,
Yet all their Senſes equally do t'uch:
For, what doth ſtrike the Eye, or other part,
Begets in all like Pleaſure, or like ſmart.
So though in Subſtance, Form divided be,
Yet Soul and Senſes, join'd in one, agree.

A Man that to the Lady plac'd was nigh,
Said, He would tell another Tragedy.

Humanity, Deſpair, and Jealouſie, expreſs'd in three Perſons.

WAlking along, cloſe by a River's ſide,
The Waters ſmooth ran with a flowing-tide:
The Sun thereon did dart ſuch ſhining-light,
As made it than a Diamond-Chain more bright.
The purling-ſtreams invited me to ſwim,
Pull'd my Clothes off, then enter'd every Limb.
But envious Cold, alas, did me oppreſs,
And darting-arrows ſharp me backwards preſs.
The River to embrace me, made great haſte,
Her moiſt ſoft arms incircled round my waſte:
Streams coming faſt, ſtrove there to force me ſtay,
But that my arms did make my body way.

My hands did ſtrike the ſoft ſmooth Waters face,
As flatt'ring them to give my body place.
But when I found them apt higher to riſe,
Striving to ſtop my breath, and blind my eyes;
Then did I ſpread my arms, and Circles make,
And the united-ſtreams aſunder brake:
My Legs did kick away thoſe Waters clear,
To keep them back, leſt they ſhould croud too near:
And as I broke thoſe Streams, they run away,
Yet freſh ſuppli'd their place, to make me ſtay:
Long did I ſtruggle, and my ſtrength did try,
At laſt got hold upon a Bank near by;
On whoſe ſide was a Hill where Trees were plac'd,
Which on the Waters did a ſhadow caſt:
Thither I went; and when I came cloſe by,
I ſaw a Woman there a weeping lye;
VVhich ſeeing, I began to ſlack my pace:
Straight did my Eyes view there a lovely Face
Under a Tree; cloſe by the Root ſhe ſate,
VVhich with her Tears as falling-ſhow'rs ſhe wet:
At laſt ſhe ſpake, and humbly thus did pray,
You Gods, ſaid ſhe, my Life ſoon take away:
No ſlander on my Innocency throw,
Let my pure Soul into *Elyzium* go:
If I drown here within this watry Lake,
O let my Tears a murmuring River make:
Give it both Voice and VVords, my Grief to tell;
My Innocence, and why therein I fell.

Then

Then ſtraight ſhe roſe, the River leapt ſhe in,
VVhich when I ſaw, I after her did ſwim:
My Hands, as Oars, did well my Body row,
Though panting-breath made waters rough to grow;
Yet was my Breaſt a Keel for to divide,
And by that help my Body ſwift did glide:
My Eyes the Needle to direct the way,
VVhich from the North of Grief did not eſtray;
She, as the Load-ſtone, drew me to her aid,
Though Storms within did make my Mind afraid.
Her Garments looſe did on the Waters flow,
Which were puft up like Sails when winds do blow.
I catch'd thereat, to draw her to the brink;
But when I went to pull, ſhe down did ſink:
Yet did not I my hold thereof let go,
But drew her to the Shore with much ado;
I panting with ſhort breath, as out of wind,
My Spirits ſpent, my Eyes were dimly blind;
My ſtrength ſo weak, forc'd me to lye down ſtraight,
Becauſe, alas, my Life was over-fraight. (did fill,
VVhen life got ſtrength, my mind with thoughts
Then to the Lady us'd all art and skill;
Bowing her forwards th' waters to let out,
VVhich from her Noſe & Mouth guſht like a ſpout:
At laſt her breath (before reſtrain'd) out-broke,
And thus to me ſhe paſſionately ſpoke:
O who are you that do my Soul moleſt,
Not giving leave in Death to take my reſt?

Is there no Peace in Nature to be found?
Muſt Miſery and Fear attend us round?
O Gods, ſaid ſhe, here grant me my deſire;
Here end my life, and let my breath expire.

I Anſwered.

Thus you with Nature ſet your ſelf at odds;
And by this wiſh you do diſpleaſe the Gods:
By violence you cut off their Decree,
No violence in Nature ought to be.
But what makes you thus ſtrive for to deſtroy
That Life which God did give you to enjoy?

She Anſwered, O Sir
If you did know the torments I do feel;
My Soul is rackt upon Ill Fortune's Wheel:
My Innocency by aſperſion whipt,
And my pure Chaſtity of Fame is ſtript:
My Love's neglected and forſaken quite,
Baniſht from that my Soul took moſt delight.
My Heart was plac'd upon a Valiant Man,
Who in the Warrs much Honour bravely wan.
His actions all by wiſdom placed were,
And his diſcourſe delighted every Ear:
His Bounty, like the Sun, gave life and light
To thoſe whom Miſery had eclipſed quite.
This Man my Perſon ſeem'd for to admire;
My Love before the World he did deſire:

Told

Told me, the Gods might ſooner Heaven leave,
Than he forſake my love, or truth deceive.
But O vile Jealouſie, a Lover's Devil!
Tormenting Thoughts with Suſpitions evil;
Frighting the Mind with falſe Imaginations,
Burying all Joys in deepeſt Contemplations:
Long lay it ſmuther'd, but at laſt out-broke
With Hate; in Rage and Spleen baſe words it ſpoke.
Slander and Infamy in Circles round, (wound:
My innocent Youth with ſharpeſt Tongues do
But his Inconſtancy did wound me more
Than Slander, Spite, or Malice did before:
For he another married, and left me
Clouded in dark Diſgrace, black Infamy.
With that ſhe fetch'd a Sigh; Heav'n bleſs, ſaid ſhe,
This cruel unkind Man, who e're he be.
I faint, Death digs my Grave, O lay me in
This watry Monument; then may the Spring
In murmures ſoft, with blubbering words relate,
And dropping weep at my Ill Fortune's Fate.
Then on a Groan her Soul with wings did flie
Up to the Heavens, and the Gods on high:
Which when I ſaw, my Eyes with grief did flow,
Although her Soul I thought to Heaven did go.
And muſing long, at laſt I chanc'd to ſee
A Gentleman which handſome ſeem'd to be.
He coming near, ask'd me who there did lie?
I ſaid, 'Twas one for Love and Grief did die.

Hearing my words, he ſtarted back, Brows bent,
VVith trembling legs he to the Body went;
VVhich when he view'd, his blood fell from his face,
His Eyes were fix'd, and ſtanding in one place.
At laſt kneel'd down, and thus did ſay,
No hope is left, Life's fled away.
Thou wandring Soul, where e're thou art,
Hear my Confeſſion from my heart:
I lov'd thee better far than life,
Thought to be happy in a VVife:
But O Suſpition, that falſe Thief,
Seiz'd on my Thoughts, ruling as Chief.
Suſpition, Malice, Spight, commanded ſtill,
To carry falſe Reports thy Ears to fill.
My jealouſie did ſtrive thee to torment,
And glad to hear when thou waſt diſcontent:
I ſtrove always my love for to diſguiſe;
'Twas ſaid I married was, when all were lies.
But Jealouſie begets all actions baſe,
And in the Court of Honour hath no place.
Forgive me, Soul, where ever thou doſt reſt,
For, of all VVomen, I did love thee beſt.
Here I do offer up my life to thee,
Both dead, we in one Grave may buried be.
Swifter than Lightning, ſtraight his Sword he drew,
Upon the Point himſelf he deſperate threw;
And to his panting Breaſt made ſuch diſpatch,
That I no help could bring, no hold could catch:

Turning

Turning his pale and ghaſtly eyes to me;
Mix both our aſhes in one Urn, ſaid he.
With that he fell cloſe by his Miſtreſs ſide,
Embrac'd, and kiſt, and groan'd, and there he dy'd:
Which when I ſaw, I dreſt, my Clothes put on,
To celebrate their Funeral-Rites alone:
Firſt, I did lay a heap of Cypreſs dry,
With ſtriking Flints I made a fire thereby,
Laid both their Bodies thereupon to burn,
Which in ſhort time did into aſhes turn:
And being mixt, I took them thence away,
And digg'd a Grave thoſe aſhes in to lay:
Then did I gather Cockle-ſhells, though ſmall,
With art I ſtrove to build a Tomb withall;
Placing ſome on, others in even Lays,
Others join'd cloſe, till I a Tomb did raiſe.
And afterwards I planted Myrtle green,
Where Turtle-Doves are daily building ſeen:
And there young Nightingals come every Spring;
To celebrate their Fames, do ſit and ſing.

A Merry Laſs, amongſt the reſt,
Began her Tale, and thus expreſt:

A Maſter was in love with his fair Maid,
But of his ſcolding Wife was ſore afraid:
For ſhe in every place would watch and pry,
And peep through every Key-hole to eſpy;

And if ſhe found them out, aloud would call,
And cry ſhe was undone, her Maid had all
Her Husband's love, for ſhe had none ſh' was ſure;
Wherefore this life ſhe never would endure:
But he did woo his Maid ſtill by his eye;
She, apprehenſive, underſtood thereby;
And oft would find ſome work to come in place,
Becauſe her Maſter ſhould behold her Face;
Excuſes make, that buſineſs ſhe had great,
(Her buſineſs was, her Maſter for to meet).
With pretty ſmiles ſhe trips it by,
And on him caſts a kind-coy eye:
To all the Houſe beſides, would ſeem demure,
Oft ſinging Pſalms, as if ſhe were right pure;
Repeating Scripture, ſigh, turn up her eyes,
As if her Soul ſtraight flew unto the Skies,
And that her Body were as chaſt cold Ice,
And ſhe were only fit for Paradice: (not;
Though her words were preciſe, her thoughts were
She, with her Maſter, Scripture quite forgot:
She then a Goddeſs was, prayed unto;
Her Maſter did, as Prieſts, with Offering woo:
Her Miſtreſs, like to *Juno*, fret and frown'd,
When that her Husband and her Maid ſhe found;
And in the Clouds of Night would ſeek about,
Sometimes ſhe miſt them, ſometimes found them out:
But when ſhe did, Lord, what a noiſe was there!
How *Jove* and ſhe did thunder in the air!

She

She with an *Iſhmael* big away was ſent;
Like unto *Hagar*, out of doors ſhe went;
Where he, like *Abraham* good, a Bottle ty'd,
And gave her Means for the Child to provide:
Whereat her Miſtreſs angry was, and cry'd;
And wiſht her Maid (like *Iſhma'l*) might have dy'd.

Another man, amongſt the reſt,
Said, they their Tales had well expreſt.

BUT they that ſtudy much, and ſeldom ſpeak,
For want of uſe of words, are far to ſeek:
Their Tongue is like a ruſty Key grown rough,
Which hardly turns, ſo do their words come forth:
Or like an Inſtrument that lies unſtrung,
Till it be tun'd, cannot be plaid upon:
For Cuſtom makes the Tongue both ſmooth & quick,
And moving oft, no words thereon will ſtick;
Like to a flowing-Tide, makes its own way,
Runs ſmooth or clear, without a ſtop or ſtay:
That makes a Lawyer plead well at the barr,
Becauſe he talks there four parts of the year:
That makes Divines in Pulpits well to preach,
Becauſe ſo often they the People teach:
But thoſe that uſe to contemplate alone, (none:
May have fine thoughts, good words t' expreſs, they
Good language they expreſs in black and white,
Although they ſpeak it not, yet well they write:

Much thoughts keep back the words from running
The tongue's ti'd up, the ſluce is ſtopt no doubt: (out;
For Fancy's quick, and flies ſuch ſeveral ways,
For to be dreſt in words it ſeldom ſtays.
Fancy is like an Eele, ſo ſlippery glides,
Before the tongue takes hold, away it ſlides.
Thus he that ſeldom ſpeaks, is like to thoſe
That travelling, their Mother-tongues do loſe.

Now, ſays a Lady that was ſitting by,
Pray let your ruſty Tongue with ſilence lye,
And liſten to the Tale that I ſhall tell;
Mark the Misfortunes that to them befell.

A Deſcription of Love *and* Courage.

A Gentleman was riding all about,
As in a Progreſs, he chanc'd to ſpy out:
(Growing upon a riſing-Hill) a Wood,
In midſt whereof a little Houſe there ſtood:
It was but ſmall, yet was it wondrous fine,
As if 'twere builded for the Muſes Nine:
The Platform was ſo well contriv'd, that there
Was ne're a piece of ground lay waſte or ſpare.
This Houſe was built of pure rich Marble-ſtone,
And Marble-Pillars wholly ſtood upon;
So ſmooth 'twas poliſh'd, as like Glaſs it ſhow'd,
Which gave reflection to the Wood there grow'd.

Thoſe

Thoſe Trees upon the Walls, ſeem'd painted green,
Yet every Leaf thereon was ſhaking ſeen:
The Roofs therein were arch'd with artful skill,
Which over-head hung like a hanging-Hill;
And there a man himſelf might entertain
With his own words, rebounding back again.
The doors to every room were very wide,
And men, like Statues, carv'd on either ſide;
And in ſuch lively poſtures made they were,
They ſeem'd like Guards or Porters waiting there.
The winding-Stairs riſing without account
Of any ſteps, up to the top did mount:
It on the Head a Cap of Lead did wear,
Like to a Cardinal's Cap, 'twas made four-ſquare;
But flat it was; cloſe to the Crown did lye,
From Cold and Heat it kept it warm and dry:
And in the midſt, a Tower plac'd on high,
Like to *Ulyſſes* Monſter, with one eye:
But ſtanding there, did view through windows out,
On every ſide, fine Proſpects all about.
When that his eyes were ſatisfi'd with ſight,
And that his mind was fill'd with ſuch delight,
He did deſcend back by another way,
Chance was his only Guide, which did convey
Him to a Gallery both large and long,
Where Pictures, by *Apelles* drawn, there hung,
And at the end, a Door half ope, half ſhut,
Where, in a Chamber, did a Lady ſit.

To him ſo beautiful ſhe did appear,
She ſeem'd an Angel, not a Mortal here:
Cloth'd all in white ſhe was, and from her Head
Her Hair hung down, and on her Shoulders ſpread;
And in a Chair ſhe ſate, a Table by,
Leaning theron, her Head did ſide-ways lye
Upon her Hand, the Palm a Pillow made,
On which, being ſoft, her Roſie Cheeks ſhe laid;
And from her Eyes the Tears in ſhow'rs did fall
Upon her Breaſt, ſparkling like Diamonds all:
At laſt ſhe fetch'd a ſigh, Heart break, ſaid ſhe;
Gods take my Life, or give me Liberty:
When thoſe words were expreſt, ſhe was conſtrain'd;
He courage took on what ſhe there complain'd,
And boldly entring in, ſhe ſeem'd afraid;
He kneeling down, askt pardon, and thus ſaid:
Celeſtial Creature, do not think me rude,
Or want of Breeding made me thus intrude;
But Fortune me unto this Houſe did bring,
Whereby a Curioſity did ſpring
From my deſires this Houſe to view throughout,
Seeing ſuch ſhady Groves to grow about:
And when I came near to the Gate, not one
Was there to ask or make oppoſition:
The Houſe ſeem'd empty, not a Creature ſtirring,
But every Room I entred, ſtill admiring
The Architect and Structure of each part;
Thoſe that deſign'd, were skilful in that Art.

VVan-

VVandring about, at laſt, Chance favouring me,
Hath brought me to this place, where I do ſee
A Beauty far beyond all Art, or any
That Nature heretofore hath made, though many
Of all the Sex creates ſhe ſweet and fair,
Yet never any of your Sex ſo rare:
This made me ſtand and gaze, amaz'd to ſee
What wondrous glorious things in Nature be:
But when I heard your words for to expreſs
Some grief of heart, and wiſht for a redreſs,
My Soul flew to your ſervice, here I vow
To Heaven high, my life to give to you;
Not only give my life, but for your ſake
Suffer all Pains Nature or Hell can make:
Nor are my Proffers for a baſe Self-end,
I'm to your Sex a Servant and a Friend:
Pure is my Zeal, and my Flame being clear,
Chuſe me your Champion, and adopt me here:
If I cannot your Enemy deſtroy,
I'le do my beſt, no reſt I will enjoy;
Becauſe my Fortune, Life, and Induſtry,
I'le ſacrifice unto thy Liberty.

When that the Lady heard him ſpeak ſo free,
And with ſuch paſſion, and ſo honeſtly:
I do accept your Favour, Sir, ſaid ſhe,
For no Condition can be worſe to me
Than this I now do live in; nor can I
My Honour hazzard in worſe Company:

VVherefore, to your protection I reſign;
Heaven, O *Heaven*, proſper this Deſign.
But how will you diſpoſe of me? pray tell.
I will, ſaid he, convey you to a Cell
Which is hard by; and there will Counſel take
What way is beſt to make a clear eſcape:
With that, his Riding-Coat which he did wear,
He pull'd ſtraight off, which ſhe put on; her Hair
She ty'd up ſhort, and covered cloſe her Face,
And in this poſture ſtole out of that place.
An old ill-natur'd Bawd that did wait on her,
Being then aſleep, did never think upon her.
But when ſleep fled, awak'd, ſhe up did riſe,
Sitting upon her Bed, rubbing her eyes
That were ſeal'd up with Matter and with Rheum;
When that was done, ſhe went into the Room
VVherein the Lady us'd alone to be:
Straight miſſing her, cry'd out moſt piteouſly,
Calling the Servants to ſearch all about;
But they unto a VVake were all gone out.
The Peaſant's Ball is that we call a VVake,
VVhen Men & Maids do dance, and love do make;
And ſhe that danceth beſt, is crown'd as Queen,
VVith Garlands made of Flow'rs, & Laurel green:
Thoſe Men that dance the beſt, have Ribbans ti'd
By every Maid that hopes to be a Bride.
Youth loves theſe kind of Sports, and to a Fayre,
'Twill venture life, rather than not be there.

VVhich

Which made the Servants all, although not many,
To be abroad, and leave the houſe for any
To enter in, which cauſed this eſcape,
And to the Owner brought ſo much miſhap.
A Lord came galloping as from his Palace,
With pleaſing thoughts, thinking alone to ſolace
Himſelf with his fair Miſtreſs, who admired
Her Beauty more than Heaven, and deſired
Her Favour more than *Jove*'s; her angry words
Did wound him more than could the ſharpeſt ſwords.
Her Frowns would torture him as on a Rack,
Muffling his Spirits in melancholy black:
But if ſhe chanc'd to ſmile, his joys did riſe
Much higher than the Sun that lights the Skies.
But riding on, the Caſtle coming nigh,
The VVoman running 'bout he did deſcry:
His heart miſgave him, with doubts he alighted,
Asking the reaſon ſhe was ſo affrighted:
She ſhak'd ſo much, no anſwer could ſhe make;
He, being impatient, unto her thus ſpake:
Devil, ſaid he, what is my Miſtreſs dead,
Or ſick, or ſtole away? or is ſhe fled?
She kneeling down, cry'd out, O ſhe is gone,
And I left to your Mercy all-alone.
With that he tore his hair, his breaſt did beat,
And all his body in a cold damp ſweat;
Which made his Nerves to ſlack, his Pulſe beat ſlow,
His ſtrength to fail, ſo weak he could not go,

But fell upon the ground, ſeeming as dead,
Until his Man did bear him to a bed:
For he did only with him one Man bring,
VVho prov'd himſelf truſty in every thing:
But when his diffus'd Spirits he did compoſe,
Into a deep ſad Melancholy he grows;
Could neither eat, nor drink, nor take his reſt,
His thoughts and paſſions being ſo oppreſt.
At laſt this Lady and her Noble Guide,
Got to a place ſecure, yet forc'd to hide
Her ſelf a time, till ſhe ſuch Friends could make
That would protect Vertue for Vertue's ſake;
Becauſe her loving Foe was great in Power,
Which might a Friendleſs Innocent devour.
This Noble Gentleman deſir'd to know
From what Misfortunes her reſtraint did grow.
Willing ſhe was to tell the Gentleman
The ſtory of her Life, and thus began:
After my birth, my Mother ſoon did dye,
Unto my Father leaving a Son and I:
My Father nor my Brother liv'd not long,
Then was I left alone; and being young,
My Aunt did take the charge to ſee me bred,
To manage my Eſtate; my Brother dead,
I was the only Child and Heir; but ſhe
Was married to a Lord of High Degree,
Who had a Son, and that Son had a VVife,
They diſagreed, led an unhappy Life.

VVhen

VVhen I was grown to ſixteen years of age,
My Aunt did dye, her Husband did engage
To take the charge, and ſee me well beſtow'd,
And by his tender care great love he ſhow'd.
But ſuch was my Misfortune, O ſad Fate!
He dy'd, and left me to his Son's VVife's hate;
Becauſe this younger Lord grew much in Love,
VVhich when his VVife by circumſtance did prove,
She ſought all means ſhe could to murther me;
Yet ſhe would have it done with privacy:
The whilſt her amorous Lord freſh Courtſhips made,
VVith his beſt Rhetorick, for to perſwade
My honeſt Youth to yeeld to his deſire,
My Beauty having ſet his heart on fire:
At laſt, conſidering with my ſelf, that I
Having a plentiful Eſtate whereby
I might live honourable, ſafe, and free,
Not ſubject to be betray'd to ſlavery;
Then to the Lady and the Lord I went,
As a reſpect I told them my intent.
The Lady my Deſign ſhe well approv'd;
He nothing ſaid, but ſeem'd with paſſion mov'd.
But afterwards, when I my leave did take,
He did rejoice, as if 'twere for my ſake;
And ſo it was, but not unto my good,
For he with Treachery my ways withſtood;
For as I travell'd, he beſet me round,
And forc'd me from my Servants, which he found

To be not many; when he had great ſtore
For to aſſault, but my defence was poor.
Yet were they all diſguis'd, no Face was ſhown,
(Such unjuſt acts deſire to be unknown).
VVhen I was in their power, Help, help, ſaid I,
You Gods above, and hear a VVretch's Cry:
But no aſſiſtance from Heav'n did I find,
All ſeem'd as Cruel as the mad Mankind.
Then he unto the Caſtle me convey'd;
The Lord, himſelf diſcovering, thus ſaid:
Cruelleſt of thy Sex, ſince no remorſe
Can ſoften thy hard heart, I'le uſe my force;
Unleſs your heart doth burn with equal fire,
Or condeſcend to what I ſhall deſire.
I for my own defence, 'gainſt this abuſe,
Soft flattering words was forced for to uſe;
Gently entreating his Patience, that I
A time might have my heavy heart to try;
That by perſwaſions it might entertain
Not only Love, but return Love again.
He ſeem'd well-pleas'd, his temper calm did grow,
VVhich by his ſmiling-countenance he did ſhow:
He ſaid, If in your Favour I may live,
A greater bleſſing Heaven cannot give.
Then to a VVoman old he gave the charge
For to attend, but not for to enlarge
My Liberty; with Rules my Life did bind;
Nothing was free, but Thoughts within my Mind.

Thus

Thus did I live ſome half a year, and more,
And all this while the Gods on high implore;
For ſtill he woo'd, and ſtill I did deny;
At laſt h' impatient grew, and ſwore that I
Deluded him, and that no longer would
He be denied, but yeeld to him I ſhould.
With much entreaty I pacifi'd his Mind
With words and countenance that ſeemed kind;
But Prayers to Heav'n more earneſtly I ſent
With tears and ſighs, that they would ſtill prevent,
By their great power, his Evil Deſign,
Or take away this loathed life of mine:
Although at firſt they ſeem'd to be all deaf,
Yet now at laſt they ſent me ſome relief.
The whilſt the Champion Knight, with his fair Prize,
Was ſtruck with Love by her quick-darting Eyes;
Yet mov'd they ſo as Modeſty did guide,
Not turning wantonly, or leer'd aſide:
Nor did they ſtern or proudly pierce,
But gentle, ſoft, with ſweet commerce:
And when thoſe Eyes were fill'd with watry ſtreams,
Seem'd like a Brook gilded with the Sun-beams;
At laſt perſwading-Love prevail'd ſo far,
As to preſent his Suit unto her care:
Fair Maid, I love thee, and my Love ſo pure,
That no corrupted thoughts it can endure:
My Love is honeſt, my Requeſt is juſt;
For one Man's fault, do not all Men miſtruſt.

I am a Batchelor, and you a Maid,
For which we lawfully may love, he ſaid:
Wherefore, dear Saint, caſt not my Suit aſide;
Chuſe me your Husband, and be you my Bride.
I am a Gentleman, and have been bred
As to my Quality; my Father dead,
Me his Poſſeſſions left, which are not ſmall,
Nor yet ſo great to make me vain withall.
My Life is yet with an unſpotted Fame;
Nor ſo obſcure, not to be known by Name;
Amongſt the beſt and moſt within this Land,
Favours receiv'd, yet none like your Command.
She ſtood a time, as in a muſing-thought,
At laſt ſhe ſpake, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you have brought
My Honour out of danger, and civilly
Have entertain'd me with your company;
For which I owe my life, much more my love;
Should I refuſe, I ſhould ungrateful prove.
'Tis not for Wealth that I would marry to,
Nor outward Honours that my Love can woo:
But it is Virtue, and a Heroick Mind,
A Diſpoſition ſweet, noble, and kind;
And ſuch a one I judg you for to be,
Wherefore I'le not refuſe, if you chuſe me.
When they were thus agreed, they did repair
Unto his Houſe, and went to marry there:
The whilſt the Lord, the Kingdom all about,
He privately had ſent to ſearch her out.

At

At laſt news came, with whom, and where ſhe dwelt;
With that much grief within his heart he felt,
That any Man ſhould have her in his power,
He, like a Devil, could his Soul devour.
But when he heard the Meſſenger to ſay,
There's preparation 'gainſt her Wedding-day;
He grew outragious, curſed Heaven and Earth,
The Marriage of his Parents, and his Birth:
At laſt he did reſolve, what e're befell,
That he would have her, though he ſank to Hell.
When he had got a Company together,
Such as he fed, that would go any whither;
No act they would refuſe, that he deſired,
Obey'd moſt deſperately what he required.
Unto his Houſe they went in a diſguiſe,
Intending then the Lady to ſurpriſe:
But be'ng upon her Wedding-day, were there
A Company of Gueſts that merry were;
This Lord deſir'd to part them, if he might,
'Cauſe lye together they ſhould not that Night.
So in they went: the Servants all did think
Them Maskerades, and made them all to drink:
But when they went into an inward Room
Where all were dancing, Bride and the Bridegroom;
The Bride acquainted with that Maskard-fight,
She ran away as in an extream fright:
The Bridegroom ſoon imagin'd what they were,
And, though unarm'd, his Courage knew no fear.

Their Swords they drew, aim'd only at his life;
That done, they thought to get away his Wife:
His Hat and Cloak, Arms of Defence did make;
The Tongs, for to aſſault, he up did take:
The Women ſcriecht, Murther, Murther, cry'd out;
The Men flung all the Chairs and Stools about,
With which they did reſiſt, and did oppoſe,
For ſome ſhort time, the Fury of his Foes.
It chanc'd a Sword out of a hand did fall;
The Bridegroom ſtraight took't up & fought withall;
So well did manage it, and with ſuch skill,
He many of his Enemies did kill:
Yet he was wounded ſore, and out of breath;
But heat of Courage kept out dull cold Death.
At laſt his Friends got Arms to take his part,
VVho did th' oppreſſion of his Foes divert.
The Vizzard of the Lord fell off at length;
VVhich when the Bridegroom ſaw, with vigorous ſtrength,
He ran upon him with ſuch force, that he
Struck many down, to make his paſſage free.
The trembling Bride was almoſt dead with fear,
Yet for her Husband had a liſtening ear.
At laſt the noiſe of Murther did arrive:
O is he dead, ſaid ſhe, and I alive!
*W*ith that ſhe run with all her power and might,
Into the Room, her Husband then in fight
*W*ith her great Enemy; and where they ſtood,
The Ground was like a foaming Sea of Blood;

*W*ounded

Wounded they were, yet was each other's heart
So hot with Paſſion, that they felt no ſmart.
The Bride did paſs and re-paſs by their Swords,
As quick as flaſhing Lightning, and her words
Cryed out, Deſiſt, deſiſt, and let me dye,
It is decreed by the great Gods on high,
Which nothing can prevent; then let my fall
Be an Atonement to make Friends withall.
But Death and Courage being long at ſtrife
About her Husband's Honour and his Life,
They both did fall, and on the ground did lye;
But honoured Courage receiv'd Fame thereby.
When Death had turned out his Life, it went
Into his Fame, and built a Monument.
The Bride, when that ſhe ſaw her Husband faint,
She weeping mourn'd, and made a ſad complaint:
O Gods, ſaid ſhe, grant me but this Requeſt,
That I may dye here on my Husband's breaſt.
With that ſhe fell, and on his Lips did lye,
Suckt out each other's breath, and ſo did dye.
When that the Lover ſaw her Soul was fled,
And that her body was cold, pale, and dead;
Then he impatient grew his Life to hold,
With deſperate Fury then both fierce and bold,
He gave himſelf a mortal wound, and ſo
---Fell to the ground, and ſick did grow.
Then did he ſpeak to all the Company,
I do entreat you all for Charity,

To lay me by my Miſtreſs in a Grave,
That my free Soul may reſt and quiet have:
With that a Voice heard in the air to ſay,
My Noble Friends, you ought to diſobey
His dying-words; for if you do not ſo,
From our dead aſhes jealouſie will grow:
But howſoe're, their Friends did ſo agree,
That they did put them in a Grave all three:
And ever ſince fierce Jealouſie doth rage
Throughout the World, and ſhall from age to age.

A Batchelor that ſpightful was, and old,
Unto the Company his Tale he told.

WOmen care not, nor ſeek for Noble Praiſe;
All their delight runs to Romantick ways;
To be in love, and be belov'd agen;
And to be fought-for by the youngeſt men,
Not for their Vertue, but their Beauty fair,
Intangling men within their amorous ſnare,
And turning up their Eyes, not for to pray,
Unleſs it be to ſee their Love that day:
With whining Voice, and fooliſh words implore
The Gods; for what? unleſs to hold the dore.
And what is their deſire, if I ſhould gueſs,
I ſtraight ſhould judg it tends to wantonneſs:
Perchance they'l ſay, It is for Converſation;
But thoſe Converſations bring Temptation.

What

What Youth's in love with Age, where wiſdom dwells,
That all the follies of wild Youth ſtill tells?
But Youth will ſhun grave Age's Company,
And from them flye as from an Enemy.
Say they, Their wit is all decay'd and gone;
And, that their wit is out of faſhion grown:
Say, they are peeviſh, froward, and diſpleas'd,
And full of pain, and weak, and oft diſeas'd.
But that is fond excuſe to plead for Youth:
For Age is Valiant, Prudent, full of truth:
And Sickneſs often on the Young takes hold,
Making them feeble, weak, before they're old.
If Women love, let it be for the ſake
Of Noble Virtue, and the wiſer take;
Elſe Virtue is depreſs'd, forſaken quite,
For ſhe allows no Revellers of Night.
This Sex doth ſtrive by all the art they can,
To draw away each other's Courtly-Man.
And all the allurements that they can deviſe,
They put in execution for the priſe.
Their Eyes are quick, and ſparkling like the Sun,
Yet always after Mankind do they run:
Their words are ſmooth, their faces in ſmiles dreſt;
Their heart is by their countenance expreſt:
But in their older age they ſpightful grow,
And then they ſcorns upon their youngers throw;
Induſtrious are, a falſe Report to make:
Lord! Lord! what poor Employments Women take

To carry Tales on Tongues from Ear to Ear,
VVhich faſter run than *Dromedaries* far:
In heat, with ſpeed and haſte they run about
From Houſe to Houſe, to find their Comrades out:
And when they meet, ſo earneſt they are bent,
As if the Fate's Decrees they could prevent:
The beſt is Rubbiſh; they their Minds do load
With ſeveral Dreſſes, and what is the Mode:
But if they ſpightful are, they ſtraight defame
Thoſe that moſt Virtue have, or honoured Name;
Or elſe about their Carriage they find fault,
And ſay their Dancing-Maſters were ſtark naught.
But for their ſeveral Dreſſings, thus will ſay,
How ſtrangely ſuch a one was dreſt to day!
*A*nd if a Lady dreſs, or chance to wear
A Gown to pleaſe her ſelf, or curl her Hair,
If not according as the Faſhion runs,
Lord, how it ſets a-work their Eyes and Tongues!
Straight ſhe's fantaſtical, they all do cry,
Yet they will imitate her preſently;
*A*nd for what they did laugh at her in ſcorn,
VVith it think good themſelves for to adorn.
Thus each of them doth into other pry,
Not for to mend, but to find fault thereby.

VVith that the VVomen roſe, and angry were,
*A*nd ſaid, they would not ſtay ſuch Tales to hear.
But all the Men upon their Knees did fall,
Begging his Pardon, and their ſtay withall.

*A*nd

And Women's Natures being eaſie, free,
Did ſoon conſent to keep them company.

——The Tale to tell,
—Unto a Woman's turn befell:
And when their ruſling twatling Silks did ceaſe,
Their creaking Chairs, and Whiſperings held their peace;
The Lady did a Tragick Tale unfold,
Forcing their Eyes to weep, whilſt ſhe it told.

The Deſcription of the Fondneſs of Parents, and the Credulity of Youth.

A Gentleman had liv'd long, and was old,
A Wife he had, which Fifty years had told:
Their Love was ſuch, as Time could not decay;
Devout they were, and to the Gods did pray:
Yet Children they had none to bleſs their Life;
She happy in a Husband, h'in a Wife.
But Nature, in the World her Power to ſhow,
From an old Stock caus'd a young Branch to grow:
At length this aged Dame a Daughter bore,
Got by her Husband when Threeſcore, and more.
They are ſo joy'd, they Nature's Bounty praiſe,
And thank the Gods that did the Iſſue raiſe.
They were ſo fond, that none this Child muſt t'uch,
Only themſelves; their pains they thought not much.

She gave it ſuck, and dreſs'd it on her Lap, (Pap.
The whilſt he warm'd the Clouts, then cool'd the
They, when it ſlept, did by the Child abide,
Both ſitting near the Cradle on each ſide.
But when it cry'd, he danc'd it on his Arm,
The whilſt ſhe ſung, its Paſſion for to charm.
Thus did they ſtrive to pleaſe it all they could,
And for its good yeeld up their Lives they would.
VVith pains and care they Nurs'd their Daughter
And with her Years her Beauty did excel. (well,
But when ſhe came to Sixteen years of age,
Her Youth and Life by Love ſhe did engage
Unto a Gentleman that liv'd hard-by
Cloſe to her Father's Houſe, who ſeem'd to dye
If he enjoy'd her not; yet did he dread
His Father's Curſe to light upon his Head;
His Father to his Paſſion being cruel,
Although he was his only Son and Jewel;
Charging, upon his bleſſing, not to marry
This faireſt Maid; nor Servants for to carry
Letters or Tokens, Meſſages by ſtealth;
Deſpiſing her, becauſe of no great VVealth:
Yet ſhe was Nobly born, not very poor,
But had not VVealth to equal his great ſtore.
But he did woo his Love in ſecret guiſe,
Courting her privately for fear of Spies.
He ſtrove to win her unto his embraces;
Muffle the Faults he would, and the Diſgraces.

Said

Said he,

Why may not we our Senſes all delight?
Our Senſes and our Souls Heaven unite.
That we call Honour, only Man creates,
For it was never deſtin'd by the Fates.
It is a word Nature ne're taught us, nay
It is a Precept ſhe forbids t' obey.
Then follow Nature, for that follows God,
And not the Arts of Men, they're vain and odd.
Let every Senſe lye ſteep, not drown'd, in pleaſure:
Let us keep up their height in balanc'd meaſure.
Firſt, let our Eyes all Beauteous Objects view;
Our Ears all Sounds, which Notes and Times keep true.
Then Scent all Odours to refreſh the Brain;
With Taſtes delicious Palates entertain.
Touch things moſt pleaſing, that all Parts may feel
Expanſion of the Soul, from Head to Heel:
Thus we ſhall uſe what Nature to us gave;
For by reſtraint, in Life we dig our Grave:
And in the Grave our Senſes uſeleſs lye;
Juſt ſo is Life, if Pleaſures we deny.
Thus Heav'n, that gave us Senſe, may take it ill,
If we refuſe what's offered to us ſtill:
Then let our Senſe and Souls take all delight,
Not to ſurfeit, but feed each Appetite.
Come Pleaſure, Circle me within thy Arms,
Inchant my Soul with thy delightful Charms.

Said ſhe, It is not always in our Power
To feed Delight, nor Pleaſure to devour.
Man no free Power hath of any thing;
Only himſelf can to deſtruction bring:
Can kill his Body, and his Soul can damn,
Although he cannot alienate the ſame;
Nor can he make them always to remain,
Nor turn them to what they were firſt again.
Thus can we croſs and vex our ſelves with pain,
But being ſick, cannot be well again:
We can Diſturb great Nature's work at will;
But to Reſtore and Make, is paſt our skill.
But he did plead ſo hard, ſuch Vows did make,
Such large Profeſſions, and ſuch Oaths did take,
That he would conſtant be, and that his Bride
He would her make, when that his Father dy'd:
She, young and innocent, knew no deceits, (baits.
Nor thought that Words and Vows were us'd as
So yeelded ſhe to all he did deſire,
Thinking his Vows as much as Laws require.
But they ſo oft did meet, till it befell,
She ſick did grow, her Body big did ſwell;
Which ſhe took care to hide, and would not be,
As ſhe was wont, in other Company:
But to her Parents ſhe would often cry,
And ſaid ſhe ſwell'd ſo, with a Tympany.
They did believe her, and did make great moan,
Their only Child was now ſo ſickly grown.

His

His Father old, the Marriage to prevent,
Now, in all haſte, his Son to travel ſent;
Gave him no time nor warning to be gone;
Nor, till he ſaw him ſhip'd, left him alone.
But he, to eaſe his Miſtreſs of her fear,
For to return, he only now took care.
But ſhe no ſooner heard that he was gone,
But in her Chamber lock'd her ſelf alone;
Complain'd againſt her Deſtiny and Fate,
And all her Love to him was turn'd to Hate.
You Gods, ſaid ſhe, my Fault's no wilful ſin;
For I did think his Vows had Marriage been:
But by his ſtealth, ſo privately to leave me,
I find my Crime, and that he did deceive me:
For which, ſaid ſhe, you Gods torment him more
Than ever any Man on Earth before.
With that ſhe roſe, about her Neck ſhe flung
A Silken String, and in that String ſhe hung.
Her Parents to her Chamber did repair,
Calling her forth to take the freſh ſweet air;
Suppoſing it might do her Health ſome good;
And at her Chamber door long time they ſtood:
But when they call'd, and knock'd, no anſwer made,
She being ſick, they 'gan to be afraid:
Their Limbs did ſhake with age, Nerves being ſlack't,
Thoſe Nervous Strings with fear were now contract:
At laſt, though much a-do they had to ſpeak,
They Servants call'd to open, or to break

The Lock: No ſooner done, but with great fear
They entred in; and after they were there,
The horrid ſight no ſooner ſtruck their Eyes,
But it congeal'd their Hearts, and ſtraight both dyes.
The Fame of their ſad Fates all round was ſpread,
The Lover heard his Miſtreſs then was dead;
His Clothes, his Hair he tore, his Breaſt did beat,
His Spirits iſſu'd out in a cold Sweat.
Said he, O curſed Death come kill me quick,
And in my Heart thy Spear or Arrow ſtick;
Becauſe my Love in thy cold Arms doth lye,
I now deſire, nay, am reſolv'd to dye.
But O! Love is a powerleſs God; in vain
He ſtrives with's Flame to melt Death's Icy Chain:
For though with Love my Heart ſo hot doth burn,
Yet cannot melt, I fear Death's Icy Urn.
Then he all in a rage to the Earth fell,
And there invoking up the Devils of Hell,
Saith he, Ye Powerful Terrors me aſſiſt,
For to command or force Death when I liſt,
That by your help and pow'r my Love may riſe
From the dark Vault or Grave wherein ſhe lies;
Or elſe by Death's cold hand alone,
Convert me into Marble-ſtone.
Then running, as diſtracted, in and out,
By Fancies, Viſions ſtrange ſaw all about:
And crying loud, My Miſtreſs, ſhe is there;
He ſeem'd to catch, but graſp'd nought elſe but air:

See,

See, ſee her Ghoſt, how it doth ſlide away,
Her Soul is pure, and ſhines as glorious Day.
But my foul Soul, which is as black as Night,
Doth ſhadows caſt upon the Soul that's bright;
Which makes her walk as in a gloomy ſhade,
Like Shadows which the Silver Moon hath made.
Hark how my Love ſings ſweetly in the Skye,
Her Soul is mounted up to Heavens high,
And there it ſhall be made a Deity,
And I a Devil in Hell tormented lye.
His ſpirit being ſpent, fell to the ground;
And lying there a while, as in a ſwound,
At laſt he roſe, and with a ſober pace
He bent his ſteps, as to her burying-place;
And with his Cloak he muffled him about,
His Hat pull'd o're his Brows, his Eyes look't out
To guide his way; but far he had not gone,
That ſtraight he ſaw the Funerals coming on:
Three Hearſes all were born, as on a breaſt,
Black cover'd two, with white the third was dreſt:
A Silver Crown upon that Hearſe did ſtand,
And Myrtle-boughs young Virgins bore in hand:
The graver ſort did Cypreſs-branches bear,
The mournful Parents death for to declare.
With ſolemn Muſick to the Grave them brought;
With Tears in-urn'd their Aſhes in a Vault:
But he, before the People did return,
Did make great haſte to get cloſe to the Urn;

His Hat pulls off, then bows, lets looſe his Cloak;
With dropping Eyes, & countenance ſad, thus ſpoke:
You charitable Friends, whoe're you be,
To ſee the Dead thus buri'd ſolemnly;
The like to me your Favour I do crave,
Stay all, and ſee me buri'd in this Grave.
Giving himſelf a private wound, there fell
Into the Grave; and dying, there did tell
Of his ſad Love; but now, ſaid he,
Our Souls nor Bodies ne're ſhall parted be.
With that he ſighs, and breathing out his laſt,
About his Miſtreſs Corps his Arms he caſt.
The Urn ſeal'd up, his Friends a Tomb did build;
Famous it was, ſuch Love therein it held.
Moſt Parents do rejoyce, and Offerings bring
Of thankful Hearts, or Pray'rs for their Off-ſpring.
Theſe thought their Age was bleſt; but they were (blind
With Ignorance, and great affections kind,
More than with Age; but who knows Deſtiny?
Or thinks that Joy can prove a Miſery? (Breeds,
Some Parents love their Wealth more than their
Hoording up more than Love or Nature needs:
And rather than poor Virtue they will take,
By croſſing Love, Childleſs themſelves will make.

A ſober Man, who had a thinking-Brain,
Of Vice and Vanity did thus complain:

'TIS ſtrange to ſee the Follies of Mankind,
How they for uſeleſs things do vex their Mind:
For what ſuperfluous is, ſerves them for nought;
And more than neceſſary is a fault:
Yet Man is not content with a juſt meaſure,
Unleſs he ſurfeits with Delight and Pleaſure;
As if true Pleaſure only liv'd in Pain,
For in Exceſs Pain only doth remain:
Riches bring Care to keep, Trouble to ſpend;
Beggars and Borrowers have ne're a Friend:
And Hoſpitality is oft diſeaſed,
And ſeldom any of their Gueſts are pleaſed:
In Feaſts, much Company diſturbs the reſt,
And with much noiſe it doth the Life moleſt.
Much Wine and Women makes the Body ſick;
And Doting-Lovers they grow Lunatick.
Playing at Cards and Dice, Men Bankrupts grow,
And with the Dice away their Time they throw,
Their Manly Strength, their Reaſon, and their Wit,
Which might in Warrs be ſpent, or Letters writ.
All Generoſity ſeems buried here;
Gameſters ſeem Covetous, as doth appear:
But when they ſpend, moſt prodigally waſt,
As if their Treaſures were the *Indies* vaſt,

Or elſe their Purſe an endleſs Myne of Gold;
But they'l ſoon find it doth a bottom hold.
Titles of Honour, Offices of State,
Bring Trouble, Envy, and Malicious Hate.
Ceremony reſtrains our Freedom, and
State-Offices Commands, Men tott'ring ſtand.
And Vanities Inchanters of the Mind,
That muffle Reaſon, and the Judgment blind;
Do lead the life in ſtrange fantaſtick ways,
To ſeek that Pleaſure which doth live in Praiſe.
Praiſe is no real thing, an empty Name,
Only a Sound which we do call a Fame;
Yet for this Sound Men always are at ſtrife,
Do ſpend their Fortunes, and do hazzard Life:
They give their Thoughts no reſt, but hunt about,
And never leave until the Life goes out.
That Man that ſeeks in Life for more than Health,
For Reſt and Peace within his Commonwealth,
(Which is his Family) ſure is not wiſe,
And know not where true Happineſs ſtill lies.
Nor doth he gueſs that Temperance doth give
The trueſt Pleaſure, makes it longeſt live.
You Gods, ſaid he, give me a Temperate Mind,
An Humble Cottage, a Chaſt Wife and Kind,
To keep me Company, to bear a part
Of all the Joys or Sorrows of my Heart;
And let our Labours, Recreations be,
To paſs our Time, and not a Miſery.

Baniſh

Baniſh all Cares, you Gods, let them not lye
As heavy burthens; and when we muſt dye,
Let's leave the World, as in a quiet Sleep;
Draw gently out our Souls, our Aſhes keep
Safely in Urns; not ſeparate our Duſt,
Or mix us ſo, if tranſmigrate we muſt,
That in one Body we may ſtill remain;
When that's diſſolved, make us up new again.

A Lady ſaid, She his Diſcourſe would fit;
A Story tell that ſhould his Humour hit.

THere was a Man and Woman married were,
They liv'd juſt ſo as ſhould a Married Pair;
Though their Bodies divided were in twain,
Their Souls agreed, as one they did remain:
They did ſo mutually agree in all,
This Man and Wife we only One may call.
They were not rich, nor were they very poor;
Not pinch'd with want, nor troubled with great ſtore.
They did not labour for the Bread they eat,
Nor had they various or delicious Meat;
Nor many Servants had to vex their Mind,
Only one Maid that faithful was, and kind;
Whoſe VVork was juſt ſo much as to employ
Her ſo, as Idleneſs might not her annoy.
Thus decently and cleanly did they live,
And ſomething had for Charity to give.

Her Paſtime was to ſpin in Winter cold,
The whilſt he read, and to her Stories told:
And in the pleaſant Spring, freſh air to take,
To Neighbouring-Villages ſhort Journeys make.
In Summer-Evenings they the Fields did round,
Or ſit on Flow'ry-banks upon the ground:
And ſo, in Autumn they their walks did keep,
To ſee Men gather Grapes, or ſheer their Sheep.
Nor did they miſs *Jove*'s Temple, once a day,
Both kneeling down unto the Gods to pray
For gracious Mercy, their poor Souls to ſave,
A healthful Life, an eaſie Death to have.
Thus did they live full forty years, and more;
At laſt Death comes, and knocketh at the dore,
And with his Dart he ſtruck the Man full ſick,
For which the Wife was almoſt Lunatick:
But ſhe with care did watch, great pains did take;
Broths, Julips, Jellies, ſhe with skill did make.
She moſt induſtrious was his pains to eaſe,
Studying always his Humour for to pleaſe:
For oft the ſick are peeviſh, froward, croſs,
And with their pains do tumble, groan, and toſs,
On their ſad Couches; quietly he lay,
And ſoftly to himſelf to Heaven did pray.
Yet was he melancholy at the heart,
For nothing elſe, but from his VVife to part.
But when ſhe did perceive his Life decay,
Cloſe by his ſide, upon a Bed ſhe lay,

Em-

Embrac'd and kiſt him oft, until his Breath
And Soul did part, drawn forth by powerful Death:
Art gone, ſaid ſhe? then I will follow ſtraight;
For why, my Soul upon thy Soul ſhall wait.
Then turn'd her ſelf upon the other ſide,
In breathing-ſighs and ſhow'ring-tears ſhe dy'd.

A Single-Life beſt.

A Man ſaid, He liv'd a moſt happy Life,
Becauſe he was not ty'd unto a Wife:
Said he, Marriage at beſt obſtructs the Mind
With too much Love, or Wives that are unkind.
Beſides, a Man is ſtill ty'd by the heel,
Unto the Cradle, Bed, Table, and Wheel;
And cannot ſtir, but, like a Bird in ſtring,
May hop a ſpace, but cannot uſe his wing.
But thoſe who're free, and not to Wedlock bound,
They have the liberty the World to round;
And in their Thoughts much Heav'nly Peace doth dwell,
When Marriage makes their Thoughts like pains of Hell.
And when they die, no Care doth grieve their Mind,
For any thing that they ſhall leave behind.

A Lady ſaid, If Women had but Wit,
Men neither Wives nor Miſtreſſes ſhould get:
No cauſe ſhould have to murmure and complain,
If Women their kind Freedom would reſtrain.
But Marriage is to Women far more worſe
Than 'tis to Men, and proves the greater Curſe:
And I, ſaid ſhe, for proof, a Tale will tell,
What to a Virtuous Married Wife befell.

THere once a Lord and Lady married were,
And for Sev'n years did live a Happy Pair:
He ſeem'd to love his Wife, as well he might,
For ſhe was Modeſt, Virtuous, Fair, and Bright;
A Diſpoſition ſuitable and kind;
No more Obedience Man in VVife could find:
She did eſteem him ſo, and priz'd him ſuch,
Of Merit, ſhe thought no Man had ſo much;
And lov'd him more than Life lov'd perfect Health,
Or Princes for to rule a Commonwealth.
But ſuch the Natures of moſt Husbands be,
That they love Change, and ſeek Variety;
Or elſe like Fools or Children, eas'ly caught
With pleaſing looks, or flatt'ring tongues are brought
From Virtues ſide, in wicked ways to run,
And ſeldom back with Virtue do return.
But Miſery may drive them back again,
Or elſe with Vices they do ſtill remain.

It

It chanc'd this Lord a Lady fair did meet,
Her Countenance was pleaſing, Speech was ſweet;
And from her Eyes ſuch wanton Glances went,
As from her Heart Love-Meſſages had ſent;
VVhereby this Lord was catch'd in *Cupid*'s Snare,
How to addreſs, he only now takes care.
But he ſtraight had acceſs, and Courtſhips makes,
The Lady in his Courtſhips pleaſure takes;
And Pride ſhe takes, that ſhe could ſo allure
A Husband from a Wife, that was ſo pure
As Heaven's Light, and had the Praiſe and Fame
Of being the moſt Fair and Virtuous Dame.
At laſt this Lady by her wanton Charms,
Inchanted had this Lord, till in his arms
He might embrace her in an amorous way,
His Thoughts were reſtleſs, working Night and Day
To compaſs his Deſigns; nor did he care
To loſe his Wife's affection, but did fear
His Miſtreſs to diſpleaſe; and as her Slave,
Obey'd her will in all that ſhe would have.
But ſhe was ſubtil, and of Nature bad;
A crafty Wit, in making Quarrels, had:
For which ſhe ſeemed to be Coy and Nice,
And ſets her Beauty at ſo great a price,
That ſhe would never yeeld unleſs that he
From his Chaſt Wife would ſoon divorced be:
Straight he, to pleaſe her, from his VVife did part,
For which his VVife was grieved at the Heart,

And ſought her ſelf obſcurely for to hide,
*A*nd in a ſolitary Houſe did 'bide,
*A*s if ſhe had a grievous Criminal been,
Or Cauſer was of his adulterous Sin;
*A*nd for a Penance, ſhe did ſtrictly live;
But ſhe was Chaſt, and no offence did give:
Yet ſhe in ſorrow liv'd, no reſt could find,
Sad melancholy thoughts mov'd in her Mind:
Moſt of her time in Prayers ſhe did ſpend,
Which as ſweet Incenſe did to Heav'ns aſcend;
Did often for her Husband Mercy crave,
That they would pardon all his Faults, and ſave
Him from Deſtruction, and that they would give
Him Happy Days as long as he ſhould live.
But after he his Miſtreſs had enjoy'd,
*A*nd that his *Amorous Appetite* was cloy'd;
Then on his Virtuous Wife his Thoughts did run,
The later Lady he did ſtrive to ſhun:
For often they did quarrel and fall out;
He gladly would be rid of her, no doubt.
*A*t laſt he was reſolv'd his VVife to ſee,
*A*nd to be Friends, if that ſhe would agree.
But when he ſaw his VVife, his Heart did ake,
*A*s being guilty, all his Limbs did ſhake:
The terror of his Conſcience did preſent
To him her wrongs, but yet to her he went.
She being ſet near to a Fountain low,
Her Tears did make the Stream to overflow.

Thither

Thither he came, and on the Earth did kneel,
But in his Soul ſuch paſſions did he feel
Of Shame, Fear, Sorrow, as he could not ſpeak:
At laſt his Paſſion through his Lips did break,
Begging her Pardon, and great Vows did make
Of Reformation, and that for her ſake
He would all Pain or Puniſhment endure,
And that no Husband ſhould to Wife be truer.
Which when ſhe heard, ſhe ſighing, did reply,
You come too late, my Deſtiny is nigh;
My Bark of Life with Grief is over-fraught,
And ready is to ſink with its own weight:
For ſhow'rs of Tears, and ſtormy Sighs do blow
Me to the Ports of Death, and Shades below.
He being affrighted at the word ſhe ſpake,
In haſte he roſe, her in his arms did take:
Wherewith ſhe pleas'd, and ſmiling, turn'd her Eye
Upon his Face, ſo in his arms did dye.
And being dead, he laid her on the ground;
He in the Fountain, and her Tears, was drown'd.
Impatiently in a high diſcontent
There dy'd, ſo had a watry Monument.

Another Lady ſaid, Such Men I hate
That wrong their Wives, and then repent too late.
But all Adulterers I wiſh might have
A Violent Death, and an Untimely Grave.

The next Man's turn to ſpeak was one that in
The Warrs was bred; and thus he did begin:

A Deſcription of Natural Affection.

THere were two Potent Princes, whoſe great Fames
For Actions in the Warrs got mighty Names.
It chanc'd theſe Potent Princes both did greet,
And were reſolv'd in open Warrs to meet,
Their Courages to try, their Strengths and Pow'r,
Their prudent Conducts, or their fatal Hour.
In ſhort, theſe *Armies* meet, a Battel fight,
VVhere one Side beaten was by Fortune's ſpight.
The Battel won, that *Army* routed, ran,
And for to ſave his Life, ſtrove every Man,
And their *Artillery* they left behind,
Each for himſelf a ſhelter hop'd to find.
VVhen from purſuit the Victors did come back,
The Soldiers for to plunder were not ſlack:
And every Tent they ſearch'd, and ſought about
To ſee if they ſome Treaſure could find out.
To th'Prince's Tent did ſome Commanders go,
VVhere they did find an Object of much wo.
That Prince being dead, upon the ground was laid,
And by him ſate a fair and ſweet young Maid:
Her Beauty was ſo ſplendrous, and ſo bright, (light.
Through Clouds of Grief, it ſhone like Heavens

VVhich

VVhich the Commanders ſaw, then ſtraight did go
To let their General of this Beauty know.
VVho when he came, amazed was in mind,
Such Beauty for to ſee, and Grief to find.
For this fair Princeſs by her Father ſet,
Her Eyes being fixt, her Tears his Cheeks did wet;
She leaning o're his Head, her Eyes down bend,
From whence her Tears upon his Face deſcend.
Upon his Mouth ſuch deep-fetch'd ſighs did breathe,
As if therein her Soul ſhe would bequeathe;
For which this General did her admire,
Her Tears quench'd not, but kindle did Love's Fire.
With that he did command the Soldiers there,
The Dead to take, the Body up to bear.
But then ſhe ſpake: For pity have remorſe,
Remove not from me my dead Father's Corpſe:
For had not Fortune (which he never truſt
With any buſineſs, but what needs he muſt)
Conſpir'd with Death to work his overthrow,
His wiſdom croſſing her, ſhe grew his Foe.
But all her Spight could never do him harm,
For he with Prudence ſtill himſelf did arm:
But when that Death aſſiſted her Deſign,
She ſtruck him dead when Battels were to join;
His Soldiers forc'd to fight, when that their Mind
Was preſs'd with grief, which faſt th' Spirits did bind;
It was his Death that made him loſe the Day,
And made you Victors that now wear the Bay.

But look, ſaid ſhe, his Hands now ſtrengthleſs lye,
In fight which made his Enemies to flye:
His Eyes, now ſhut by Death, in Life gave light
Unto his Soldiers, in the Warrs to fight.
His Tongue, that ſilenc'd is by Death's cold Hand,
In Life mov'd wiſely, and could well command:
It Knowledg gave to thoſe that little knew,
And did inſtruct what was the beſt to do.
His Heart lyes ſtill, no Motion doth remain:
Ceas'd are the Thoughts in his well-temper'd Brain;
Where in his Heart all Virtues did abide,
And in his Brain ſtrong Reaſon did reſide:
But all is vanquiſh'd now, and Life doth ſeem
No better than a Shadow, or a Dream.
'Tis ſtrange in Nature to obſerve and ſee
The unproportion'd Links in Deſtinie.
For Man's the wiſeſt Creature Nature makes,
And beſt Extracts to form his Figure takes;
And yet ſo ſhort a Life to him ſhe gives,
He's almoſt dead before he knows he lives:
Yet ſhe from Man receives the greateſt praiſe,
He doth admire all her curious ways:
With wonder he her ſev'ral VVorks doth ſee,
And ſtudies all her Laws, and each Decree;
Doth travel ſev'ral ways within his Mind,
His Thoughts are reſtleſs, her Effects to find.
But in his Travels Death cuts him off ſhort,
And leads him into dark Oblivion's Court.

Thus

Thus Nature is unjuſt, Heaven unkind,
Which ſtrikes the Beſt, the Worſt do favour find.
My Father's Merits might have challeng'd ſtill
A longer Life, had it been Heavens will.
But he is dead, and I am left behind,
Which is a torture to my troubled Mind.
If Soldiers pity have, grant my deſire,
Here ſtrike me dead, and let my Breath expire.

Said the Victorious Prince:

Heaven forbid! all horrid Acts we ſhun;
For in the Field the pureſt Honour's won:
We ſtake our Lives for Lives, and juſtly play
A Game of Honour on a Fighting-Day.
Perchance ſome Cheats may be among the Rout,
But if they're found, the Nobleſt throw them out.
But ſince you cannot alter Deſtiny,
Nor none that live, but have ſome Miſery;
Raiſe up your Spirits, unto Heaven ſubmit,
And do not here in Grief and Sorrow ſit.
Your Father was a Soldier of great Fame,
His Valiant Deeds did get an Honoured Name:
And for his ſake judg us, which Soldiers be,
To have Human'ty, and Civility.
Your Father he ſhall ſafely be convey'd,
That he may be by his Anceſtors laid.
But you muſt ſtay, yet not as Priſoner;
You ſhall Command and Rule our Peace and War.

She anſwered not in words, her Tears did plead,
That ſhe with her dead Father might be freed:
But her clear Advocates could not obtain
Their humble Suit, but there ſhe muſt remain
With the Victorious Prince; but he deny'd,
As Victor, in a Triumph for to ride:
For though the Battel I have won, he ſaid,
Yet I am Priſoner to this Beauteous Maid.
She is the Conquereſs, therefore 'tis fit
I walk as Priſoner, ſhe Triumphant ſit.
Then all with great Reſpects to her did bow;
So doth the Prince, and plead, proteſt, and vow,
To be her Servant, and to yeeld his Life
To Death's ſad ſtrokes, unleſs ſhe'ld be his Wife.
But ſhe ſtill weeps, his Suit no favour gains;
Of Fates and Deſtiny ſhe ſtill complains.
Why, ſaid the Prince, ſhould you my Suit deny,
Since I was not your Father's Enemy?
Soldiers are Friends, though they each blood do ſpill,
'Tis not for Spight, nor any Malice ill;
But Honour to maintain, and Power to get,
And that they may in Fame's Houſe higher ſet:
For thoſe of greateſt Pow'r, to Gods draw near;
For nought but Pow'r makes Men like Gods appear.
But had I kill'd your Father in the Field,
Unto my Suit in Juſtice you might yeeld.
But I was not the Cauſe your Father dy'd,
For Victory doth ſtill with him abide:

And

And though that Death ſtid ſtrike him to the heart,
Yet his great Name and Fame will never part.
Men will ſuppoſe the Loſs is loſs of Life,
And had he liv'd, there would be greater ſtrife
Between our Armies; but if you'l be mine,
Our Kingdoms in a Friendly Peace ſhall join.
Then ſhe began to liſten, and give ear;
She of her Countrey in diſtreſs took care:
And in ſhort time they were both Man and Wife;
Long did they live, and had a happy Life.

The next, a Virgin's turn her Tale to tell;
Her Youth and Modeſty did fit it well.

The Surpriſal of DEATH.

A Company of Virgins young did meet,
Their Paſtime was, to gather Flowers ſweet:
They white Straw-Hats upon their Heads did wear,
And falling-Feathers, which wav'd with the air,
Fanning their Faces, like a *Zephyrus* Wind,
Shadowing the Sun, that ſtrove their Eyes to blind;
And in their Hands they each a Basket held,
Which Baskets they with Fruits or Flowers fill'd:
But one amongſt the reſt ſuch *Beauty* had,
That *Venus* for to change might well be glad.

Her Shape exact, her Skin was ſmooth and fair;
Her Teeth white, even ſet, a long curl'd Hair:
*H*er Nature modeſt, her *B*ehaviour ſo,
As when ſhe mov'd, the Graces ſeem'd to go.
*H*er Wit was quick, and pleaſing to the Ear,
That all who heard her ſpeak, ſtraight Lovers were.
*B*ut yet her Words ſuch Chaſt Love did create,
That all Impurity they did abate.
And every heart or head where wild Thoughts live,
She did convert, and wiſe Inſtructions give:
For her Diſcourſe ſuch heavenly Seeds did ſow,
That where ſhe ſtrew'd, there Virtues up did grow.
Theſe Virgins all were in a Garden ſet,
And each did ſtrive the fineſt Flowers to get.
*B*ut this fair Lady on a *B*ank did lye
Of moſt choice Flowers, which did court her Eye;
And every one did bend their heads full low,
*B*owing their Stalks, which from the Roots did grow;
And when her hands did touch their tender Leaves,
Each ſeem'd to kiſs, and to her Fingers cleaves.
*B*ut ſhe, as if in Nature 'twere a Crime,
VVas loath to crop their Stalks in their full prime;
*B*ut with her Face cloſe to thoſe Flowers lay, (way;
That through her Noſtrils thoſe Sweets might find
Not for to rob them, for her head was full
Of Flow'ry Phanſies, which her wit did pull,
And Poſies made, the World for to preſent
VVith a more laſting and a ſweeter Sent.

*B*ut

But as ſhe lay upon this pleaſant Bank,
For which thoſe Flowers did great Nature thank;
Death envious grew ſhe ſuch delight did take,
And with his Dart a deadly wound did make:
A ſudden Cold did ſeize her every Limb,
With which her Pulſe beat ſlow, and Eyes grew dim.
Some that ſate by, obſerv'd her pale to be,
But thought it ſome falſe Light; yet went to ſee:
And when they came, ſhe turn'd her Eyes aſide,
Spread forth her arms, then ſtretch'd, and ſigh'd, and dy'd.
The frighted Virgins ran with panting-breath,
To tell the ſadder ſtory of her death:
The whilſt the Flowers to her reſcue bend,
And all their Med'cinable Virtues ſend:
But all in vain, their Power's too weak; each Head
Then droop'd, ſeeing they could not help the Dead.
Their freſher Colours did no longer ſtay,
But faded ſtraight, and wither'd all away. (meet
For Tears, they dropp'd their Leaves, and thought it
To ſtrew her with them, as a Winding-Sheet.
The Airy Choriſters hover'd above,
And ſung her laſt ſad Funeral-Song of Love.
The Earth grew proud, now having ſo much honour,
That Odoriferous Corpſe lying upon her.
When that pure Virgin's Stuff diſſolv'd in Dew,
Was the firſt cauſe new Births of Flowers grew,
And added Sweets to thoſe it did renew.

The Groſſer Parts the Curious ſoon did take,
Of it tranſparent Purſlain they did make:
Her Purer Duſt they keep for to refine
Beſt Poets Verſe, and gild every Line;
And all Poetick Flames ſhe did inſpire:
So her Name lives in that Eternal Fire.

A Mock-Tale of his Grace the Duke of Newcaſtle.

CUPID Love-birding went, his Arrow laid,
Aiming to hit a young freſh Countrey-Maid:
Being pur-blind, his Arrow it did glance,
And hit an Old-old Woman there by chance.
She preſently with Love ſighs ſhorter breath,
Groan'd ſo, as all the Neighbours thought her Death.
Little ſhe had of feeling, nor no ground
To gueſs where *Cupid* us'd to make the wound.
A long forgetfulneſs there was, no doubt,
Of what was Love, and all thoſe thoughts worn out.
At laſt, Love rub'd her Mem'ry up, and then
She thought ſome Threeſcore years ago, and ten,
Was wounded ſo; but then was in her Prime;
The Surgeon cured her, was Father Time;
But he's not skilful for Love's wounds; all thoſe,
Though they ſeem cured, yet they'l never cloſe,
But break out ſtill again; not Winter's cold
Will freeze them up, nor Age, though ne're ſo old.

She

She, with Laborious Hands, and Idle *Breech*,
Us'd to weed Gardens, and for her grown rich;
Some Twenty Pounds ſhe'd got, which ſhe did hide
For her great, great, great Grandchild, when a *Bride*.
O powerful Love! to ſee thy fatal Curſe,
Now to forget her Noble Race and Purſe;
Enquires out the beſt Taylors in the Town,
To make her Waſtcoats, Petticoats, and Gown:
New Shooes of Shoo-maker ſhe did beſpeak,
And bids him put three-penny-worth of Creak
Into the Soles, that Dew when them it fills,
Like *Hero's* Buskins, chirrup through the Bills.
Hunts Pedlars out, and buys freſh Ribbans blew,
To ſhew that ſhe is turn'd a Lover true.
And now thoſe Hands, not white as *Venus* Doves,
Not to preſerve, but hide with Dog-skin Gloves.
Takes keener Nettles up, that by her ſtood,
To rub her Skin and Cheeks, but found no Blood.
No dangling Treſſes there could any find;
Siſter to Time, no Locks before, behind.
Yet ſmooth ſhe was not, as the Billiard-ball;
But bald as it all over, you might call.
When met her Love, he thought ſhe ſmil'd to grace
Her ſelf, when 'twas but wrinkles in her Face.
And all Love's arts ſhe try'd, and oft ſhe met him,
This luſty young and labouring-man, to get him.
His Poverty with her Purſe join'd their hands,
And ſo did enter in the Marriage-bands.

But to deſcribe their ſumptuous Marriage-Feaſt,
Their richer Clothes, and every honour'd Gueſt;
Their melting Love-Songs, ſofter Muſick's t'uch,
Are not to be expreſs'd, not half ſo much
As you may now imagine; all my Skill,
And fainter Muſe, too weak; nay, *Virgil*'s Quill,
With that deſcription, it would blunter grow;
And Homer's too, with all his Furies; ſo
They bluſh'd for ſhame, when ſaw this lovely Bride
Put them all down; thus triumphs ſhe in Pride.
Now after Supper, when they were both fed,
Your Thoughts muſt go along with them to bed:
There being laid, he mounted now Love's Throne;
She ſigh'd with Love, then fetch'd a deeper groan:
And ſo expir'd there in height of Pleaſure,
And left him to enjoy her long-got Treaſure.
Nay, ſo belov'd ſhe was, that now lies low,
That all the Women wiſh'd for to dye ſo.

Then came a Lady young, that had not been
In that Society; and coming in,
They told her, ſhe a Tale muſt pay,
Or, as a Bankrupt, ſhe muſt go away.
Truly, ſaid ſhe, I am not rich in Wit,
Nor do I know what Tales your Humours fit.

Yet in my young and budding Muſe,
Will draw the Seaſons of the Year,

Like

Like 'Prentice-Painters, which do uſe
The ſame to make their skill appear.

But Nature is the Hand to guide
The Pencil of the Brain, and place
The Shadows ſo, that they may hide
All the Defects, or giv't a grace.

Phanſie Draws Pictures in the Brain,
Not ſubject to the outward Senſe;
They are Imaginations vain,
Yet are they the Life's Quinteſſence.
For when Life's gone, yet they will live,
And to the Life a Fame will give.

The Tale of the Four Seaſons of the Year.

THE *Spring* is dreſs'd in buds & bloſſoms ſweet,
And Graſs-green Socks ſhe draws upon her feet.
Of freſheſt air a Garment ſhe cuts out,
With painted Tulips fringed round about,
And lines it all within with Violets blew,
And yellow Primroſe of the paleſt hew:
Then wears an Apron made of Lillies white,
And lac'd about it is with Rays of Light.
Cuffs of *Narciſſus* her fair hands do tye,
Pinn'd cloſe with Stings of Bees which buzzing flye

To gather Honey-dew which thereto cleaves,
And leave their Stings when they do prick the leaves.
Ribbons of Pinks and Gilliflowers makes;
Roſes both white and red, for Knots ſhe takes.
When ſhe's thus dreſs'd, the Birds in Love do fall,
And chirping, then, do to each other call
To ſing, and hop, and merry make,
And joy'd they are all for the *Spring*'s ſake.
But of all Birds, the Nightingal delights
To ſing the *Spring* to bed in warmer Nights;
Becauſe the *Spring* at Night draws in her Head
Into the Earth, for that ſhe makes her bed;
And in the Morning, when aſleep ſhe lies,
The Nightingal doth ſing to make her riſe;
And calls the Sun to open her fair Eyes,
Who gallops faſt, that he might her ſurpriſe.
But when the *Spring* is paſt her Virgin's prime,
And married is to old bald-Father Time;
The Nightingal, for grief, doth ceaſe to ſing,
And ſilent is till comes another *Spring*.
The *Summer*'s cloth'd in glorious Sun-ſhine bright,
And with a trailing-Veil of long-day-light:
Some Duſt, as Powder, on her Hair doth place,
And with the Morning's Dew doth waſh her Face.
A *Zephyrus*-Wind ſhe for a Fan doth ſpread,
To cool her Cheeks, which are hot-burning-red;
And with that Heat ſo thirſty ſhe doth grow,
As ſhe drinks all the freſh ſweet Springs that flow.

Then

Then in a Thundring-Chariot ſhe doth ride,
For to aſtoniſh Mortals with her Pride:
Before her Chariot flaſhing-Lightning flyes,
A fluid Fire that ſpreads about the Skyes.
As Princes great, that in dry ways do travel,
Have Water thrown t' allay the Duſt and Gravel.
This Fire allays, cleanſes all Vapours groſs,
Leſt, riſing, they ſhould ſtop the Thunder's force:
And when ſhe from her Chariot doth alight,
Then is ſhe waited on by Sun-beams bright:
Or elſe the Rays that from the Moon do ſpread,
As Waxen Tapers, light her to her bed,
And with refreſhing-ſleeps a while doth reſt;
There ſweet air breathing from her panting breaſt.
Yet *Summer*'s proud, ambitious, high, and hot,
And full of action, idle ſhe is not:
Chol'rick ſhe is, and oft doth Quarrels make;
But yet ſometimes ſhe doth her Pleaſure take:
At high-noon with the Butter-flyes doth play,
In th' Evening with the Bats doth dance the Hay:
Or at the ſetting of the Sun doth flye
With Swallows ſwift, to keep them Company.
But if ſhe's croſs'd, ſhe ſtraight malicious grows,
And in a fury Plagues on Men ſhe throws,
Or other Sickneſs, and makes Beaſts to dye,
And cauſe the Marrow in the bones to fry.
But Creatures that with long time are grown old,
Or ſuch as are of Conſtitution cold,

She

She nouriſhes, and Life ſhe doth reſtore,
In Flyes, Bats, Swallows, many Creatures more:
For ſome do ſay, theſe Birds in Winter dye,
And in Summer revive again to flye.
Of all the Four Seaſons of the Year,
This Seaſon doth moſt full and fat appear.
Her blood is hot, and flowing as full Tide,
She's only fit to be *Apollo*'s Bride:
But ſhe, as all young Ladies, in their prime,
Doth fade and wither with old Father Time;
And all their beauty, which they much admire,
Doth vaniſh ſoon, and quickly doth expire.
Juſt ſo the *Summer* dries, withers away;
No powerful *Art* can make ſweet *Beauty* ſtay.
The *Autumn*, though ſhe's in her fading years,
And ſober, yet ſhe pleaſantly appears:
Her Garments are not deck'd with Flowers gay,
Nor are they green, like to the Month of *May*,
But of the colour are of dapple Deer,
Or Hares, that to a ſandy ground appear:
Yet ſhe is rich, with Plenty doth abound,
All the encreaſe of Earth is with her found:
Moſt Creatures, Nouriſhment to them doth give,
And by her bounty, Men, Beaſts, Birds, do live;
Beſides, the grieved Heart with Joy doth fill,
When from the plump Grapes Wine ſhe doth diſtill;
And gathers Fruits, which laſting are, and ſound,
Her brows about with Sheaves of Corn are crown'd,

In

In thoſe are Seeds, whereof Man makes ſome Bread,
With which the Poor and Rich are nouriſhed.
Yet 'tis not Bounty can hinder Nature's courſe,
For conſtantly ſhe changes in one ſource:
For though the Matter may be ſtill the ſame,
Yet ſhe doth change the Figure and the Frame:
And though in Principles ſhe conſtant be,
And keeps to certain Rules, which well agree
To a wiſe Government; yet doth not ſtay,
But as one comes, another glides away:
So doth the *Autumn* leave our Hemiſphere
To *Winter* cold, at which Trees ſhake for fear,
And in that Paſſion all their Leaves do ſhed,
And all their Sap back to the Root is fled:
Like to the Blood, which from the Face doth run,
To keep the Heart, leſt Death ſhould ſeize thereon.
Then comes the *Winter*, with a lowring brow,
No pleaſant Recreations doth allow:
Her skin is wrinkled, and her blood is cold;
Her Fleſh is numb, her Hands can nothing hold:
Her Face is ſwarthy, and her Eyes are red;
Her Lips are blew, with Palſie ſhakes her Head;
She often coughs, and's very rheumatick,
Her Noſe doth drop, and often doth ſhe ſpit;
Her Humour's Melancholy, as Cold and Dry,
Yet often ſhe in ſhow'ring Rain doth cry,
And bluſtring Storms, as in a Paſſion ſent,
Which on the Earth, and on the Water vent;

As Rheums congeal to Flegm, the Waters ſo,
By thickning Cold, congeal to Ice, Hail, Snow,
Which ſhe ſpits forth; upon the Earth they lye
In lumps and heaps, which makes the Plants to dye:
She's poor and barren, little hath to give,
For in this Seaſon all things hardly live:
But often thoſe who're at the worſt eſtate,
By change of Times do grow more fortunate:
So when the *Winter*'s paſt, then comes the *Spring*,
And Plenty doth reſtore to every thing.

A Poet in the Company
Said to his Lady:

YOur Fingers are *Minerva*'s Loom, with which
Your Senſe in Letters weave,
No knots or ſnarls you leave;
Work Fancy's Thread in Golden Numbers rich.

Your Breaſts are *Helicon*, which Poets fits:
For though they do not drink,
If thereon they do think,
Their *B*rains are fill'd with high and ſparkling Wits.

Your Tongue's *Parnaſſus* Hill, on high it ſtands;
Her Muſes ſit and ſing,
Or dance in Fayrie's Ring,
Crown'd with your Roſie Lips, and ſweet Garlands.

Your

Your Eyes *Diana*'s Arrows; and no doubt
Your arched Brow her Bow,
Like Ebony black doth ſhow,
From whence ſweet gentle Modeſty ſhoots out.

Your Hairs are fatal Threads, Lovers hang by;
Your Brain is *Vulcan*'s Net,
Fine Fancies for to get,
Which, like to winged Birds, aſpiring flye.

The next, a Man of Scholarſhip profeſt,
He in his turn this Tale told to the reſt.

An Expreſſion of the Doubts and Curioſity of Man's Mind.

THere was a Man which much deſir'd to know,
When he was dead, whither his Soul ſhould go;
Whether to Heaven high, or down to Hell,
Or the *Elyzium* Fields, where Lovers dwell;
Or whether in the air to flie about;
Or whether it, like to a Light, goes out.
At laſt the Thoughts, the Servants to the Mind,
Which dwell in Contemplation, to find
The truth; they ſaid, No pains that they would ſpare
To travel every where, and thus prepare:

Each Thought did clothe it ſelf with Language fit,
For to enquire, and to diſpute for it:
And Reaſon they did take to be their Guide,
Then ſtraight unto a Colledg they did ride;
Where Scholars dwell, and learned Books are read,
The living Works of the moſt Wiſe, who're dead.
There they enquired, the truth for to know,
And every one was ready for to ſhow;
Though every ſev'ral Work, and ſev'ral Head,
And ſev'ral Tongue, a ſev'ral path ſtill lead;
Where the Thoughts were ſcattering ſeveral ways,
Some tedious long, others like ſhort Eſſays.
But Reaſon, which they took to be their Guide,
With reſt and ſilence quietly did 'bide,
Till their return, who ragged and all torn,
Came back as naked as when they were born:
For in their travels hard diſputes had paſt,
Yet all were forc'd for to return at laſt.
But when Reaſon ſaw their poor condition,
Naked of Senſe, their Words, and Expedition,
And Expectation too, and ſeeming ſad,
(But ſome were frantick, and deſpairing, mad.)
She told them, They might wander all about,
But ſhe did fear the Truth would ne're find out.
Which when they heard, with rage they angry grew,
And ſtraight from Reaſon they themſelves withdrew.
Then all agreed they to the Court would go,
In hopes the Courtiers then the truth might know:

The

The Courtiers laugh'd, and ſaid they could not tell;
They thought the Soul in Senſual Pleaſures dwell,
And that it had no other Heaven or Hell;
The Soul they ſlight, but wiſh the Body well.
This anſwer made the Thoughts not long to ſtay
Among the Courtiers, but ſoon went their way.
Then to the Army ſtraight they did repair,
Hoping the Truth of Souls they ſhould find there;
And of the Chief Commander they enquire,
Who willing was to anſwer their deſire.
They ſaid for certain, that all Souls did dye,
But thoſe that liv'd in Fame or Infamy.
Thoſe that Infamous were, without all doubt
Were damn'd, and from reproach ſhould ne'r get out:
But ſuch whoſe Fame their Noble Deeds did raiſe,
Their Souls were bleſt with an Eternal Praiſe;
And thoſe that dy'd, and never mention'd were, (Air.
They thought their Souls breath'd out to nought but
With that the Thoughts were very much perplext,
Then did reſolve the *Chymiſts* ſhould be next
Which they would ask: ſo unto them they go
To be reſolv'd, If they of Souls did know.
They ſaid unto the Thoughts, When Bodies dye,
Souls are th' Elixir, and pure Chymiſtry:
For Gold, ſaid they, can never waſted be,
Nor can it alter from its purity.
Eternal 'tis, and ſhall for ever laſt,
And as pure Gold, ſo Souls do never waſt.

Souls are the Eſſence, and pure Spirits of Gold,
Which never change, but ſhall for ever hold:
And as Fire doth the pure from droſs divide,
So Souls in Death are cleans'd and purifi'd
From groſſer parts of Body; and no doubt
The Soul, as Spirits, Death exhaleth out:
It is the Eſſence of great Nature's ſtore;
All Matter hath this Eſſence, leſs or more.
After the Thoughts had muſed long, In fine,
Said they, we think the Soul is more Divine,
Than from a Metal'd Earth for to proceed;
Well known it is, all Metals Earth doth breed:
And though of pureſt Earth the true Gold be,
Being refin'd by Heat to that degree
Of pureneſs, by which it long doth laſt,
Yet may long time and labour make it waſt,
To ſhew 'tis not Eternal; and perchance
Some ſlight Experience may that work advance,
Which Man hath not yet found; but Time, ſaid they,
May *Chymiſts* teach; and ſo they went away.
But travelling about, they weary grew;
To reſt a while, they for a time withdrew
The ſearch of Truth, into a Cottage went,
Where liv'd an aged Cottage, well content,
A Man and Wife, which pious were, and old;
To them the Thoughts their tedious Journeys told,
And what they went to ſeek, the Truth to find
Concerning Souls, to tell unto the Mind:

For

For we deſire, ſaid they, the truth to know,
From whence the Soul proceeds, or where 'twill go,
When parted from the Body. The Old Man ſaid,
Of ſuch Employment he ſhould be afraid,
Leſt Nature or the Gods ſhould angry be
For his Preſumption and Curioſity.
If it be Nature's work, there is no doubt
But it doth tranſmigrate all things about:
And who can follow Nature's ſteps and pace,
And all the ſubtil ways that ſhe doth trace?
Her various Forms, which curious Motion makes;
Or what Ingredients for thoſe Forms ſhe takes?
Who knows, ſaid he, the Cauſe of any thing,
Or what the Matter is whence all doth ſpring?
Or who at firſt did Matter make to move
So wiſely, and in order, none can prove;
Nor the Decreaſe, nor Deſtinies can find,
VVhich are the Laws that every thing do bind.
But who can tell that Nature is not VVife
To mighty *Jove*? and he begets the life
Of every Creature which ſhe breeds, and brings
Forth ſeveral Forms; each Figure from her ſprings.
Thus Souls and Bodies joined in one Gin,
Though Bodies mortal be, the Soul's divine,
As being firſt begot by *Jove*, and ſo
The pureſt part of Life's the Soul, we know;
For th' animated part from *Jove* proceeds,
The groſſer part from Nature ſelf ſhe breeds.

And what's more Animated than Mankind,
Unleſs his Soul, which is of higher Kind?
Thus ev'ry Creature to *Jove* and Nature are,
As Sons and Daughters, and their Off-ſpring fair.
And as their Parents of them do take care;
So they, as Children, ought not for to fear
How they diſpoſe of them, but to ſubmit
Obediently to all that they think fit;
Not to diſpute on idle Queſtions ſtill,
But ſhew obedience to their Maker's will.
Man asketh bleſſing of his Father *Jove*,
And *Jove* doth ſeem Mankind the beſt to love.
And Nature ſhe her bleſſing doth beſtow;
VVhen ſhe gives Health, makes Plenty for to flow.
The bleſſings which *Jove* gives unto Mankind,
Are peaceful Thoughts, and a ſtill quiet Mind:
And *Jove* is pleas'd, when that we ſerve his VVife
(Our Mother Nature) with a Virtuous Life:
For Moral Virtues are the Ground whereon
All *Jove*'s Commands and Laws are built upon.
Thoughts trouble not your ſelves, ſaid he, which way
The Soul ſhall go to *Jove*, and Nature pay:
For Temperance, wherein the Life is bleſt,
That Temperance doth pleaſe the Life the beſt.
Intemperance doth torture Life with pain;
And what's ſuperfluous, to us is vain.
Therefore return, and temper well the Mind,
For you the truth of Souls ſhall never find.

At

At laſt came Reaſon, which had been their Guide,
And brought them Faith; in her they did confide.
Taking their leave, away with Faith they ride,
And Faith e're ſince doth with the Mind reſide.

A Lady which all Vanities had left,
Since ſhe of Youth and Beauty was bereft:
She ſaid, That Pride in Youth was a great ſin;
Of which a Tale did tell, thus entring in:

A Deſcription of the Fall of fooliſh and ſelf-conceited Pride.

THere was a Lady rich, that ſate in ſtate,
And round about her did her Servants wait:
Where every Tongue did walk ſtill in their turn,
But in the ways of Flattery they run.
You are, ſaid one, the fineſt dreſt to day;
A Heavenly Creature, did another ſay:
Your Skin is purer far, than Lillies white,
And yet is clear and glaſſy as the Light:
And from your Eyes ſuch ſplendrous rays do ſpread,
That they ſeem like a Glory round your Head:
Your Wit is ſuch, 'tis ſupernatural;
And all that hear you ſpeak, ſtraight Lovers fall:
The ſound but of your Voice, charms every Ear,
And when you ſpeak, your breath perfumes the air.

Thus by theſe flatteries moſt proud ſhe grew,
*A*nd ſcornful looks on every Object threw:
*A*ll Men ſhe ſcorn'd that did to her addreſs;
*A*nd laugh'd at all did love to her profeſs.
Her Senſes for to pleaſe, ſhe was ſo nice,
That nothing ſerv'd but what was of great price.
Thus did ſhe live in Lux'ry, Pride, and Eaſe,
*A*nd all her Thoughts were ſtill her ſelf to pleaſe.
She never pray'd unto the Gods on high,
For ſhe did think her ſelf a Deity;
That all Mankind was made her to admire,
*A*nd ought her Favours moſt for to deſire:
That every knee that bow'd not to her low,
Or whoſe demeanors did not reverence ſhow.
She thought them Beaſts that did not Merit know,
Or that her Frowns ſhould work their overthrow.
Her Smiles and Frowns ſhe thought ſuch power had,
*A*s Deſtiny, to work both good and bad.
*A*t laſt the Gods, that always have an eye
Upon the Earth, who all things do deſcry
*A*mongſt poor Mortals, they this Lady ſpy'd,
Whoſe heart was ſwell'd, and thoughts were big with (pride,
Begot by *Pluto*'s Wealth, and Nature's Paint,
Bred in the Soul, which makes it ſick and faint.
But Pride is nurs'd ſtill by the Senſes five,
VVhat from each Senſe it ſucks, it keeps alive.
But if no Nouriſhment it gets from thoſe,
*A*s Touch, Taſte, Sound, ſweet pleaſant ſcent or ſhows.

It

It faints and pines away as ſtarv'd, ſo dyes,
And in a Grave of Melancholy lyes.
But, as I ſaid, when Gods poor Mortals view'd,
They for their ſins, with Puniſhment purſu'd.
Then with this Lady they did firſt begin,
Many ill accidents at her they fling:
Firſt, they did ſet her Houſe and Goods on fire,
Where her rich Furniture did ſoon expire:
Then Envy ſought all ways to pull her down,
And tax'd her Land as due unto the Crown;
And in that Suit great Sums of Money vaſt
Lawyers ingroſs'd, which made thoſe Sums to waſt.
And when thoſe Lawyers got all that ſhe had,
They caſt her Suit, as if her Cauſe was bad:
By which her Lands ſhe loſt; then only left
Her rich with Beauty, but of Lands bereft:
In which ſhe pleaſure took, although but poor
Of Fortune's Goods, of Nature's Gifts ſh' had ſtore.
But when the Gods did ſee her ſtill content,
At laſt they to her Body Sickneſs ſent.
She patient was, her Beauty ſtill did laſt:
But when that they their Judgment on that caſt,
Making a Grave to bury Beauty in,
Which Beauty once did tempt the Saints to ſin:
Becauſe her Face ſo full of Pock-holes were,
That none could judg that Beauty once dwelt there.
Then did ſhe ſit and weep, turn'd day to Night,
Aſham'd ſhe was to ſhew her Face the light.

Time, an Ingraver, cuts the Seal of Truth;
And, as a Painter, draws both age and youth:
His Colours, mix'd with Oyl of Health, lays on;
The plump ſmooth Youth he pencils thereupon:
Shadows of Age he placeth with much skill,
Making the hollow places darkeſt ſtill.
But Time is ſlow, and leiſure he doth take,
No price will haſten him his Works to make;
But accidental Chance, who oft doth jarr
With aged Time, and then ſome Works doth marr.
But when her wealth was gon, and ſtate was down,
Then did her Friends and Servants on her frown;
So far now from profeſſing Slavery,
As they did uſe her moſt uncivilly;
Would rail againſt her, ſpightful words throw out;
Or had ſhe been but guilty, would (no doubt)
Betray her life: ſuch natures have Mankind,
That thoſe in Miſery no Friends can find:
For Fortune's Favours only Friendſhips make.
But few are Friends only for Virtue's ſake;
In Fortune's Frowns Man will not only be
A Neuter, but a deadly Enemy:
Nay, ev'n a Devil to torment the Mind,
If he no miſchief 'gainſt the body find.
But after ſhe had mourn'd Three hundred days,
Conſid'ring Nature's, Fortune's various ways;
She did repent, weeping for what was paſt,
Imploring Gods to pity her at laſt.

Good

Good Gods! forgive my Vanity and Pride,
Let not my Soul with ſinful ſpots be dy'd;
Let your great Mercies ſcour thoſe ſpots off clean,
That by your Juſtice no ſpots may be ſeen.
Conſider, Lord, the Works that Nature makes,
The Matter, Motion, and the Form ſhe takes;
The Grounds and Principles on which ſhe builds;
The Life and Death in all things ſhe diſtills,
Is various ſtill; in what ſhe doth compoſe,
Nothing but wild Inconſtancy ſhe ſhows.
Nor is it only the ſubſtantial part
That is compos'd thus by her Curious Art:
But what we call Immortal, as the Soul,
Doth various paſſions appetites controul.
And as all bodies that are young, want ſtrength,
And wait for Time to give them breadth and length;
So doth the Soul want Underſtanding too,
And knows not what is beſt to think or do:
Wherefore, great *Jove*, I never ſhall deſpair
Of thy ſweet Mercy, nor yet Devils fear.
To puniſh Ignorance, Youth raſh ways runs,
Which Age by long-experienc'd knowledg ſhuns:
But *Age* oft time's as faulty, as Youths be
Corrupted with bad Principles: we ſee
That length of Time and Cuſtom makes them ſhew
As if in Man they naturally grew.
But to conclude, the time ſhe had to live,
She heartily unto the Gods did give:

Though young, into a Nunnery ſhe went,
Her Vows unto the Gods ſhe did preſent:
Her Days not being long, ſhe ſoon there dy'd,
And now her Soul with *Angels* doth reſide:
For with her Penance, Tears, and Contrite Spirit,
She waſh'd away her ſins, and Heav'n did merit.

The next Tale when you read, it will diſcover
The fortunate or the unfortunate Lover.

A Mock-Tale of the Lord Duke of Newcaſtle, *which his* Grace *was pleaſed to ſay, out of his great Civility, That it would ſerve for Shadows to ſet off the reſt; He loving Truth ſo well, that he was never good at telling Tales.*

A Young and Luſty *Cheſhire*-Lad did move
In *Venus* Sphere, and was ſo fill'd with Love
When firſt he ſaw a lovely Laſs at *Cheſter*,
Whoſe badg of Chriſtianity was *Heſter*.
So beautiful and fair ſhe did appear,
Freſh as the welcome Spring to the New Year;
And Odoriferous as Flower's birth;
As fair as new-born Lillies from the Earth. (Fire,
This ſet the young Man's heart in Love's Flame
Struck dumb in Love, turn'd all now to admire.
At laſt Love found a Tongue, which did not fail
To burſt out violently, and thus to rail;

Curſing

Curſing now partial Nature, that did give
More beauty to her than elſewhere doth live.
Bankrupt in Beauty, ſince her ſtore is gone,
Mankind condemn'd to foul ones now, or none.
Was Nature laviſh? or elſe made the Theft
Upon her ſelf, ſince ſhe hath nothing left
Of what is handſom? ſo I now do find,
He enjoys thee, enjoys all Womankind:
For Beauty, Favour, and what's height of Pleaſure,
Since thou art Nature's Store-houſe, & her Treaſure.
O love me then, ſince all my hopes are croſt;
If I enjoy you not, I'm wholly loſt.
For what I can call Happineſs; nay worſe,
My Life then to me's but a fatal Curſe:
But if you yeeld, I'le bleſs Dame Nature's Gift,
And Bounty to you, ſince 'twas all her drift
To make her Maſter-piece in you, and vex
The envious Females, angring all your Sex:
And if her bounty to you, you give me,
I ſhall be Deifi'd in love by thee.
Here on my knees I beg thy Love thus low;
Until I have it, my Knees here ſhall grow:
Therefore be kind. She anſwer'd with ſweet Eyes,
Which ſpoke, not ſpeaking, for to bid him riſe:
And then diſcours'd with modeſt bluſhes, ſo
As that did tell him all her heart did know.
Trembling and ſhaking with Love's Palſi'd Tung,
With broken Sighs, and half Words it was ſtrung;

Love's Comma's, Full-Points, and Parentheſis,
And this Love's Rhetorick, Oratory is.
With Love's pale-difficulty then afraid,
She ſoftly ſaid, O I'm a tender Maid,
And never heard ſuch language! you'l deceive me;
And now I wiſh, I could wiſh you would leave me.
Why d'ye inchant a ſilly Maid? alas,
I never ſaw ſuch beauty in my Glaſs,
And yet I've heard of flatt'ring Glaſſes too;
But nothing flatters like you Men that woo:
Your Tongue's Love's Conjuration, without doubt;
Circles me here in Love, cannot get out,
By your Love's Magick whiſpering. Then did yield,
And ſaid, You've conquer'd, and have won the field.
Such Joy between them, ſuch new Paſſions rais'd,
Which made the God of Love himſelf amaz'd;
Since by no Tongue or Pen can be expreſt;
Cupid and *Hymen* ne're hop'd ſuch a Feaſt.
But ſee the Fate of buſineſs, which doth move
So croſs, *For Buſineſs hath no ſenſe of Love.*
O thou dull Bus'neſs! Yet ſome States-men pry
Into Love's Secrets with a glancing Eye.
But here our Lover was arraign'd to ſtand
Condemn'd to Bus'neſs, that in *Ireland*
Neceſſity doth urge him: That word *Part*,
So cruel was, it ſtruck each other's heart,
Which inwardly did bleed with ſorrow's grief,
Since nothing now but hopes were their relief.

Sadly

Sadly he goes aboard, Love fills his Sails,
And *Cupid* with his wings fanns gentle Gales
To waft him over; he thus thought to pleaſe
His wounded Lover o're thoſe Rocky Seas;
Love would not leave him: nor was he content,
Unleſs this dangerous paſſage with him went.
In the mean time, his Miſtreſs did commit
Her ſelf to ſorrow, and with her to ſit
As her cloſe Priſoner, this was all her end,
And grieved more than Widows do pretend.
Safely is landed now our Lover o're,
And *Cupid* with him, on the *Iriſh* ſhore.
Love is ſo various, which ſome Lovers ſee;
Now Love an *Iriſh Cupid*'s turn'd to be:
And takes all memory thus from our Lover,
Of his firſt Miſtreſs, and doth now diſcover
Love's new Plantation in the *Iriſh* Pale,
In Love's rich Iſland there, which doth not fail
To take our Lover, and inflame him more
Under an *Iriſh* Mantle, than what's ſtore
Of Gowns of Cloth of Gold. Curls, painted Art,
Cheats Love, when *ſimple Nature wounds Love's Heart.*
This change of Love is blown ſo up and down,
By Fame's loud Trumpet, through all *Cheſter* Town:
The Women goſſip'd it, and could not hold
Till to his former Miſtreſs they it told.
This was the firſt time that ſhe ſmil'd to ſee
Impoſſible Reports of him to be:

They might as well ſay, *Phœbus* gives no light,
Or Starrs to fall, or make a Day of Night,
As he inconſtant was: yet Love doth doubt,
Not doubting, yet enquires all about,
And ſets her Love-ſpies to enquire a-new:
But thoſe reports each minute ſtronger grew:
So ſhe reſolv'd her ſelf to know the truth,
And was diſguis'd in Clothes now like a Youth,
And went in Cavalier: The gentle Wind
Did favour her, and landed to her mind.
The Port was *Dublin*, and could not forbear
To make enquiries for her Love, and there
She found him at an Inn. He then began
To take ſuch liking to his Countrey-man,
All his Diſcourſe enquiring for his Ends,
To know the welfare of his *Engliſh* Friends:
Which ſhe ſo fully ſatisfied, as he
Was now enamour'd of her company;
And was ſo fond, in her took ſuch delight,
As ſupp'd, and lay together too that night.
Never ſuſpecting her, his Miſtreſs, then
Blindly went on, and took her for a Man;
So full of Love and Friendſhip, could not hold,
But to her all his *Iriſh* Love he told,
Deſiring her to go along and ſee
This Miracle of Beauty, which was ſhe;
And ſo ſhe did. Her Love turn'd now diſdain,
To ſee his Falſhood, and no love remain:

So

So baſe, unworthy, and unconſtant too,
As now began to think what ſhe ſhould do.
She quench'd her Paſſion, which is wiſe and better
Than Love's Complaints: ſo writ to him a Letter
Of her whole Voyage, and Love's conſtant Hiſt'ry,
All her Deſigns, diſguiſes in Love's Myſt'ry;
And left this *L*etter in the *W*indow: ſo
Three or four days it was 'fore he did know,
Or found it out. In the mean time ſhe's gone,
And ſhipp'd for *England*, leaving him alone.
When found her *L*etter was, ſuch Paſſions grew
Stronger upon him than e're *L*over knew;
Reſolv'd the foaming Billows to embrace,
Thoſe liquid ſteps of hers he meant to trace,
And lay himſelf in pickled tears of *L*ove,
Now at her feet, to ſee what that would move:
But all in vain, he thought too long had tarri'd,
*W*hen landed, found the ſame day ſhe was marri'd:
Fell in ſuch extaſies, curſing his Fate,
The Ship and *W*inds, that made him come ſo late.
*W*ith *L*ove's new hopes, his Sails he fill'd, and then
Invok'd God *Neptune* to go back again:
And all the paſſage as he went along,
Challeng'd the Mermaids in a loving Song;
*W*ith *L*ove's aſſurances ſo over-joy'd,
As now his loving heart was not annoy'd,
But fill'd with Pleaſure, and with all Delight,
Thinking t' embrace his *Iriſh L*ove that night.

No ſooner landed ſo---he thought to woo
His Miſtreſs, but he found her marri'd too.
Curſing the Starrs of his Nativity,
Thus ſhort of Wedlock at both ends to be;
Made him grow deſperate; and, as they ſay,
Then in deſpair he made himſelf away
Upon a Wench, and ſome ſwear without doubt,
That there he knock'd the Brains of's *Cupid* out;
So murther'd *Love*, and there he did enroul
Each one a Fool, with a Platonick Soul:
And ſo deſpis'd and ſcorn'd the old God *Hymen*,
That with ſo eaſie words ſo long did tye men,
To make them Galley-ſlaves in Marriage, ſo
Ti'd in his Chains, condemn'd for life to row
In Wedlock's Galley---Give me freedom then,
Thy Godhead I invoke, whilſt fooliſh Men
To *Love* and *Hymen*'s Priſons there do ſit,
Juſtly committed for their want of Wit:
For he's a Fool that's ti'd when might be free:
And thus he rav'd and talk'd Non-ſenſe you ſee,
As he that writ this Story, you may mend it;
So for his ſake, and yours, and mine, I'le end it.

A Lady ſaid, His Tale of Love did tell;
She with a Tale of Death would fit it well:
For Death, ſaid ſhe, unties the Lover's knot,
When deadly Arrows from his Bow are ſhot.

A Lady on her Death-bed panting lay,
She call'd her Friends, and thus to them did ſay:
Farewel my deareſt Friends, for I muſt go
Unto a place which you nor I yet know:
May be my Sp'rit will wander in the ſhade
Of glimmering light, which is by Moon-ſhine made:
Or in my Tomb in peace may lye aſleep,
So long as Aſhes in my Urn do keep.
Or elſe my Soul, like Birds, may have its wings,
Or like to *Herc'les* Flyes that want their ſtings.
But howſoever, Friends, grieve not, nor cry,
For fear my Soul ſhould be diſturb'd thereby:
Clothe not your ſelves with Melancholy black;
Call not your Grief unto remembrance back:
But let your Joys a Reſurrection have,
Call'd forth by comfort from the ſorrowful Grave.
Let not Delight intombed lye
In the ſad Heart, or weeping Eye:
Let not pale Grief my Soul affright,
Shrouded in Melanch'ly's dark Night:
But Death, ſaid ſhe, I fear him not;
So turn'd her head, and Death her ſhot.

Then on a Cypreſs Hearſe was laid forth dead;
As ſcorning Death, aſide was turn'd her head:
By cruel Death her arms were careleſs flung;
Her hands over the ſides as ſtrengthleſs hung:
Her eyes were clos'd, as if ſhe lay aſleep;
Though ſhe was pale, her face did ſweetneſs keep.

Her Elogie was thus:

Tears rain a-pace, and ſo a River make,
To drown all Grief within a watry Lake.
Make Seas of Tears, for Wind of Sighs to blow
Salt Billows up, the Eyes to overflow:
Let Ships of Patience traffick on the Main,
To bring in Comfort to ſad Hearts again.

The next turn, a Man;
And he thus began:

THE Silk-worm and the Spider Houſes make,
All their Materials from their Bowels take;
They cut no Timber down, nor carve they Stone;
Nor buy they Ground to build their Houſes on:
Yet they are Curious, built with Art and Care,
Like Lovers, who build Caſtles in the Air,
Which ev'ry puff of Wind is apt to break,
As Imaginations, when Reaſon's weak.

They

They ſaid, His Tale was ſhort,
He Anſwer made, I'le piece it out.
And thus he ſaid:

THE Silk-worm digs her Grave as ſhe doth ſpin,
And makes her Winding-ſheet to lap her in:
And from her Bowels takes a heap of Silk,
Which on her Body as a Tomb is built:
Out of her aſhes do her young ones riſe;
Having bequeath'd her Life to them, ſhe dyes.
They only take that Life to ſpin a Death;
For as they wind up Silk, they wind out Breath.
Thus, rather than do nought, or idle be,
They'l work, and ſpin out Life's ſmall Thread we ſee.
When all their work is done, ready to dye,
Their Wings are grown, for Life away to flye.

The Silk-worm is firſt a ſmall Seed; then turneth into a Worm; at laſt grows to have Wings like a Flye, but lives not to make uſe of them. As ſoon as ſhe is big enough, ſhe ſpins a Ball of Silk all about her ſelf; wherein, being grown to be a Fly, ſhe makes a hole to come out, to leave Seed for the generation of her young ones: After which ſhe immediately dyes.

The Women ſaid, the Men made quick diſpatch
In telling Tales, like Dogs that Bones do ſnatch.

But

But howſoe're, a Woman did begin
To tell a Tale, and thus ſhe entred in.

A Deſcription of the Paſſion of Love miſplaced.

A Lady on the Ground a mourning lay,
Complaining to the Gods, and thus did ſay:
You Gods, ſaid ſhe, why do you me torment?
Why give you Life, without the Mind's content?
Why do you Paſſions in a Mind create,
Then leave it all to Deſtiny and Fate?
With knot and ſnarls they ſpin the Thread of Life,
Then weave it croſs, and make a Web of ſtrife.
Come Death, though Fates are croſs, yet thou'rt a Friend,
And in the Grave doſt peace & quiet ſend.
It chanc'd a Gentleman that way came by,
And ſeeing there a weeping Beauty lye;
Alas, dear Lady, why do you ſo weep,
Unleſs your Tears you mean the Gods ſhall keep?
Jove will preſent thoſe Tears to *Juno* fair,
For Pendants, and for Neck-laces to wear:
And ſo preſent that Breath to *Juno* fair,
That ſhe may always move in perfum'd air.
Forbear, forbear, make not the World ſo poor;
Send not ſuch Riches, for the Gods have ſtore.
I'm one, ſaid ſhe, to whom Fortune's a Foe,
Croſſing my Love, working my overthrow:

A Man which to *Narciſſus* might compare:
For Youth and Beauty, and the Graces fair,
Do him adorn; on him my love is plac'd:
But his neglect doth make my life to waſt.
My Soul doth mourn, my Thoughts no reſt can take;
He, by his ſcorn, doth me unhappy make.
With that ſhe cry'd, O Death, ſaid ſhe, come quick,
And in my heart thy Leaden Arrow ſtick.
Take comfort, Lady, grieve and weep no more,
For Nature handſome Men hath more in ſtore:
Beſides, dear Lady, Beauty will decay,
And with that Beauty love will flee away.
If you take time, this heat of Love will waſt,
Becauſe 'tis only on a Beauty plac'd.
But if your Love did from his Virtue ſpring,
You might have lov'd, though not ſo fond have been.
The love of Virtue is, for to admire
The Soul, and not the Body to deſire:
That's a groſs Love, which only dull Beaſts uſe;
But Noble Man to love the Soul will chuſe:
Becauſe the Soul is like a Deity,
Therein pure Love will live eternally.
O Sir, but Nature hath the Soul ſo fix'd
Unto the Body, and ſuch Paſſions mix'd,
That nothing can divide or diſ-unite,
Unleſs that Death will ſeparate them quite:
For when the Senſes in Delights agree,
They bind the Soul, make it a Slave to be.

He Anſwered,

If that the Soul in Man ſhould give conſent
In every thing the Senſes to content,
No Peace, but War amongſt Mankind would be,
And Deſolation would have Victory:
No Man could tell or challenge what's his own;
He would be Maſter that is ſtrongeſt grown.
Lady, love Virtue, and let Beauty dye,
And in the Grave of Ruins let it lye.

With that ſhe roſe, and with great joy, ſaid ſhe,
Farewell, fond Love, and fooliſh Vanity.

The Men condemn'd the Tale, becauſe (ſaid they)
None but a Fool would preach ſo, Wiſe men pray.
But Ladies hear me, did another ſay.

TO love but one, is a great fault,
For Nature otherwiſe is taught:
She caus'd Varieties for us to taſte,
And other Appetites in us ſhe plac'd;
And caus'd diſlike in us to riſe,
To ſurfeit when we gormandiſe;
For of one Diſh we glut our Palat,
Although it be but of a Salat.
When *Solomon* the Wiſe did try
Of all things underneath the Sky;

Al-

Although he found it Vanitie,
Yet by it Nature made us free:
For by the change her Works do live
By ſeveral Forms that ſhe doth give:
So that Inconſtancy is Nature's play;
And we, her various Works, muſt her obey.

A Woman ſaid, that Men were fooliſh Lovers,
And whining Paſſions Love oft diſcovers:
They're full of Thoughts, ſaid ſhe, yet never pleas'd,
Always complaining, and yet never eas'd: (moan,
They'l ſigh, they mourn, they groan, they make great
They'l ſit croſs-legg'd, with folded arms alone.
Sometimes their Dreſs is careleſs, with deſpair,
With hopes rais'd up, 'tis coſtly, rich, and rare,
Setting their Looks and Faces in a frame;
Their Garb's affected by their Miſtreſs Name,
Flattering their Loves, forſwearing; then each boaſts
What Valiant Deeds h' has done in Forreign Coaſts;
Through what great dangers his adventures run;
Such acts as *Hercules* had never done:
That every one that hears, doth fear his Name;
And every Tongue that ſpeaks, ſounds forth his fame.
And thus their Tongues extravagantly move,
Caus'd by vain-glorious, fooliſh, amorous Love,
Which only thoſe of his own Sex approve.

But when their Rallery was paſt,
The Tale upon a Man was caſt:
Then crying peace to all that talking were,
They were bid hold their Tongues, and lend an Ear.
The Man, more than the reſt, was ſomewhat old;
They ſaid to him, Your Tale you have not told:
Alas, ſaid he, my Memory is bad,
And I have none ſo good as you have had.
He, muſing a ſhort time, thus did begin;
I hope, ſaid he, my Tale may credit win.

A Deſcription of Civil-Warrs.

A Kingdom which long time had liv'd in Peace,
Her People rich with Plenty, fat with Eaſe;
With Pride were haughty grown; Pride Envy bred;
From Envy Factions grew: then Miſchief ſpread;
And Libels every where were ſtrew'd about,
Which after into Civil-Warr broke out.
Some for the Commons fought, ſome for the King,
And great Diſorder was in ev'ry thing:
Battels were won and loſt on either ſide;
Where Fortune ebb'd and flow'd, like to a Tide.
At laſt the Commons won; and then aſtride
Fierce Tyranny on Noble Necks did ride:

All

All Monuments pull'd down, that ſtood long time;
And Ornaments were then thought a great Crime.
No Law was pleaded but the Martial Law;
The Sword did rule, and keep them all in aw.
No Prayers offer'd to the Gods on high;
All Ceremony in the Duſt did lye:
Nothing was done in Order, Truth, and Right:
Nought govern'd then, but Malice, Spleen, & Spight.
But mark how juſtly Gods do puniſh Men,
To make them humble, and to bow to them.
Though they had Plenty, and thereof did eat,
They reliſh'd not that good and ſavoury Meat;
Becauſe their Conſcience did them ſo torment,
For all their Plenty they were diſcontent:
They took no reſt, Cares ſo oppreſs'd their Mind,
No Joy nor Comfort in the World could find.
When drowſie ſleep upon their Eyes did ſet,
Then fearful Viſions in their Dreams they met:
In Life no pleaſure take, yet fear to dye;
No Mercy can they hope from Gods on high.
O ſerve the Gods, and then the Mind will be
Always in peace and ſweet tranquillity.

A Woman ſaid, A Tale I mean to tell,
That in thoſe Warrs unto a Croſs befell.

AN ancient Croſs liv'd in our Father's time,
With as much Fame as did the Worthies nine:
No harm it did, or injury to none,
But dwelt in peace, and quietly alone:
On Times or Government did not complain,
But ſtood Stone-ſtill, not ſtirr'd in no King's Reign.
Both Winter's Snow, and Summer's ſcorching Sun,
It did endure, and Urin'd was upon.
Yet peaceful Nature, nor yet humble Mind,
Shall not avoid rude Ignorance that's blind:
That ſuperſtitiouſly beats down all things
Which ſmell but of Antiquity, or ſprings
From Noble Deeds; nor love, nor take delight
In Laws or Juſtice, hating Truth and Right:
But Innovations love, for that ſeems fine;
And what is new, adore they as Divine:
That makes them ſo neglect the Gods above,
For Time doth waſte both their reſpect and love.
And ſo this Croſs, poor Croſs, all in a rage
They pull'd down quite, the fault was only Age.
Had it been gilded glorioufly and brave,
They Vanity for an excuſe might have:
But it was poor, its Mortar all off worn,
Which Time had eaten, as when Dogs have torn

The

The Fleſh from Bones of Hares, or harmleſs Sheep;
Or like to Skeletons, that Scholars keep.
If they had pious been, it might have ſtood,
To mollifie the Minds of Men to good.
But they were wicked, hating every thing
That by example might to goodneſs bring.
Then down they pull'd it, leaving not one ſtone
Upon another, for it to be known
To after-ages; for the Ground lies bare,
And none can know that once the Croſs ſtood there.

Then ſaid a Man, I can this Tale well fit,
For I a Tale can tell that's like to it.

IN old times, when Devotion falſe did reign,
A Church was built, although to uſe prophane,
Was Conſecrated as *Diana*'s right,
Who was their Goddeſs of the Moon-ſhine bright.
But afterwards, when Truth with Zeal did flame,
It Chriſtned was, and bore *Jove*'s mighty Name,
And dedicated to the Sun above,
Then married was, became his Spouſe and Love.
Long did ſhe live in Duty, Peace, and Zeal,
Became an Honour to the Commonweal;
Was curiouſly adorn'd within, without,
The Quoire all hung with Hangings rich about;
With Marble Tombs and Statues carv'd and cut,
Wherein the Bodies of good Saints were put.

There poliſh'd Pillars long the Iles did ſtand,
And Arched Roofs built by a skilful hand;
With Painted Windows plac'd on either ſide:
At every end were Gates, large, open, wide:
And all the inſide was moſt bravely gilt,
As all the outſide with Free-ſtone were built:
There Choriſters did ſing each ſeveral Note,
And Organs loud did anſwer ev'ry throat:
And Prieſts there taught Men how to pray and live,
Rewards and Puniſhments which *Jove* did give.
But mark, this Temple was deſtroy'd by ſin,
Since they did leave to worſhip *Jove* therein,
Becauſe this Church profan'd by ſinful Men,
Was made a Stable, and for Thieves a Den.
No ſurer mark of Wrath when Gods do frown,
Then to give leave to pull their Temples down.

A Lady ſaid, theſe VVarrs her Soul did ſhake,
And the remembrance made her heart to ake.
My Brother then was murther'd in cold-blood,
Incircled round with Enemies he ſtood;
VVhere he, like to a fixed Starr ſhin'd bright;
They like to black and pitchy Clouds of Night:
He like the Sun, his Courage like that Heat;
Their Envy, like bad Vapours, ſtrove to beat.
His Light of Honour out; but pow'rful Fame
Did throw their ſpight back on their heads with ſhame.

And

And though they ſtruck his Body, not his Mind,
(For that in Death through all their Malice ſhin'd.)
He valiant was, his Spirits knew no fear,
They never chill'd when they in Battel were;
And ſtrove to give more blows than ſafety ſought:
His Limbs moſt vigour had, when moſt he fought.
He ſpoke not loud, nor ſung, his fear to hide;
With ſilence march'd, and quietly did ride,
Viewing the Armies with a watchful Eye;
And careful was, advantages to ſpye.
If that his Soldiers chanc'd to run away,
He ran not after them to make them ſtay,
As ſome Commanders, which will call and run
After the Soldiers, when the Flight's begun:
But when once gone, ſeldom return again,
But with their Soldiers they will ſafe remain.
But he amongſt his Foes, like Earth, was fix'd;
Or, like to Fire, himſelf was intermix'd;
And their great ſolid Bodies did divide,
Pulling their Fabrick down on either ſide;
Until his Mercy did for Favour pray
Unto his Courage, ſo to run away.
He made them know he was a Soldier good,
Train'd up in Warrs, which *Art* he underſtood:
Beſides, his Genius was prompt thereunto;
Wit, Skill, Invention, knew what beſt to do:
Which made the Foe more fierce his Life to take,
For fear that he their ruin ſoon would make.

For they, ſo ſoon as he was in their pow'r,
Like greedy Vulturs, did his Life devour.
He ſtood their Rage, his Courage knew no fear;
Nor on grim Death with terror did he ſtare;
But did embrace her with a Generous Mind,
VVith Noble Thoughts, and Kiſſes that were kind.
Vollies of Shot did all his Body tear; (bear.
VVhere his blood's ſpilt, the Earth no Graſs will
As if, for to revenge his Death, the Earth
VVas curs'd with barrenneſs ev'n from her birth.
And though his Body in the Grave doth lye,
His Fame doth live, and will eternally.
His Soul's Immortal, and ſo is his Fame;
His Soul in Heav'n doth live, and here his Name.

The next time had a Man his turn to ſpeak;
Who ſaid, That Civil-Warrs made Rich men break.
Populous Kingdoms, that do flouriſh well
In Peace and Plenty, then to ruin fell.

WHen I, with grief, unto remembrance bring
The bleſſed time men liv'd with a good King;
To think at firſt how happy ſuch do raign,
And in what Peace ſuch Kingdoms do remain;
VVhere Magiſtrates do ſit in Juſtice Throne,
Few Crimes committed, Puniſhments ſcarce known;
The Nobles liv'd in ſtate and high degree,
All happy, even to the Peaſantry:

VVhere

VVhere eaſie Laws, no Tax to make them poor,
All live with Plenty, full is every Store:
They Cuſtoms have to recreate the Mind,
Not barbarous, but civil, gentle, kind:
And thoſe where Chance and Fortune bad do fall,
Have Means ſtraight given to be kept withall:
Their Lands are fertil, and their Barns are full,
Orchards thick planted, from whence Fruit to pull:
Of Cattel ſtore feeding in Meadows green,
Where Cryſtal Brooks run every Field between;
With Cowſlips growing, which makes Butter yellow;
And fatted Beaſts, two inches thick with Tallow:
And many Parks for fallow Deer to run,
Shadow'd with Woods, to keep them from the Sun:
And in ſuch Kingdoms, Beaſts, Fowls, Fiſh, are ſtore;
Thoſe that induſtrious are, can ne're be poor.
But O ſad Fate and Fortune, if it chance
The Sword of Civil-Warr for to advance;
As when Rebellions, like a watry Flood,
O'reflows a Monarchy; in Royal Blood
Builds Ariſtocracy with cruel hands,
On unjuſt grounds of Tyranny it ſtands.
Then into wicked States ſuch Kingdoms go,
Where Virtue's beaten out, no truth they know:
And all Religion flies away for fear,
And Atheiſm is preached every where.
Their Magiſtrates by Bribes do govern all,
No Suit is heard but what Injuſtice call:

For Covetouſneſs and Malice pleads at barr
Againſt poor Honeſty, with whom they jarr:
Calamity doth find no Pity; for
All Pity's buri'd in a Civil-Warr.

A Lady's turn was next,
Which told this Tale perplext:

SHE ſaid, I over Sea to *Lapland* went,
My Husband being then in baniſhment:
His Eſtate gone, and being very poor,
I thought ſome means Compaſſion might reſtore:
But when I ask'd, no pity could I find;
Hard were their Hearts, and cruel every Mind.

Fye, ſaith a Man, you do all Orders break,
So long on Melancholy Themes you ſpeak.

The Prologue *to the Beggars Marriage.*

I'Ve ſerv'd two 'Prentiſhips, and now am made
Free of the *Beggars* Company to trade:
My Stock, in ſecret to your Ear I ſpeak,
Is ſuch, as I am ſure I ſhall not break.
Let *Boreas* burſt his Cheeks, and the Sea rore,
The *Beggars Bark* can ne're be tumbled o're.
What fitter Subject for my Muſe can be,
Than make Deſcriptions of our Company?

The

The Beggar's Theme too well my Fortunes fit,
My begg'rly Fancy too, and ſo my Wit.

The Duke of Newcaſtle's *Deſcription of the* Beggars Marriage.

WHile'om, there was a Ragged Beggar old,
Who in his time full fourſcore Winters told;
His Head all frozen, Beard long, white as Snow,
With a ſtaff's prop, for elſe he could not go:
With bleared Eyes, all parched, dry, and cold;
With ſhaking-Palſie, little could he hold:
His Clothes ſo tatter'd, for they were ſo worn,
Older than he, in many pieces torn:
The ſubtill'ſt Brain, and prying'ſt Eye, thoſe ſeen,
Both could not gueſs what ſtuff they'd ever been.
On's Cloak more ſeveral Patches there did ſtick,
Than labour'd *Algebra's* Arithmetick
Could once tell how to number; and was fuller,
Than was the Rainbow, of each various Colour,
But not ſo freſh; ſo faded when th'were ſeen, (green.
That none could gueſs which red, which blew, which
His Turf-houſe lean'd to an old ſtump of Oak;
A hole at top there for to void the Smoak
Of ſtollen ſcatter'd Boughs; could not be fed
But by his daily begging daily bread.
There on his little Bench I'le leave him, then
Within a while I'le ſpeak of him again.

A wither'd Beggar-woman, little ſundred
From him, who all the Town ſaid, was a hundred:
Toothleſs ſhe was, nay more, worn all her Gums,
And all her Fingers too were worn to Thumbs:
Wrinkles, deep Graves to bury all delight;
Eyes now ſunk holes, little ſhe had of ſight,
Little could ſpeak, as little ſenſe could tell;
Seldom ſhe heard, ſometimes the great Towns-bell:
A long forgetfulneſs her Legs had ſeiz'd;
For many years her Crutches them had eas'd:
Clothes, thouſand rags torn with the wind & weather,
Her Huſwifry long ſince had ſew'd together..
No Livelihood, but Charity grown cold
As ſhe was, this more than her years made old.
In a hot Summer's day, they out did creep,
Enliven'd juſt like Flyes, for elſe they ſleep;
Creeping, at laſt each one to other get,
Louſing each other, kindly thus they met:
Apollo's Maſter-piece ſhining, did aim
To light dead aſhes ſparks, not make a flame
To ſtir up Nature in them, now ſo cold,
And whether *Cupid* dwelt in them who're old:
Now Heat and Kindneſs made him try to kiſs her;
Her Palſi'd Head ſo ſhak'd, he ſtill did miſs her:
He thought it Modeſty; ſhe 'gainſt her will,
Striving to pleaſe him, could not hold it ſtill:
She mumbl'd, but he could not underſtand her:
He cry'd, Sweet *Hero*, I'le be thy *Leander*:

She

She ſaid, Before we met, cold as a ſtone is,
I was; but now am *Venus*, thou *Adonis*.
Such heights of Paſſion's-love utter'd theſe two,
As youngeſt Lovers, when they 'gin to woo:
For *Cupid*, reign o're Mankind ſtill will have;
He governs from the Cradle to the Grave.
Their Virtue's ſuch, they would not ſin, nor tarry,
So heated, vow'd a Contract, then to marry.
This Marriage now divulg'd was every where
To neighbour Beggars, Beggars far and near;
The Day appointed, and the Marriage ſet,
The Lame, the Blind, the Deaf, they all were met:
Such throngs of Beggars, Women, Children, ſeen,
Muſter'd all on the Town's fair Graſſy-Green:
The Bridegroom's led between two Lame men, ſo,
Becauſe our Bridegroom faſt he could not go.
The Bride was led by Blind-men; him behind,
Becauſe you know that Love is always blind.
The Hedg-Prieſt then was call'd for, did him bring,
Marri'd them both with an old Curtain-Ring:
No Father there was found, or could be ever;
She was ſo old, that there was none to give her.
With acclamations now of louder joy,
Pray'd *Hymen Priapus* to ſend a boy,
To ſhew a Miracle; in Vows moſt deep
The Pariſh ſwore their Children all to keep.
Then *Tom-a-Bedlam* wound his Horn, at beſt;
Their Trumpet now, to bring away the Feaſt;

Pick'd Marrow-bones they had found in the Street,
Carrots kick'd out of Kennels with their feet;
Cruſts gather'd up, for Biſket, 'twas ſo dri'd,
Alms-tubs *Olio Podridoes* had beſide:
Many ſuch Diſhes had, but it would cumber
Any to name them; more than I can number.
Then came the Banquet (that muſt never fail) (Ale.
Which the Town gave, that's White-bread, & ſtrong
Each was ſo tipſie, that they could not go,
And yet would dance, and cry'd for *Muſick Ho*;
Gridirons and Tongs, with Keys, they play'd on too,
And blind-men ſung to them, as uſe to do:
Some whiſtled then, and hollow ſticks did ſound,
And thus melodiouſly they play'd a Round:
Lame Men, lame Women, mingled, ſaid, *Advance*;
And ſo, all limping, jovially did dance:
The Deaf-men too, for they could not forbear
When they *ſaw* this, although they did not *hear*,
Which was their happineſs. Now to his Houſe
The *B*ridegroom brought the *B*ride, each drunk as
No room for any but them two, they ſaw, (Mouſe.
So laid them both in bed of good freſh Straw.
Then took their leave, put out their Ruſhen-light;
*B*ut they themſelves did revel all the Night.
The *B*ridegroom ruffles now, kiſs'd, and ſaid, Friend;
*B*ut when he kiſs'd, thought 'twas at t'other End,
And cry'd her mercy, ſaid he could not look,
It was ſo dark, and thought he had miſtook.

No,

No, ſaid the Bride moſt ſweetly, you are right,
As if our Taper here was ſhining bright.
Now Love's *Heſperides* would touch the ſame,
That Place, O Place! which Place no tongue ſhould name.
She, gentle Dame, with roving hand, indeed,
Inſtead of Crutches, found a broken Reed.
They both, now fill'd with Ale, Brains in't did ſteep;
So, arm in arm, our Lovers fell aſleep.
So for the Will, though nothing elſe indeed,
To Love the Beggars built a Pyramid.

A Tale of his Grace the Duke of Newcaſtle, *called,* The Philoſopher's Complaint.

I Through a Cranny there did ſpy,
A grave Philoſopher all ſad,
With a dim Taper burning by,
His Study was in Mourning clad.
He ſigh'd, and did lament his ſtate,
Curſing Dame Nature, for 'twas ſhe,
That did allot him ſuch a Fate,
To make him of Mankind to be.
All other Animals, their Mold
Of thouſand Paſſions makes them free,
Since they're not ſubject unto Gold,
Which doth corrupt Mankind we ſee.

The buſie Merchant plows the Main,
The Pleading-Lawyer for his Fee;
Pious Divines for Lawful Gain,
Mechanicks all ſtill Coz'ners be.
With Plow-ſhares, Farmers wound the Earth,
Look to their Cattel, Swine, and Sheep,
To multiply their Seed, Corn's birth,
And all for Money, which they keep.
The Sun-burnt Dame prevents the Day,
(As her laborious Bees for Honey)
Doth milk her Kine, and ſpins away
Her fatal Thread of Life for Money.
Mankind doth on God *Pluto* call,
To ſerve him ſtill, is all their pleaſure:
Love here doth little, Money all;
For of this World it is the meaſure.
Beaſts do deſpiſe this Orient Mettle;
Each freely grazing fills his Maw:
After Love's procreating, ſettle
To ſofter ſleep, wiſe Nature's Law.
They're not Litigious, but are mute;
Falſe Propoſitions never make:
Nor of unknown things do diſpute;
Follies, for wiſe things do not take.
Or Flow'ry Rhet'rick to deceive;
Nor Logick to enforce the wrong:
Or tedious Hiſtory to weave,
Troubling the Hearers all along.

Nor ſtudy the enamell'd Sky,
Thinking they're govern'd by each Starr;
But ſcorn Man's falſe *Aſtrology*,
And think themſelves juſt as they are.
Their Pride not being ſo ſupream,
Celeſtial Bodies moving thus,
Poor Mortals each awaking dream,
To think thoſe Lights were made for us.
Nor are they troubled where they run;
What the Sun's Matter it might be;
Whether the Earth moves, or the Sun,
And yet they know as well as we.
Nor do they with grave troubled looks,
By ſtudious Learning for to ſtay,
Or multiplicity of Books,
To put them out of Truth's right way.
For Policies, Beaſts never weave,
Or ſubt'ler Traps do ever lay,
With falſe diſſembling, which deceive,
Their Kind to ruin, or betray.
No hot ambitions in them are;
Trumpets are ſilent, Drums do ceaſe:
No troublers in their Kind in Warr,
For to deſtroy, but all for Peace.
The Stranger valu'd Jemms that dreſs
Our beauteous Ladies like the day,
A Parrot's Feathers are no leſs;
And goſſips too as well as they.

Man's ever troubled 'bout his Fame,
For Glory and Ambition hot:
When Beaſts are conſtantly the ſame;
In them thoſe Follies enter not:
Nor hope of Worlds to come, that's higher,
With ſeveral Sects diviſions make;
Or fear an everlaſting Fire,
But quiet ſleep, and ſo awake.
Man ſtill with thoughts himſelf torments,
Various deſires, what ſhall be;
And in his life hath ſmall contents:
Beaſts pleas'd with what they have, not we.
Repining Man, for what is paſt,
Hating the preſent what they ſee,
Frighted with what's to come at laſt:
Beaſts pleas'd with what is, and muſt be.
Eaſe Man doth hate, and *Buſineſs* ſtore;
A burthen to himſelf he is:
Weary of time, yet wiſhes more:
Beaſts all theſe Vanities they miſs.
Self-loving Man ſo proud a Durt,
Vain 'bove all things, when underſtood;
Studies always himſelf to hurt:
When *Beaſts* are wiſe to their own good.
Man makes himſelf a troubled way,
Runs into ſeveral dangers ſtill,
VVhen in thoſe thoughts *Beaſts* never ſtray,
But do avoid them with their will.

Man's

Man's troubled Head and Brain ſtill ſwelling
Beyond the Power of Senſes five,
Not capable of thoſe things telling:
Beaſts beyond Senſes do not ſtrive.
Nature's juſt meaſure, Senſes are,
And no Impoſſibles deſire:
Beaſts ſeek not after things that's far,
Or Toys or Baubles ſtill admire.
Beaſts Slander not, or Falſhoods raiſe,
But full of Truth, as Nature taught;
And wiſely ſhun diſſembling ways,
Follow Dame Nature as they ought.
Nor to falſe Gods do ſacrifice,
Or promiſe Vows to break them; no:
No Doctrine to delude with Lyes,
Or worſhip Gods they do not know.
Nor envy any that do riſe,
Or joyful ſeem at thoſe that fall;
Or crooked ways 'gainſt others tries;
But love their Kind, themſelves, and all.
Hard labour ſuffer when they muſt;
When over-aw'd, they wiſely bend;
Only in Patience then they truſt,
As Miſery's and Affliction's Friend.
They ſeek not after Beauty's blaze,
To tempt their appetite when dull;
But drink the Stream that Tempeſts raiſe,
And grumble not when they are full.

They take no Phyſick to deſtroy
That Health which Nature to them gave:
Nor rul'd by Tyrants Laws, annoy,
Yet happy ſeem with what they have.
With cares Men break their ſweet repoſe,
Like Wheels that wear with turning round:
Beaſts quiet thoughts their Eye-lids cloſe,
And in ſoft ſleep all cares they drown'd.
No Rattles, Fairings, Ribbons, Strings,
Fiddles, Pipes, Minſtrelſes, them move,
Or Bugle Bracelets, or fine Rings,
And without *Cupid* maketh Love.
O happy Beaſts! that ſpend the day
In pleaſure with their neareſt Kin,
And all is lawful in their way,
And live and dye without a ſin.
Their Conſcience ne're troubled is;
We made ſo, yet forbid it too:
For Nature here is not amiſs,
We ſtrive 'gainſt what w'are made to do.
Beaſts need not Language, they deſpiſe
Unuſeful things, all Men's delight:
Thoſe Marks which Language from doth riſe,
If pleas'd with them, diſcourſe they might.
And out of words they argue not,
But reaſon out of things they do:
When we vain Goſſipings have got,
They quiet ſilent Lives have too.

Com-

Complain'd of Scholars, that they ſought
With envious watching, and with ſpight,
To leave the good to find a fault
In any Author that doth write.
O vain Philoſophy! their Laws
With hard words ſtill for matter brings,
Which nothing is, nor knows the cauſe
Of any thing; unuſeful things.
Why are our Learned then ſo proud,
Thinking to bring us to their bow?
And Ignorance, Wiſdom allow'd,
And know not that they do not know?
Motion's ceſſation is the end
Of Animals, both Beaſts and Men;
The longeſt Lives to that do tend,
And to Death's Palace, his dark Den.
Or that Beaſts breath doth downwards go,
And that Men's Souls do upward riſe;
No Poſt from that World comes you know:
It puzzled *Solomon* the Wiſe.
Thus he complain'd, and was annoy'd,
Our grave Philoſopher for's birth,
That he was made to be deſtroy'd,
Or turn'd to ſad or colder Earth.
I piti'd him, and his ſad caſe,
Wiſhing our Vicar him to teach;
For to infuſe a Saving-grace,
By his Tongue's Rhet'rick for to preach.

SEVE-

SEVERAL

Feigned Stories IN PROSE.

The Second BOOK.

The ſtrict Aſſociate.

THERE was a Gentleman came to a Lady with a Meſſage from his Lord, which was to tell her, His Lord would come to viſit her.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, Is your Lord a Poet?

No, Lady, ſaid he.

Then he hath no Divine Soul, ſaid ſhe.

Is he a Philoſopher?

No, Madam, ſaid he.

Then, ſaid ſhe, he hath no Rational Soul.

Is he an Hiſtorian?

Neither, ſaid he.

Then, ſaid ſhe, he hath no Learned Soul.

Is he an ancient Man?

No, Lady, ſaid he.

Then he hath no Experienced Soul, ſaid ſhe.

Is he an Orator?

No, Lady, ſaid he.

Then he hath no Eloquent Soul, ſaid ſhe.

And if he hath neither Poetical Wit, Philoſophical Wiſdom, Studious Learning, Experienced Knowledg, nor Eloquent Language, he cannot be converſable; and if he be not converſable, his Viſit can neither be profitable nor pleaſant, but troubleſome and tedious; therefore I do entreat your Lord that he will ſpare his pains, and mine, in giving me a Viſit.

But, ſaid the Man, though my Lord is neither a Poet, a Philoſopher, an Hiſtorian, an Orator, nor Aged; yet he is a Young Beautiful Man, which is more acceptable to a fair Lady.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, Youth and Beauty appears worſe in Men, than Age and Deformity in Women; wherefore, if it were in my power, I would make a Law, That all young men ſhould be kept to their Studies ſo long as their Effeminate Beauty doth laſt; and old

old Women ſhould be put into Cloyſters when their Youth and Beauty is paſt: but I muſt confeſs, That the cuſtom of the World is otherwiſe; for old Women and young Men appear moſt to publik view in the World; when young VVomen and aged Men often retire from it.

The Judgment.

THERE were two Gentlemen that had travelled both into *England* and *France*; and meeting another Gentleman, he asked one of them, VVhich he liked beſt, *England* or *France*? VVho ſaid, He liked both well where they were alike worthy; and diſliked them both in things that were not worthy of praiſe.

Then he ſaid to the ſecond Gentleman, And which like you beſt?

VVhich do you mean, anſwer'd he? the Countreys or Kingdoms?

VVhy, what difference is there betwixt ſaying a Countrey and a Kingdom, was reply'd to him?

Great difference, ſaid he: for, to ſay a Countrey, is but ſuch a circumference of Earth; and to ſay a Kingdom, is to ſay ſuch a Countrey manured, inhabited, or rather populated with Men that dwell in Cities, Towns, and Villages, that are governed by Laws either Natural or Artificial.

Well, which Kingdom do you like beſt, then?

Truly, ſaid he, I cannot give a good judgment, unleſs I had travelled through every part in both Kingdoms, and had taken ſtrict ſurveys of their Forts, Havens, Woods, Plains, Hills, Dales, Meadows, Paſtures, Arrable; alſo of their Architectures, as Cities, Towns, Villages, Palaces, Churches, Theaters; of their Laws, Cuſtoms, and Ceremonies; of their Commodities, Trafficks, and Tranſportations; of their Climates and Situations; and of the ſeveral Humours of the ſeveral People in each Kingdom: which will not only require a ſolid Judgment, and a clear Underſtanding, but a long Life to judg of it all.

But, ſaid the other, judg of as much as you have ſeen.

To judg of Parts (anſwered he), is not to judg of the Whole: but to judg of as much as I have ſeen, I will compare them, or ſimilize the Parts of thoſe two Kingdoms, to two Ladies, whoſe Faces I have only ſeen, their Bodies and Conſtitutions being unknown; the one hath a larger and fairer Forehead than the other, and a more Sanguine Complexion; the other hath better Eyes, Eye-brows, and Mouth. So *France* is a broader and plainer Countrey, and the Climate is more clear, and ſomewhat hotter than *England*; and *England* hath better Sea-Ports, Havens, and Navigable Rivers, than

France

France hath; alſo, the one hath a more haughty Look than the other; and the other a more pleaſing and modeſt Countenance. So *France* appears more Majeſtical, and *England* more Amiable.

The Vulgar Fights.

A Young Gentleman, of a good Natural Wit, had a deſire to travel: but firſt, he would viſit every Province in his own Countrey, before he went into Forreign Kingdoms; preferring the knowledg of his own Native Soil, before thoſe wherein he was neither born, nor meant to dwell. So he went to the Chief Metropolitan City, where he did intend to ſtay ſome time, that he might inform himſelf beſt of the ſeveral Trades, Trafficks, Impoſts, Laws, Cuſtoms, Offices, and the like. When he was come to it, he ſent his Man to ſeek him out ſome Lodgings in ſome private Houſe, becauſe Inns are both troubleſome, and more chargeable. His Man had not gone far, but he ſaw a Bill over a Trades-man's Door, to let Paſſengers know there were Lodgings to be Lett. The Miſtreſs ſitting at the Door, he asked her if he might ſee the Lodgings that were to be Lett?

She anſwered, No; ſhe would firſt ſee them that were to take them: Who is it that would take them, ſaid ſhe?

My Maſter, ſaid he.

Hath he a Wife, ſaid ſhe?

Why ask you that, ſaid he?

Becauſe (ſaid ſhe) I will not Lett my Lodgings to any Man that brings a Wife: for, Women to Women are troubleſome Gueſts; whenas Men are very acceptable: and I thank the Gods (ſaid ſhe) I am not ſo poor as I care for the Profit, but for Company and Converſation: for, to have no other Company but my Husband, is very dull and melancholy.

The man ſaid, My Maſter hath no Wife.

Is he a young man, ſaid ſhe?

Yes, ſaid he.

Is he a handſome man, ſaid ſhe?

Yes, ſaid he.

Then, ſaid ſhe, my Lodging is at his ſervice.

At what Rate are they, ſaid the Man?

She ſaid, Your Maſter and I ſhall not fall out about the Price.

So he returned to his Maſter, and told him, He had found not only Lodgings, but (as he thought) a fair Bed-fellow for him; for the Miſtreſs would make no Bargain but with himſelf.

So thither he went, where he found all things accommodated for his uſe; and his Landlady, who was a handſome Woman, and her Husband a plain Man, bid him very welcome; then taking their leave,

leave, left him to himſelf: after which, the good man ſeldom troubled him; but the Wife was ſo officious, as he ſeldom miſt of her Company; and ſo wondrous kind as might be, making him White-wine-Caudles for his Break-faſt, and giving him very often Collations: beſides, if he ſtay'd out, ſhe would ſend her Husband to bed, and wait for his coming home: for which Kindneſs he would return her Courtly Civilities.

He went often abroad to view the City, and to ſee the courſe of the People, and the ſeveral paſſages that happen in ſuch places: and one day, as he went through a large Street, a Coach-man and Carman fell out for the right ſide of the way; the Carman ſaid he was loaded, and therefore would not give way; the Coach-man ſaid, It was not fit for a Coach to give way to a Cart, and therefore he ſhould give way: ſo after words, follow'd blows; and their Whips were their Mettle-blades, wherewith they fought and laſhed one another ſoundly. The Gentleman, ſeeing them laſhing one another ſo cruelly, ſpake to his Man to part the Fray. In troth, Maſter, ſaid the Man, if I ſhall go about to part all fooliſh Frays, or but one in a City, I may chance to go home with a broken Pate, and get no Reputation for the loſs of my blood.

Thence they went to the Market-place, and there were two Women which had fallen out about their

Merchandize, and their fight was much fiercer than the Coach-man and Carters, and their words more offenſive, and their Nails more wounding than Whips, inſomuch as they had ſcratched each other ſo, that the blood trickled down their faces: whereupon the Gentleman, being of a pitiful nature, commanded his man to part them: The man ſaid, I will adventure on the Feminine Sex, for I believe I can pacifie them, at leaſt make my party good: ſo he went and ſpoke to them to forbear each other; but their ears were ſtopt with the ſound of their ſcolding; and when he went to part them, it did ſo enrage their fury, as they left fighting with each other, and fell upon him; who, to help himſelf, was forced to fight with them both: at laſt it grew to be a very hot Battel; firſt off went his Hat, then down fell his Cloak; he thruſt them from him, they preſt upon him; he cuft them, they laid on blows on him; they tore his Band, he tore their Kerchers; they pull'd his Hair, he pull'd their Petticoats; they ſcratch'd his Face, he beat their Fingers; he kick'd them, they ſpurned him: at laſt, with ſtrugling, they all three fell into the Kennel; and ſo cloſe they fought, as thoſe three Bodies ſeemed but one Body, that moved as a Whale on a ſhallow ſhore, which wants water to ſwim; even ſo they lay waving and rolling in the Kennel: in this time a number of people were gathered about them to ſee them fight,

fight,(for it is the nature of common people to look on Combats,but part none;to make *frays*,but not*friends*) who enrag'd them the more,and enflam'd their angers with their ſhooting-noiſes: but the Gentleman, that was concerned for his Man, deſired the people to part them;who cryed out,*Let them fight*,*Let them fight*;and they that had ſo much good nature as to offer to pull them aſunder, were hindered by the reſt. At laſt the Conſtable came, and did cauſe them all three to be put into the Stocks; the Man was placed betwixt the two Women, which made him almoſt deaf of both his Ears; for though their Legs were faſt, their Tongues were looſe; with which they rung him ſuch a Scolding-Peal, as made his Head dizzy; whereas he, without ſpeaking one word, ſate in a moſt lamentable poſture, with his Clothes all rent and torn, his Face all ſcratch'd and bloody, and that Hair they left on his Head, all ruffled, and ſtanding an end, as if he were affrighted: But at laſt his Maſter, by bribing the Conſtable, got his Man out of the Stocks, and gave the Conſtable ſo much more to keep the Women ſhackled a longer time; who, when they ſaw the Man let looſe, and they ſtill faſt, were ſtark mad. The Man was ſo dogged, that he would not ſpeak to his Maſter, becauſe it was by his command he came into that Womaniſh Quarrel. His Maſter, to pacifie him, and to reward him for his obedience, gave him new Clothes, and all

things ſuitable, and Money, to be Friends again. But though the Money did qualifie his Paſſion, yet he was wonderful angry for the diſgrace (as he thought it) to be beaten by Women, and prayed his Maſter to give him leave to depart from him, that he might retire to ſome meaner man's Service, where he might hide his Diſhonour. His Maſter told him, He thought he never had much Honour to loſe; neither would any trouble their thoughts, and burthen their memory, with ſuch fooliſh Quarrels: But howſoever (ſaid his Maſter) if you be a Man of Honour, as you imagine your ſelf, you ſhould glory in this Combat; for Honourable and Gallant Men will not refuſe to graſp with Women, and take it as an honour to receive blows from them; a rent Band is their Victory, and a ſcratcht Face their Trophy, and their ſcolding Speech is their Chariot, wherein they ride in triumph. Heaven (ſaid the Man) deliver me from that Honour; for I had rather graſp a Fury of Hell, than an angry Woman!

So home they went; and when they came to their Lodging, they found the Man and his Wife together by the ears; the Man curſing, the Wife ſcolding, and the Wares in their Shop flung about; for they had hurled all they could lay hold on, at each other's head: Both Maſter and Man ſtood at the door, not daring to enter the Houſe, for fear they

they ſhould partake of the Quarrel. At laſt ſaid the Man to his Maſter, Sir, now you may have thoſe Honourable Victories, Trophies, and Triumphs, you ſpake of, if you will endeavour to part them. His Maſter anſwered, That one man was enough for one woman, and two would be too much. The Man ſaid, I found two women too much for one man, and I dare lay a wager our Landlady will be too hard for our Landlord. He had no ſooner ſpoke, but the Wife had broke her Huſband's Head with a Meaſure that lay by; which as ſoon as ſhe had done, ſhe run into the Kitchin, and ſhut the Door to ſecure her ſelf, making it her Caſtle of Defence; where her Husband followed with threatning-language, then bounced and beat againſt the Door to break it open; but ſhe had not only barred and lock'd it, but ſet all the Pots, Pans, and Spits againſt it, as a Barricado to make it ſtrong. At laſt the Gentleman went to his Landlord, and perſwaded him to be friends with his Wife. At firſt he would not hear him; but at laſt, when he found he could not get in, and that his fury was waſted with the many aſſaults againſt the door, he was contented to have a Parley: Then there was a Truce agreed upon for two hours; in which time the Gentleman managed the Quarrel ſo well, as he made them Friends; the Wife being contented to be Friends with her Husband for the Gentleman's ſake,

and the Husband for Quiet's ſake. The Man was alſo contented to ſtay with his Maſter, when he ſaw he was not the only man that was beaten by women, but triumphed that the Landlord was beaten by one, when he had two againſt him.

The TOBACCONIST.

THERE were two Maids talking of Husbands, which is for the moſt part the Theam of their Diſcourſe, and the ſubject of their Thoughts.

The one ſaid, I would not marry a man that takes *Tobacco*, for any thing.

Then ſaid the other, It is likely you will have a Fool for your Husband; for *Tobacco* is able to make a Fool a Wiſe man: And though it doth not always work wiſe Effects, by reaſon ſome Fools are beyond all improvement; yet it never fails, where any improvement is to be made.

Why, ſaid the firſt, what wiſe Effects does it work?

The ſecond ſaid, it compoſes the mind, it buſies the thoughts, repreſents ſeveral Objects to the mind's view, ſettles and ſtays the Senſes, clears the Underſtanding, ſtrengthens the Judgment, ſpies out Errors, evaporates Follies, heats Ambition, comforts Sorrow, abates Paſſions, excites to Noble Actions, digeſts

digeſts Conceptions, enlarges Knowledg, elevates Imaginations, creates Fancies, quickens Wit, and makes Reaſon Pleader, and Truth Judg, in all Diſputes or Controverſies betwixt Right and Wrong.

The firſt ſaid, It makes the Breath ſtink.

You miſtake, ſaid the ſecond, it will make a ſtinking Breath ſweet.

It is a Beaſtly Smell, ſaid the firſt.

Said the ſecond, *Civet* is a Beaſtly Smell, and that you will thruſt your Noſe to, although it be an Excrement; and, for any thing we know, ſo is *Ambergreece*; when *Tobacco* is a ſweet and pleaſant, wholſome and medicinable Herb.

The School-Quarrels, or Scholars-Battels.

A MAN travelling, and being very weary, ſeeing a large Houſe, a-lighted, and went to the Gates, which he found open for any to paſs without oppoſition: Entring in, he came into a large paved Court; and walking about it, he heard a noiſe as of a great Wind, which made him look up towards the Clouds; and ſeeing the Air not much agitated, he wondred at it: At laſt he looked in at a Door that was open, but there was ſuch a Miſt, that he could ſee no further than the entrance; yet going in, he perceived a long Gallery, wherein were

Books placed in long rows, and Men in old tatter'd Gowns reading them, and turning their leaves; which ſhewed him his error to think he heard a Wind, for it was the ſhuffling of the Leaves of the numerous Books that were turned over by thoſe many men. But deſiring to inſtruct himſelf of their ſeveral Studies, he went ſoftly to obſerve them.

The firſt man he took notice of, was one that (as he read) did beat his hands upon the Desk whereon his Book lay; and looking over his ſhoulder, he perceived he was ſtudying the Laws, and acted, againſt he pleaded at the Barr.

Then he went to the next, who was counting on his Fingers, and looking in his Book; by which he ſaw he was ſtudying Arithmetick.

A third was with a Celeſtial Globe, and a pair of Compaſſes, very buſie ſtudying of Aſtronomy, meaſuring of the Planets, and their diſtance.

The fourth was with a Terreſtrial Globe before his Book; and one while he would read, then view the Globe, and then read again, ſtudying Geography.

On the other ſide he ſaw one very ſerious in his ſtudy, and he was reading Moral Philoſophy.

Another he ſaw reading, who would often lay his hand upon his Breaſt, and caſt up the black of his Eyes, and he was ſtudying Theology.

Then there were others who as they read, would often

often ſcratch their Heads, and they were Natural Philoſophers.

But one amongſt the reſt looked very merrily, and he was ſtudying the old Poets.

Likewiſe there were very many more, as, Hiſtorians, Grammarians, Logicians, Geometricians, Phyſicians, and the like.

At laſt a little Bell rung, whereupon they all left off their ſtudying, and began to walk about, diſcourſing to each other of their ſeveral Studies. So the Grammarians and the Logicians began to diſpute, one for the Words, or rather for the Letters; the other for the Senſe, Subject, and matter of Diſcourſe; the one troubling himſelf with Derivations, the other about Quantities and Qualities.

Then fell into diſpute two Divines, about the Controverſies of Theology: but they grew ſo hot with zeal, that their diſcourſe flamed up high, and their fiery words flew above all Reſpects or Civility, calling one another *Heretick*, and *Beelzebub*, and the *Whore of Babylon*, and the like terms, that the reſt of the Scholars had much ado to appeaſe them.

But amongſt the reſt, there were two Hiſtorians, the one a *Grecian*, the other a *Roman*; who talking of *Cæſar* and *Alexander*, the *Roman* Hiſtorian ſaid, There was no compariſon between thoſe two Worthies: for, ſaid he, *Alexander* was only a Darling of

Fortune, whoſe Favour gave him a free paſſage without oppoſition, and had no occaſion to ſhew his Courage, Skill, Conduct, or Induſtry; and, ſaid he, Fools, Cowards, and Slothful perſons, have had good Fortune ſometimes. At this Diſcourſe the *Grecian* grew very angry, ſaying, That *Alexander* was born from a Warrier, and bred a Soldier, and was a Valiant, Wiſe Commander; and that *Cæſar* was only a Man of Fortune, Traiterous, Deſperate; and whatſoever he got, was all by Chance. In this Diſpute, one defending *Alexander*, the other *Cæſar*, they fell from words to blows; and, like two School boys, to Cuffs they went; and ſuch notable thumping-blows they gave each other, that either had a bloody-noſe; whereupon the reſt of the Scholars began to ſide in Factions, ſome taking one part, ſome another, that at laſt they were all together by the ears; and ſo fierce in fight they were, that the Drums and the Trumpets of their ſeveral Clamours, arrived to the Maſter of the Colledg's hearing; at which noiſe he went running up to inform himſelf of the Cauſe: But when he came, his Queſtions could not be heard, nor his Commands obeyed; for all the Scholars were divided ſo equally, as if it had been a pitched-Battel: for all the Scepticks were againſt the Mathematicians, the Natural Philoſophers againſt the Divines, the ſevere Moraliſts againſt the Poets; and in the like oppoſition were all the

the reſt: But at laſt they grew out of all order, and there became ſuch a confuſion, that they cared not whom they did ſtrike, ſo they did fight, although 'twere their own Parties: Whereupon the Maſter of the Colledg hollow'd ſo loud, and beſtirr'd himſelf ſo prudently, that he appeaſed them; and after their Fury was quenched, at leaſt abated, they began to conſider, and finding their Quarrels needleſs, they were aſhamed; and feeling their received blows painful, they did repent. But howſoever, it was a ſtrange ſight to behold them, ſome having black and blew Eyes, others ſwelled Foreheads, like Camels backs, others ſcratched Faces; ſome blowing blood out of their Noſtrils, others ſpitting blood out of their Mouths, and ſome their Teeth alſo; and all the Hair both of their Heads and Beards, was in a ruffled and affrighted poſture, and the poor Library was, like a Ship after a ſtorm at Sea, in great diſorder; for there was ſtrewed about pieces of Papers rent from Books, and old Patches of Cloth and Stuff torn from Gowns, Slippers kick'd from their feet, Caps flown from their Heads, handfuls of Hairs pulled from their Crowns, and Pens and Ink *ſans nombre.*

The man that came by chance, was crept into a hole, and was in ſuch an agony and fear to ſee this diſtraction, that he had not power to come forth: but at laſt, when they were all gone out of the Li-

brary to Supper, or Prayers, he took courage, and came out of the corner, ſtealing forth the ſame way he came in: and being clearly got from the Colledg, full glad he was, and then began to call into his Mind their Quarrels; which when he had conſidered, Well (ſaid he to himſelf), if there be no more Tranquillity and Order amongſt Scholars, I will keep the company of my merry, harmleſs, and ignorant Neighbours; and ſo returned home.

The Obſerver.

A Gentleman deſirous to travel to ſee the Varieties of ſeveral Countreys and Governments, at laſt he arrived in a Kingdom, where he went to the chief City, and there wandring about, came to the King's Palace; and though there was a Guard, yet there was a Porter ſitting at the outward Gate of the Palace, to whom he went and ſaid to him, I am a Stranger that travel to ſee ſeveral Kingdoms and Courts, and have heard great praiſes and fame of your King for his peaceable and wiſe Government; wherefore I deſire you would pleaſe to aſſiſt me, if you can, to ſee the King. So putting two or three Pieces of Gold into his hand, that the Porter might as well feel his Bounty, as hear his Deſire, to help to make his paſſage free; the Porter making Legs without Thanks (for Bribes have only Civil Congies),

Congies), he told him there was a Gentleman at Court that was his very good Friend, and that he uſed to come and go through the Gates late at night, and early in the morning (which he need not have told, but he thought he ſhould have as much knowledg for his Money as he could give); but, ſaid he, I will try if I can find this Gentleman, my good Friend, and he will ſhew you the King for my ſake.

No ſooner had he ſpoke, but the Gentleman came by; who, at the Porter's entreaty, conducts this Stranger to the ſight of the King and Queen (for Courtiers will oblige one another for Intereſt ſake, although they have neither Kindneſs, nor Civility, where they cannot have Ends or Deſigns): He guided this Gentleman through a great Court-yard, wherein were many walking and talking, like Merchants in an Exchange, or as a Court of Judicature; and ſo up a pair of Stairs into a large Room, where was a Guard of Soldiers with Halberts, which were more for ſhew than ſafety; for the Halberts lay by, and great Jacks of Beer and Wine were in their hands, and ſome at their mouths, drinking to one another: by their ſtrong large ſtature, and ſwell'd bulk, they ſeemed as if they did uſe to eat to the proportion of their drinking.

From thence he was guided into a Long-Gallery, at the end of which was the Preſence, where were

many young Gallants, and fair Ladies, the young Men courting their fair Miſtreſſes, in repeating of Love-Verſes and Sonnets, ſome dancing, others ſinging, ſome congie-ing, ſome complementing, and thus diverting themſelves in pleaſant paſtimes. Thence he was guided into the Privy-Chamber, where the King and Queen were ſet, with many of their Nobles about them, diſcourſing of Plays, Maſques, Balls, Huntings, Progreſſes, and the like. After he had been there a little while, the King and Queen roſe to go to Supper, and the Gentleman invited the Stranger to ſup at the Waiters Table; which offer he civilly received. When he was there, he found good ſtore of Company full of diſcourſe; and amongſt much talk, they complained of their long Peace, ſaying, That Peace was good for nothing but to breed Lazineſs; and that the Youth of the Kingdom were degenerated, and become effeminate: concluding, That there ought to be a Warr, were it for no other reaſon, but to exerciſe their Youth in Arms, which would breed Courage, and inflame their Spirits to Action. But after Supper, the Stranger was guided into the Preſence again, where there was a great Company of Lords and Ladies waiting for the King and Queen's coming forth, which gave the Stranger ſome time for obſervation.

It was his chance to ſtand by a Lord that had many

many of his Friends, or rather Flatterers, about him, ſpeaking to him of another Lord at the other ſide of the Room, who ſtood alſo with his Friends or Flatterers; he ſaid to his Company, Do you think that Lord worthy of thoſe Favours the King throws on him, having neither Merit nor Worth to deſerve them; when Men of Noble Qualities, and great Deſerts, are neither regarded nor rewarded? Gentlemen, ſaid he, this muſt not be; for we are born Free Subjects to the King, not Slaves to his Favourite, who makes our Eſtates the Exchequer to ſupply his Vanities by the way of large Taxes, which is not to be ſuffered: for, though the King commands by his Advice, yet he receives the Sums.

The Stranger (that had but a little time to ſtay) removed from that ſide to the other, where the other Lord was talking to his Faction, and ſaid, Do you ſee that Formal Lord, who loves and affects Popularity, and would be the abſolute Man in the Kingdom, to Rule and Govern all? Let me tell you Gentlemen, ſaid he, He is a dangerous Man, whom the King ſhould be ware of: but alas, ſaid he, the King is ſo facil, that whoſoever comes with a clear Brow, and a ſmooth Tongue, he believes all he ſays is truth. Beſides, he is ſo cockered up with a long Peace, that he cannot believe any body dares be Traitors. And thus he lives in ſecure Credulity,

and is ſo timorous, that he dares not diſpleaſe any one: for, thoſe that are againſt him, he preferrs; and thoſe that are faithful to him, he cares not for, and rejects them.

From that Company, the Stranger removed to the Women's Side; where was a Lady, with others by her; who ſaid to one of them, Prithee look on yonder Lady, how ſhe is Painted and Curled, to allure the Youth of the Court; but ifaith, ſaid ſhe, it will not do; for if one comes near, ſhe is as withered and dry as a Leaf in *Autumn.* So he (deſiring to hear all Parts) removed to the other Lady, where ſhe ſaid to ſome others, Do you ſee, ſaid ſhe, the Wit of the Court (meaning the other Lady that was oppoſite)? Ifaith (ſaid ſhe) if I were her, I would rather conceal my Wit, than diſcover my Pratling: She is ſo full of talk, that ſhe will ſuffer none to ſpeak but her ſelf. Every Lady of each Company, flung ſpightful words upon each other's back: But the Muſick beginning to play, they all flock'd together, and did all embrace, kiſs, profeſs, and proteſt ſuch affections, and vowed ſuch friendſhips, That neither their Lives nor Fortunes ſhould be wanting in one another's Service: Which the Stranger hearing, went out of the Court as faſt as he could, for fear of the Court's Infection. And when he came to the Gate, the Porter (to whom he firſt ſpoke) ask'd him, Why he went away ſo ſoon?

ſoon? for, ſaid he, the Company ſeldom parts until one or two of the Clock in the morning, nay, ſaid he, ſome not all the night long, if their Miſtreſſes favour them, or at leaſt take ſome pity of them.

The Stranger ſaid, He had ſeen ſo much, that it did fright him: What, ſaid the Porter, ſome Devils in the Play, or in the Maſque? Yes, ſaid the Gentleman, they could change into as many ſhapes as they would. That is only in their Clothes, anſwered the Porter. No, ſaid the Stranger, it was in their Tongues and Faces: And ſo God give you Good-night.

The Diſcreet Virgin.

THERE was a Grave *Matron* who came to viſit a Young *Virgin*; whom ſhe ask'd, Why ſhe did not marry, ſince ſhe was of marriageable years?

Truly, ſaid ſhe, I am beſt pleaſed with a Single Life.

What (anſwered the *Matron*), will you lead Apes in Hell?

The young Lady ſaid, It was better to lead Apes in Hell, than live like Devils on Earth: for, ſaid ſhe, I have heard, That a Married Couple ſeldom or never agree; the Husband roars in his Drink,

and the Wife ſcolds in her Choler; the Servants quarrel, the Children cry, and all is in more diſorder than 'tis thought Hell is, and a more confuſed Noiſe.

The *Matron* ſaid, Such are only the Meaner ſort of people; but the Noble and Rich Men and their Wives live otherwiſe: for the Better ſort (the Noble and Rich) when they are drunk, are carried ſtraight to Bed, and laid to ſleep; and their Wives dance until their Husbands are ſober.

The Lady ſaid, If they dance until their Huſbands be ſober, they will dance until they be weary.

So they do, replied the *Matron.*

Why, ſaid the Lady, the Husbands are, for the moſt part, always drunk.

And the other anſwered, And the Ladies are, for the moſt part, continually dancing.

But, by your favour, ſaid the *Matron*, Men are not ſo often, nor ſo conſtantly drunk, as you report them.

The young Lady anſwered, You ſhall be Judg if I ſlander them: They drink drunk at Dinner; and before they are throughly ſober, they go to Supper, and they drink ſo, as they go drunk to bed; and in the Morning they will have their Refreſhing-draughts: But, ſaid ſhe, I perceive you think none are drunk but thoſe that drink in Taverns:

vern; but they, let me tell you, are ſober men to Home Drunkards; and Taverns are quiet orderly Houſes, to Great, Noble, and Rich Men's Houſes: for Palaces are oft-times but Hoſpitable Taverns, Inns, and Bawdy-houſes, only their Gueſts pay nothing for their Fare: but when they are Gaming-houſes, then they pay the Box ſometimes to their grief.

Fie, Lady, fie, ſaid the *Matron*, Why do you abuſe Noble Perſons?

I do not abuſe them, anſwered ſhe, they abuſe themſelves.

We will leave off this Diſcourſe, ſaid the *Matron*, and talk of Husbands.

We have talk'd (ſaid the young Lady) of Huſbands already: beſides, the Theme is ſo bad, that the Diſcourſe of them cannot be good.

I am come (ſaid the *Matron*) to offer you a Huſband.

She replied, She was offered Husbands enough, but there were none worth the taking: for, ſaid ſhe, Men in this Age are far worſe than Women, and more ridiculous in their Behaviours, Diſcourſes, Dreſſings, Vanities, and Idleneſs: As for their Humours, ſaid ſhe, they are either apiſh, conſtrained, or rude: If they be apiſh, they put themſelves into a hundred ſeveral poſtures in an hour; and ſo full of apiſh actions, as ſcratching their Heads, combing

their Perwicks, or gogling their Hats, with jogging their Heads, one while backwards to the Noddle of their Heads, and then forwards, to their Brows; or fumbling with their Buttons, Band-ſtrings, or Boot-hoſe; or pulling their Cloaks one while upon one ſhoulder, and then on another, and then back again; or elſe pull their Cloak with one hand, and hold it faſt with the other (this pulling-motion being a Mode-motion): But thoſe that are very much in the Mode, lay it about their Waſte, all in a crumple, like a Scarf; or elſe (like Male-contents) muffle themſelves therein. As for their Behaviour, thoſe that are fantaſtical, their Bodies are in a perpetual motion, winding, or turning, or wreathing about or dancing affectedly, ſinging *fa, fa, la*; or whiſtling, like a Carter; or lye careleſs upon the ground, kicking back with their Heels; or with the end of their Feet lye kicking the ground. But when they affect a careleſs Behaviour, as thinking it dignifies them (as all thoſe that have been meanly born or bred, and have had ſome advancement either by Riches, Offices, Royal Favours, or by Fortune) then they will ſit lolling upon their Breech, or lean on their Elbows, gaping or ſtretching themſelves, or elſe laying the Ankle of one Leg upon the Knee of the other, heaving their Feet up towards the Noſtrils of their Company, eſpecially when Ladies are by.

Me-

Methinks (ſaid the *Matron*) that is an ill behaviour, to thruſt their Feet towards a fair Lady's Noſe.

They do ſo, anſwered ſhe: Alſo, they have a Reſtleſs Mode, to ſtand up one minute, the next ſit down; dividing the time of viſiting, in neither going, nor ſtaying, but between both: for they neither quietly ſtay, nor civilly take their leave: and in Winter, where there is Fire, as ſoon as they come into a Room, they ſtraight go the fire, and there turn their backs to warm their Breeches, with their hands turned back upon them: but if it be in Summer, then they lean their Breech upon the Chimney-ſide, or againſt a Wall, ſtanding croſs-legg'd; or elſe they ſtand bowing over a Chair's back, or ſet their Stomacks againſt the edg of a Table, and lay the upper part of the Body upon it; and ſometimes they reſt their Elbows thereon, and hold up their Chins with the palm of their Hands, or Wriſt; and in all theſe actions their Tongues run with Nonſenſe. But the rudeſt Behaviour is, to pull out the Ladies Fanns or Muffs out of their hands, to fling their Cloaks or Coats on their Beds, Couches, or Tables; or to lye rudely upon their Beds or Couches; or to come unawares and kiſs their Necks, or embrace their Waſte; and twenty ſuch like tricks, which no Woman of Honour can like, but will be very angry: yet they know not how to be revenged,

unleſs they engage their neareſt Friends, Fathers, Brothers, Uncles, or Husbands, in a Quarrel; for they cannot fight with Men themſelves, their ſtrength being too weak, although their will is good.

The Diſcourſes of the moſt part of them, are, Swearing, Bragging, Ranting, Rallery, Railing, or Laſcivious: and in their Dreſſings and Faſhions they are more fantaſtical, various, and unconſtant, than Women: for, they change their Blocks for their Hats (although they cannot their Block-heads) forty times oftner than Women change the ſhapes of their Bags or Hoods for their Heads, and Mens Bands, Cuffs, and Boot-hoſe-tops, are changed into more ſeveral ſhapes, than Women's Gorgets, Handkerchiefs, or any Linnen they wear: and for their Doublets, Breeches, Cloaks, Coats, and Caſſocks, they change their Faſhions oftner than the Winds change their corners: whereas Women will keep to the faſhion of their Gowns, Petticoats, and Waſtcoats, two or three years before they alter their ſhapes. Neither do Men change for convenience, grace, or behaviour; but out of a fantaſtical vanity. And are not Men more Perfumed, Curled, and Powdred, than VVomen? And have they not greater Quantities of Ribbons of ſeveral Colours ti'd and ſet upon their Hats, Clothes, Gloves, Boots, Shooes, and Belts, than VVomen on their Heads and Gowns? Have not Men richer and more

more gaye Clothes than Women have? And where Women make Clothes once, Men make Clothes three times; yet Men exclaim againſt the Vanities of Women, when they are a hundred times vainer, and are more unneceſſarily expenſive than Women are: Women may be allowed by the ſevereſt Judgments, to be a little vain, as being Women; when it ought to be condemned in Men as an Effeminacy, which is a great Vice.

The laſt is their Idleneſs: for, Do not Men ſpend their time far more idly (not to ſay wickedly) than Women? Do not Men run viſiting from Houſe to Houſe, for no other purpoſe but to twattle, ſpending their time in idle and fruitleſs diſcourſe? Do not Men meet every day in Taverns and Ordinaries, to ſit and goſſip over a Cup of Wine? When Women are condemned for goſſiping once in a quarter of a year, at a Labour, or a Chriſtning, or at the Up-ſitting of a Child-bed Woman. And do not Men run and hunt about for News, and then meet to goſſip on it with their Cenſuring-Verdicts? Beſides, they are ſo greedy of twattle, that rather than want idle matter to prate of, they will invent News, and then falſly report it; and ſuch are accounted Wits that can make the moſt probable Lyes, which they call *Gulling*.

Have not Men alſo more fooliſh Quarrels than VVomen have? Are not Men more apt to take ex-

ceptions at each other, than Women are? Will not Men diſſemble, lye, and flatter with each other, more than Women do? Will not Men rail and back-bite each other, more than VVomen will? Are not Men more ſpightful, envious, and malicious at each other, than VVomen? VVill not Men imitate each other's fantaſtical Garb, Dreſs, and the like, more than VVomen? VVill not Men ride from place to place, to no purpoſe, more than Women? And do not Men take more delight in idle paſtimes, and fooliſh ſports, than VVomen? And in all this time of their Viſiting, Club, Goſſipping, News-travelling, News-venting, News-making, Vain-ſpending, Mode-faſhioning, Fooliſh-quarrelling, and Unprofitable-journeying, what advantage do they bring to the Commonwealth, or honour to their Poſterity, or profit to themſelves? None at all; but they are like Flyes bred out of a Dunghill, buzzing idly about, and then dye: when VVomen are like induſtrious Ants, and prudent Bees, always employed to the benefit of their Families. Therefore unleſs I can have a Husband that is ſo wiſe that he can entertain himſelf with his own thoughts, to dwell quietly in his own Houſe, governing prudently his own Family; alſo, to behave himſelf civilly, to ſpeak rationally, to accoutre himſelf manfully, to defend himſelf, and maintain his Honour valiantly; to do nobly, to judg charitably,

tably, to live honeſtly, to temper his Appetites, rule his Paſſions, and be very induſtrious; I will never marry: for it is not only a Good Husband, but a VViſe Man, that makes a VVoman happy in Marriage.

Of Three TRAVELLERS.

THERE were three Travellers that enquired of each other about their Travels; and after they had recounted their tedious Journeys, dangerous Paſſages, and their many Inconveniences; they diſcourſed of the Climates of each Countrey they had been in, their Scituations, Commodities, Trade, and Traffick; the Cuſtoms, Faſhions, and Humours of the People, the Laws and Government of their Princes, the Peace and VVarrs of Neighbour-Nations; at laſt they became to queſtion one another, VVho had ſeen the greateſt VVonders in their Travels?

Said one, I have ſeen the greateſt VVonder: for I have ſeen a Mean Man become an Emperor.

Piſh, ſaid the Second, that is nothing; for I have ſeen a Mean Fellow, without Merit, a Powerful Emperor's Boſome-Friend, and Chief Ruler: for, though the Power of Fortune can enthrone Slaves, and unthrone Kings; yet Fortune hath no

Power over the Souls of Kings: for, although Fortune hath Power over the Body, ſhe hath none over the Mind.

VVhy, ſaid the third, that is no more VVonder for Nature to put a Subject's Soul (fill'd with mean Thoughts) into an Emperor's Body, than for Fortune to ſet an Emperor's Crown on a Slave's Head. But I can tell you, ſaid he, a VVonder indeed, which is, That where I travelled, there was an Emperor, the wiſeſt Man in the world.

That is no wonder, anſwered the other; for all great Monarchs and Emperors ought to be the wiſeſt, becauſe they rule all others.

But though they ought to be ſo, ſaid the other, yet they are not always ſo: for, were not many of the *Roman* Emperors called, The Fooliſh Emperors? And when there are ſo few wiſe Men in the world, that there is ſcarce a wiſe Man to be found in an Age, it is a VVonder when VViſdom lights in the right Line, I mean in a Royal Line.

No, anſwered the Third, it is no *W*onder; for the Gods take a particular care to endue a Royal Head with Underſtanding, and a Royal Heart with Juſtice: for, Hereditary Royalty is Sacred, ſince the Gods annoint thoſe Lines to that Dignity.

But thoſe that have not a Right by Inheritance, the Gods take no care of; nay, many times the Gods puniſh with Plagues, and other Miſeries, thoſe

thoſe People that make a King of their own chuſing, and juſtly; ſince Kings are God's Vicegerents, or Deputies on Earth: for, as the Gods are chief in Heaven, and rule the Works of Nature as they will; ſo Kings are chief on Earth, and rule the reſt of Mankind as they pleaſe.

But, ſaid the other, If they rule not well, they are to give an account.

Yes, anſwered the other; but not unto thoſe Men they rule, but to the Gods that placed them in their Thrones.

The Loving-Cuckold.

THERE was a Gentleman that had married a Wife, Beautiful, Modeſt, Chaſt, and of a mild and ſweet Diſpoſition; and after he had been married ſome time, he began to neglect her, and make Courtſhip to other Women: which ſhe perceiving, grew very melancholy; and ſitting one day very penſive alone, in comes one of her Husband's Acquaintance to ſee him, whom this Lady told, Her Husband was abroad.

He ſaid, I have been to viſit him many times, and ſtill he is gone abroad.

She ſaid, My Husband finds better Company abroad than he hath at home, or at leaſt thinks ſo, which makes him go ſo often forth.

So he, diſcourſing with the Lady, told her, He thought ſhe was of a very melancholy Diſpoſition.

She ſaid, She was not naturally ſo, but what her Misfortunes cauſed.

He ſaid, Can Fortune be cruel to a Beautiful Lady?

'Tis a ſign, ſaid ſhe, I am not Beautiful, that ſhe would match me to an unkind Husband.

He ſaid, To my thinking it is as impoſſible for your Husband to be unkind, as for Fortune to be cruel.

She ſaid, You ſhall be Judg whether he be not ſo: for firſt, ſaid ſhe, I have been an Obedient Wife, obſerved his Humours, and obeyed his will in every thing. Next, I have been a Thrifty, Cleanly, Patient, and Chaſt Wife. Thirdly, I brought him a great Portion. And laſtly, My Neighbours ſay, I am handſome; and yet my Husband doth neglect me, and deſpiſe me, making Courtſhips to other Women, and ſometimes (to vex me the more) before my Face.

He ſaid, Your Husband is not worthy of you: therefore, if I may adviſe you, I would caſt aſide the affection I had placed upon him, and beſtow it upon a Perſon that will worſhip you with an Idolatrous Zeal; and if you pleaſe to beſtow it on me, I will offer my Heart on the Altar of your Favours,

vours, and ſacrifice my Services thereupon; and my Love ſhall be as the *Veſtal* Fire, that never goeth out, but perpetually burns with a Religious Flame.

Thus ſpeaking and pleading, he made Courtſhip to her; which ſhe at firſt did not receive: But he having opportunity, by reaſon her Husband was much from home, and uſing importunity, at laſt corrupted her; and ſhe, making a Friendſhip with this Gentleman, began to neglect her Husband as much as he had done her: which he perceiving, began to pull in the Bridle of his looſe carriage; and finding that his Acquaintant was her Courtly Admirer, he began to woo her a-new to gain her from him; but it would not be: for ſhe became from a Meek, Modeſt, Obedient, and Thrifty Wife, to be a Ranting, Flanting, Bold, and Imperious one.

But her *H*usband grew ſo fond of her, that he ſought all the ways he could to pleaſe her; and was the moſt obſervant Creature to her, that might be; ſtriving to pleaſe her in all things or ways he could deviſe; inſomuch, as obſerving ſhe was never pleaſed but when ſhe had Gallants to court her, he would invite Gentlemen to his houſe, and make Entertainments for them; and thoſe ſhe ſeemed moſt to favour, he would make his dear Friends; and would often be abſent, to give them opportunities to be with his Wife alone; hoping to get a favou-

rable Look, or a Kiſs, for his good ſervices, which ſhe would craftily give him to encourage him.

But the other Gentleman that made the firſt addreſſes to her, being a Married-man, his Wife hearing her *Husband* was ſo great a Lover of that Lady, and that that Lady's *Husband* was reformed from his incontinent life, and was become a doting fond *Wittal*, loving and admiring her for being courted and made love to; eſteeming that moſt, which others ſeemed to like beſt; ſhe began to imitate her: which her *Husband* perceiving, gave her warning not to do ſo; which ſhe would not take, but entertained thoſe that would addreſs themſelves to her: Whereupon her *Husband* threatned her; but ſhe was at laſt ſo delighted with variety, that ſhe regarded not his Threats: whereupon he uſed her cruelly; but nothing would reclaim her; only ſhe would make more ſecret meetings, wherewith ſhe was the better pleaſed; for ſecret meetings, as I have heard, give an edg to Adultery; and it is the nature of Mankind to be moſt delighted with that which is moſt unlawful. But her *Husband*, finding no reformation could be made, he parted with her, becauſe he thought it a greater diſhonour to be a *Wittal* than a *Cuckold*, although he was very much troubled to be either: for, though he was willing to make a *Cuckold*, yet he was not willing to be one himſelf. Thus you may ſee the different natures of Men.

The

The Converts *in* Marriage.

THERE were four young Gentlewomen, whoſe Fathers were near Neighbours; whereupon there grew an Acquaintance, and ſo a Society between them.

The firſt was Reſerved and Coy.

The ſecond was Bold and Ranting.

The third was Merry and Gay.

The fourth was Peeviſh and Spightful.

She that was Reſerved and Coy, was Generous and Ambitious.

She that was Bold and Ranting, was Covetous and Wanton.

She that was Merry and Gay, was Vain and Fantaſtical.

She that was Peeviſh and Spightful, was Croſs and Unconſtant.

It chanced that the four Fathers (by reaſon they had good Eſtates) were offered four Husbands for their four Daughters, all at one time.

The Husband that was to marry the firſt Lady, was Covetous, Miſerable, and Timorous; as all Miſerable, Covetous Perſons, for the moſt part, are: but being very Rich, the Father to this Lady forced her to marry him.

He that was to marry the ſecond Lady, was Temperate, Prudent, and Chaſt.

He that was to marry the third Lady, was Melancholy, Solitary, and Studious.

And he that was to marry the fourth Lady, was Cholerick and Impatient.

After they had been married ſome time, the Covetous and Timorous man became Hoſpitable, Bountiful, Valiant, and Aſpiring; doing High and Noble Deeds.

And ſhe that was Bold and Wanton, became Chaſt, Sober, and Obedient.

He that was Melancholy, became Sociable, Converſable, and Pleaſant; and ſhe, Thrifty and Staid.

But he that was Cholerick and Impatient, who married her that was Peeviſh and Spightful, they live like Dogs and Cats, ſpit, ſcrawl, ſcratch, and bite; inſomuch as they were forced to part: for, being both faulty, they could not live happily, becauſe they could never agree: for Errors and Faults multiply, being joined together.

AGE's FOLLY.

THERE was a Man and his Wife that had been married many years together; and had agreed and lived happily, loving each other wondrous well: but at laſt, after they were ſtricken in years, the Husband was catch'd with a crafty young Wench, (like a Woodcock in a Nooſe or Net) wherein he was entangled in Love's Fetters; and though he fluttred and fluttred to get looſe, yet ſhe kept him faſt; not that ſhe loved Age, but Wealth: for Amorous Age is prodigal, and though more ſelf-conceited than thoſe that are young, or in their prime of years, yet are eaſily catched; which is ſtrange: for, moſt commonly, thoſe that are ſelf-conceited, are proud, diſdainful, deſpiſing, thinking few or none worthy of their love. But Amorous Age, although they are ſelf-conceited, take a pride, and brag, that they can have a Love as well as thoſe that are Young; which makes each ſmile and every amorous glance from youthful eyes, to be ſnares, or rather baits, which Age doth nibble at.

But his Wife obſerving her Husband to prank and prune, to jet and ſet himſelf in ſeveral poſtures, to be extravagant in his actions, fantaſtical in his dreſs, looſe in his diſcourſe; wondred to ſee him on a ſudden transformed from a Sober, Grave, Staid,

Wiſe Man, to a Jack an-apes: At laſt concluded with her ſelf, That for certain he was mad; with which opinion ſhe became wondrous melancholy. But, by chance, finding him making amorous addreſſes to a young Woman, ſhe then perceived the Cauſe was Love, and nothing but Love; I mean Amorous Love, that powerful Amorous Love, which blindfolds long and wiſe Experience, with a foul, falſe appetite; making not only Young, but Old Men Fools.

His Wife, like a diſcreet Woman, moderated her Paſſion for a while, hoping it was but a ſudden flaſh, or faint blaſt, that would ſoon dye. But when ſhe perceived his Amorous Humour not to quench, but rather to burn, though ſmutheredly, and no perſwaſions could reform him, but rather make him worſe, as Cordials in hot Fevers; ſhe parted from him, after that they had been, and as ſhe thought, happily married many years; and ſo reſigned that part of the Command and Government of his Family that was left her; for the Maid had encroach'd by her Maſter's favour, and had ingroſs'd the chiefeſt Power of Rule in the Houſhold-affairs, as well as in the Affection of the Heart.

Thus his Wife left him, and his Dotage; but Death in a ſhort time did come and revenge her Quarrel; and that Tinder-fire *Cupid* had made, Death put out.

By

By this we ſee, there is no Certainty of Conſtancy, nor no Cure in Time, nor no Settlement in Life.

The Three WOOERS.

THERE were three Knights went a wooing:

A Covetous Knight.

An Amorous Knight: and

A Judicious Knight.

The Covetous Knight ſought a Rich Wife, not caring for her Birth, Breeding, or Beauty.

The Amorous ſought for a Beautiful Wife, not caring for her Wealth or Birth.

The Judicious ſought for a Wife Virtuous, well bred, and honourably born, not caring for the Wealth or Beauty.

And having all three good Eſtates, every Man that had Daughters, invited and feaſted them.

So they went to viſit all Noble, Hoſpitable Houſe-keepers, ſuch as Gentlemen are, and Honourable Perſons, that live in the Countrey.

The Amorous Knight made love to all thoſe Ladies and Gentlewomen that were Handſome; but as ſoon as he was to treat with their Parents or Friends about Marriage, or to appoint a Wedding-day, he would find ſome excuſe or other to break off.

The Covetous Knight would be ſo far from Wooing, that he would not ſpeak to any of the young Ladies, nor look on them often, for fear they ſhould claim Marriage; but he ſtill would treat with their Parents or Friends, to know what Portions they had, or what Eſtates were likely to befall them by the death of their Friends.

The Judicious Knight would neither woo the Ladies, nor treat with their Parents or Friends, but diſcourſed with them civilly, obſerving ſtrictly what Capacities, Wits, and Behaviours, the Women had; alſo employing Agents ſecretly to enquire of their Servants, Neighbours, and Acquaintance, of what Natures, Diſpoſitions, and Humours, they were; not truſting to their ſober outſides, and formalities they uſe to Strangers.

After they had viſited all Noble Entertainers, they went to the City.

For, ſaid the Covetous Knight, I will not chuſe a Wife in theſe Families; for theſe Daughters, Siſters, and Neeces, are too prodigally bred to make Thrifty Wives. So they went to viſit the City.

But the Amorous Knight ſaid, He would not chuſe a Wife out of the City; becauſe (ſaid he) I ſhall never love my Wife but on Holy-days, or Sundays; for they then appear indifferent Handſom, when they have their beſt Clothes; but on VVorking-days they ſmell of the Shop, and appear

pear like their Father's faded, mouldy, withered VVares. Beſides, ſaid he, they diſcourſing to none but their Journey-men and 'Prentice-boys, cannot tell how to entertain a Gentleman, or a Lover, with Romancical Speeches, or pieces of Plays, or Copies of Verſes, or the like.

The Covetous Knight ſaid, You condemn that I ſhall commend, and diſlike that which I ſhall like, and love that which I ſhall hate: for I hate whining-Love; and I ſhall be unwilling to marry a Woman (although ſhe ſhould bring me a great Portion) that would be reading Romances, and the like; and be entertaining with repeating Verſes, and ſinging Love-Sonnets, when ſhe ſhould be looking to my Servants, ordering my Family, and giving directions: Or ſuch a one that would be half the day dreſs'd ſo fine, ſhe cannot ſtir about her Houſe, or will not, for fear of dirtying or crumpling her Clothes; beſides the infinite Expence their Bravery will put me to. But when they dreſs fine but on Sundays and Holy-days, (I mean, only at ſuch Good-times as *Chriſtmas*, *Eaſter*, *Whitſuntide*, or ſo) a Silk-Gown will laſt ſome Seven years. He is a good Husband that will or can love his Wife ſometimes, as on Holy-days; although I ſhall love my VVife beſt thoſe days ſhe is moſt in her Huſwifry (which is, in her Sluttery), and not on Holy-days, when ſhe is in her Bravery. But he that loves

his Wife every day, and at all times, is Luxurious, and ought to be baniſhed a Commonwealth: for, Fond Husbands make Proud, Vain, Idle, and Expenſive Wives, who ſpoil Servants, kill Induſtry and all good Huſwifry, which is the ruin to Noble and Ancient Families.

But after they had traverſed the City, they went to the Court.

And when the Covetous Man ſaw the Bravery of the Court, he would by any means be gone from thence. The other two asked him the reaſon: He ſaid, He was afraid that they would cheat him, or bring ſome falſe Witneſs to accuſe him of Treaſon, to get his Eſtate; or at leaſt to bring him into ſome Court of Juſtice, to get a Fine: for, ſaid he, I verily believe they have no Money, having no Lands but what they get by ſuch ſhifting, ſharking, flattery, bribery, betraying, and accuſing: for, ſaid he, poor Courtiers are like ſtarved Priſoners, devour all they can get, and ſometimes they devour one another. But the Amorous Knight was raviſhed with the gliſtering Shews; and was more enamoured with the gay Clothes, than with the fair Ladies; and did long to embrace their Silver-Lace; which made him uſe all his Rhetorick to the Covetous Knight, to ſtay.

As for the Judicious Knight, he was neither moved with fear, as the Covetous; nor ſtruck with admiration,

admiration, as the Amorous Knight; ſaid little, but obſerved much; and was willing to go or ſtay, as the others could agree.

But when the Covetous Knight heard them to talk of nothing but Faſhions, Gowns, Gorgets, Fanns, Feathers, and Love-Servants, he fell into a Cold-ſweat, for fear he ſhould be forced by the King and Queen to marry one of thoſe Maids of Honour. And when he heard them talk of Love, Juſtice, and juſtifying loving-Friendſhips, he was forced to go out of the room, or otherwiſe he ſhould have ſwooned with an *Apoplexy*, or *Lethargie*, or the like ſudden Diſeaſe: for he did imagine himſelf married to one of them, and all his Eſtate ſpent, and he only left with a pair of Horns; and, like a Horned-Beaſt, in the wild Foreſt of Poverty.

But theſe ſorts of Diſcourſe did enſlave the Amorous Knight, binding him in Love's Fetters, inſomuch as he became a Servant to them all: but then finding it was impoſſible to pleaſe them all, he only applied, and at laſt yeelded himſelf to one; to whom, after a ſhort time, he was married.

The Covetous Knight, being afraid of being forced to marry a Courtier, took a Wife out of the City.

The Judicious Knight, ſeeing his Wooing-Travellers married, thought it would ſhew an uncon-

ſtant Humour not to marry, ſince he travelled about with them to get a Wife; or elſe it would ſeem as if he thought no Woman Virtuous, or at leaſt Diſcreet. So he went to a Noble Gentleman, who had a fair, well-bred, virtuous Lady to his Daughter, although but a ſmall Portion; and having the Father's conſent, and the Lady's affection, at leaſt her good-will, married.

When theſe three Knights were married, each carried his Wife to his Dwelling-Houſe.

Where the Covetous Knight did ſpare from his Back and Belly, riſe early, and go to bed late; yet his Wife and Servants did agree, at leaſt did wink at each other, to cozen him: let him do what he could to ſpare, they outwitted him with craft, to get.

The Amorous Knight, when he had lived at home a little while to himſelf, and his Wive's gay Clothes were faded, and ſhe appeared in her natural Complexion, and became like her Neighbours, he courted others, and deſpiſed his Wife; then ſhe ſtrives to ſpruce up, and to get others to court her, which Courtſhips did cauſe Expences, in Dancing, Meetings, Revelling, and Feaſting.

The Judicious Knight and his Lady, lived happily, loved dearly, governed orderly, thrived moderately, and became very rich, when the other two were Bankrupts; the one being cozen'd by his Wife

and

and Servants (he not allowing them ſufficiently); the other being impoveriſhed with Miſtreſſes and Vanities.

Ambition *preferr'd before* Love.

THERE was a Noble Gallant Man, made love to a Virtuous Fair Lady; and after he had expreſs'd his affection, and deſired a return, and ſo agree to marry; ſhe told him, If ſhe would marry, and had her liberty to chuſe a Husband through all the VVorld, it ſhould be him: for, ſaid ſhe, the fame of your Worth, and praiſe of your Merits, hath planted a Root of Affection in my Infant-years, which hath grown up with time: but, ſaid ſhe, there was another Root alſo planted therein by Encouragement, which is Ambition; which Ambition, ſays ſhe, hath out-grown that; ſo that the Tree of Love is like an Oak to a Cedar; for though it may be more laſting, yet it will never be ſo high. On this high Tree of Ambition, ſaid ſhe, my Life is induſtrious to climb to Fame's high Tower, for the top reaches to it; which, if I marry, I ſhall never do.

Why, ſaid her Lover, Marriage can be no hindrance.

O, yes, ſaid the Lady; Husbands will never ſuffer their VVives to climb, but keep them faſt

lock'd in their Arms, or tye them to Houſhold-Employments; or, through a fooliſh-obſtinacy, barr up their Liberty: but did they not only give them Liberty, but aſſiſt them all they could; yet the unavoidable Troubles of Marriage would be like great ſtorms, which would ſhake them off, or throw them down, before they had climbed half the way: VVherefore, ſaid ſhe, I will never marry, unleſs you can aſſure me that Marriage ſhall not hinder my climbing, nor cauſe me to fall.

Her Lover ſaid, I will give you all the aſſurance I can: but, ſaid he, You cannot be ignorant, but know, That Fortune, Fates, and Deſtiny, have power in the ways to Fame, as much as in the ways to Death; and Fates, ſaid he, do ſpin the Thread of Fame as unevenly, as they do Threads of Life.

Yes, ſaid ſhe; but there is a Deſtiny belongs to Induſtry; and Prudence is a good Decree in Nature: VVherefore, ſaid ſhe, I will be ſo prudent, as not to marry; and ſo induſtrious, that all the actions of my life, and ſtudious contemplations, ſhall be buſily employed to my Ambitious Deſigns: for I will omit nothing towards the life of my Memory.

The Matrimonial Agreement.

A Handſome young Man fell in love with a fair young Lady; inſomuch that if he had her not, he was reſolved to dye; for live without her, he could not. So wooing her long, at laſt, although ſhe had no great nor good opinion of a married life, being afraid to enter into ſo ſtrict bonds, obſerving the diſcords therein that trouble a married life, being raiſed by a diſagreement of Humours, and jealouſie of Rivals. But conſidering withall, that Marriage gave a reſpect to Women, although Beauty were gone; and ſeeing the Man perſonable, and knowing him to have a good Fortune, which would help to counterpoiſe the Inconveniences and Troubles that go along with Marriage, ſhe was reſolved to conſent to his requeſt.

The Gentleman coming as he uſed to do, and perſwading her to chuſe him for her Husband, ſhe told him ſhe would; but, that ſhe found her ſelf of that Humour, that ſhe could not endure a Rival in Wedlock; and the fear of having one, would cauſe Jealouſie, which would make her very unhappy; and the more, becauſe ſhe muſt be bound to live with her Enemy (for ſo ſhe ſhould account of her Husband, when he had broken his Faith and Promiſe to her).

He ſmiling, told her, She need not fear; and that Death was not more certain to Man, than he would be conſtant to her; ſealing it with many Oaths and ſolemn Proteſtations; nay, ſaid he, When I am falſe, I wiſh you may be ſo, which is the worſt of Ills.

She told him, Words would not ſerve her turn; but, that he ſhould be bound in a Bond, That not only whenſoever ſhe could give a proof, but when ſhe had cauſe of ſuſpition, ſhe might depart from him; with ſuch an allowance out of his Eſtate, as ſhe thought fit to maintain her.

He told her, He was ſo confident, and knew himſelf ſo well, that he would unmaſter himſelf of all his Eſtate, and make her only Miſtris.

She anſwered, A part ſhould ſerve her turn. So the Agreement was made and ſealed; they married, and lived together as if they had but one ſoul: for, whatſoever the one did, or ſaid, the other diſliked not; nor had they reaſon: for their ſtudy was only to pleaſe each other.

After two years, the Wife had a great Fit of Sickneſs, which made her pale and wan, and not ſo full of lively ſpirits as ſhe was wont to be; but yet as kind and loving to her Husband, as ſhe was afore: and her Husband, at her firſt ſickneſs, wept, watched, and tormented himſelf beyond all meaſure; but the continuance made him ſo dull and heavy, that

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he could take no delight in himſelf, nor in any thing elſe.

His occaſions calling him abroad, he found himſelf ſo refreſhed, that his ſpirits revived again; but returning home, and finding not that mirth in the ſick, as was in the healthy Wife, it grew wearieſome to him; inſomuch that he always would have occaſions to be abroad, and thought Home his only Priſon. His Wife, mourning for his abſence, complained to him at his return, and ſaid, ſhe was not only unhappy for her Sickneſs, but miſerable, in that his occaſions were more urgent to call him from her, when ſhe had moſt need of his company to comfort her in the loſs of her Health, than in all the time they had been married: And therefore, pray Husband, ſaid ſhe, what is this unfortunate buſineſs that employs you ſo much, and makes me ſee you ſo ſeldom? He told her, The Worldly Affairs of Men, Women did not underſtand; and therefore it were a folly to recite them: beſides, ſaid he, I am ſo weary in following them, that I hate to repeat them. She, like a good Wife, ſubmitted to her Husband's Affairs, and was content to ſit without him.

The Husband returning home one day from jolly Company, whoſe Diſcourſe had been merry and wanton, he met with his Wife's Maid at the door, and ask'd her how her Miſtris did; ſhe ſaid, Not

very well: Thou lookeſt well, ſaid he, and chucks her under the chin. She, proud of her Maſter's kindneſs, ſmerks and ſmiles upon him; inſomuch, that the next time he met her, he kiſs'd her. Now ſhe begins to deſpiſe her Miſtris, and only admires her ſelf, and is always the firſt Perſon or Servant that opens the door to her Maſter; and, through the dilgence of the Maid, the Maſter's great Affairs abroad were ended; and his only employment and buſie care is now ſo much at home, that whenſoever he was abroad, he was in ſuch haſt, that he could ſcarce ſalute any body by the way; and when his Friends ſpake to him, his Head was ſo full of thoughts, that he would anſwer quite from the queſtion; inſomuch that he was thought one of the beſt and carefulleſt Husbands in the World.

In the mean time his VVife grew well, and his Maid grew pert and bold towards her Miſtris; and the Miſtreſs, wondering at it, began to obſerve more ſtrictly, what made her ſo: for ſhe perceived the Wench came oftner than accuſtomed where her Husband and ſhe were; and found alſo, that her Husband had always ſome excuſe to turn his head and eyes to that place where ſhe was; and that whenſoever the VVench came where they were, he would alter his Diſcourſe, talking extravagantly.

VVhereupon, not liking it, ſhe examined her Husband, VVhether his Affections were as ſtrong

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to her as ever they were: He anſwered, He was the perfecteſt good Husband in the World, and ſo he ſhould be until he dyed.

It chanc'd he was employed by the State into another Countrey; where, at the parting, his Wife and he lamented moſt ſadly, and many tears were ſhed. But when he was abroad (being in much Company who took their liberty, and had many Miſtreſſes), he then conſidered with himſelf, he was a moſt miſerable Man that muſt be bound only to one; but withall, did conſider what Promiſes he made his Wife, and what Advantages ſhe had on him in his Eſtate; which kept him in good order for a time.

But at laſt he was perſwaded by his Companions to fling off all Care, and take his pleaſure whilſt he might: for, ſaid they, What do our Wives know what we do? Beſides, ſaid they, Wives are only to keep our Houſe, to bring us Children, not to give us Laws. Thus preaching to him, he at laſt followed their Doctrine, and improved it ſo well, that he became the greateſt Libertine of them all; like a Horſe that having broken his Reins, (when he finds himſelf looſe) skips over Hedges, Ditches, Pales, or whatſoever is in his way; and runs wildly about, until he hath wearied himſelf.

But his Wife having ſome Intelligence (as moſt commonly they want none), or may be out of pure

love, comes to ſee him: He receives her with the greateſt joy, and makes the moſt of her in the World, carrying her to ſee all the Countrey and Towns thereabouts, and all the Varieties, Curioſities, and Sights, that were to be ſeen. But when ſhe had been there a Month, or ſuch a time, he tells her how dangerous it is to leave his Houſe to Servants who are negligent, and his Eſtate to be entruſted he knows not to whom; ſo that there is no way but to return both for his and her good, eſpecially if they had Children; although, ſaid he, I had rather part with my life, than be abſent from you; but Neceſſity hath no Law. So ſhe, good Woman, goeth home to care and ſpare, whilſt he ſpends; for in the mean time he follows his Humours: and Cuſtom making Confidence, and Confidence Careleſneſs, begins to be leſs ſhie, and more free; inſomuch as when he returned home, his Maid, whom he did but eye, and friendly kiſs, now he courts in every Room; and were it not for his having his Eſtate made over, even before his Wive's face; but that made him fawn and flatter, and ſomewhat for quietneſs ſake.

But his Wife, one day being in his Cloſet, by chance opened a Cabinet, wherein ſhe found a Letter from a Miſtris of his; whereat ſhe was much amazed: and being ſtartled at it, at laſt calling her ſelf to her ſelf again, ſhewed it to her Husband; he fain

fain would have excuſed it, but that the plainneſs of truth would not give him leave: whereupon he craved pardon, promiſing amendment, and ſwearing he never would do ſo again.

No, ſaid ſhe, I never will truſt a broken Wheel: Do you know what is in my Power, ſaid ſhe?

Yes, ſaid he, a great part of my Eſtate.

O how I adore Dame Nature, ſaid ſhe, that gave me thoſe two Eyes, Prudence to foreſee, and Providence to provide: but I have not only your Eſtate, but your Honour and Fame in my Power; ſo that, if I pleaſe, all that ſee you, ſhall hiſs at you, and contemn whatſoever you do.

For, if you had the Beauty of *Paris*, they would ſay, You were but a Fair Cuckold.

If you had the Courage of *Hector*, they would ſay, You were but a Deſperate Cuckold.

Had you the Wiſdom of *Ulyſſes*, or *Solomon*, they would laugh, and ſay, There goes he that is not yet ſo Wiſe as to keep his Wife Honeſt.

If you had the Tongue of *Tully*, and made as Eloquent Orations, they would ſay, There is the Prating Cuckold.

If you were as fine a Poet as *Virgil*, or as ſweet as *Ovid*, yet they would laugh, and ſcorn, and ſay, He makes Verſes, whilſt his Wife makes him a Cuckold.

Now Jealouſie and Rage are her two Bawds to

corrupt her Chaſtity; the one perſwading her to be revenged, to ſhew her Husband ſhe could take delight, and have Lovers, as well as he. This makes her Curl, Paint, Prune, Dreſs, make Feaſts, Plays, Balls, Maſques, and have Merry-meetings abroad: whereupon ſhe began to find as much pleaſure as her Husband, in Variety; and now begins to flatter him, and to diſſemble with him, that ſhe may play the Whore more privately, finding a delight in obſcurity, thinking that moſt ſweet which is ſtoln: ſo they play, like Children, at Bo-peep in Adultery, and face it out with fair looks, and ſmooth it over with ſweet words, and live with falſe hearts, and dye with large conſciences. But theſe, repenting when they dyed, made a fair end.

Of Two Ladies different Humours.

THERE were two young Ladies bred together; the one proved a *Stoick*, living a retired life; the other proved a *Goſſip*, her Head being full of vain Deſigns, her Tongue full of idle Diſcourſes, her Body buſily-reſtleſs, running from place to place, ſpending her life in fruitleſs Viſits, and expenſive Entertainments; gleaning up all the News of the Town; and when ſhe had gathered up a Bundle, or Sheaf, of this unprofitable Grain, her Cuſtom was to come and threſh it out with the Flail of her

her Tongue, at the Door of the other Lady's Ears; which ſhe, although with great inconvenience, ſuffered, by reaſon of their long acquaintance, which many times breeds a kind of friendſhip, although between different Humours, Natures, and Diſpoſitions: for Cuſtom of Acquaintance begets ſome ſmall affections even in the moſt obdurate hearts.

But this *Stoical* Lady did comply ſo much with her Friend's humour, as to give her the hearing, although ſhe would often adviſe and perſwade her to that courſe of life ſhe lived; which courſe of life the other Lady would often diſlike, and ſpeak againſt, ſaying, That Solitarineſs was a Grave that buried the Life; and, that a Contemplatory Mind was a Tomb, wherein lay nothing but inſipid Thoughts.

The other Lady ſaid, That Solitarineſs was a Paradice of true Happineſs; and, that Contemplation was a Heaven of Fruition: for in Imagination (ſaid ſhe) we enjoy all things with eaſe, and as we will; whereas iu Action we find great diſturbance and oppoſition; are croſs'd in every thing, and enjoy nothing. At laſt the Lady *Goſſip* married, whereat the *Stoick*-Lady rejoiced, imagining her Friend would become grave and ſtaid, and that her thoughts would be more compoſed and ſetled to a retired life, being married, than when ſhe was a Maid, by reaſon married Wives have more em-

ployment than Maids, in ordering their Families, directing and over-ſeeing their Servants, nurſing their Children, and the like.

But after ſhe had been married ſome time, ſhe came with her Eyes full of Tears, and her Mouth full of Complaints, one while for the Debaucheries of her Husband, and other times for the Careleſneſs and Cozenage of her Servants.

Other times ſhe would come in a cholerick humour, with railing-ſpeeches, telling her Friend what quarrels ſhe hath had with ſuch a Lady, and ſuch a Neighbour, and what abuſes ſhe had received: Which the *Stoick* Lady would endeavour to pacifie, and perſwade her to patience, as much as ſhe could. But at laſt the *Stoick*-Lady married to a Gallant Heroick Man.

But ſoon after, a Civil-Warr broke out; where theſe two Ladies Husbands being for the Emperor, after great Dangers, and many Wounds got in their Royal Maſter's Service, with the loſs of their Eſtates, and baniſhment of their Perſons, they were forced to wander into other Nations, to live with Strangers upon cold Charity; and theſe two Ladies were forced alſo to take up their Croſſes, and travel with their Husbands; wherein the *Stoick* Lady did bear her part patiently.

The other Lady was impatient with her Misfortunes, which made her quarrel with every thing, even

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vvith her ſelf; and yet ſometimes vvould take delight with the leaſt hopes of a repair, and would lend a credulous ear to every hopeful report, although never ſo improbable.

But the *Stoick*-Lady, as ſhe bare her Misfortunes patiently, ſo ſhe lived quietly, making her Neceſſities a School of Wiſdom, where Truth taught, and Judgment corrected; wherein ſhe learned neither to be credulous, nor obſtinate; not to believe every report, nor to reject all reports; but ſetled her ſelf, if good came, ſo; if not, ſhe knew how to ſuffer without repining at that which could not be avoided nor amended.

But one day the Lady-*Goſſip* came to the *Stoick*-Lady with a pleaſed humour, and merry countenance, and told her, That her Husband had been with the Emperor, and that the Emperor uſed him very kindly, and had ſpoke to him very affectionately.

The other Lady ſaid, That Princes would do ſo to them that had deſerved no favour.

Nay, ſaid the Lady-*Goſſip*, he told my Husband, That when he hath his Power, he would reward his Service.

O, ſaid the other Lady, Princes forget to Reward when they have Power, although they never forget to promiſe Rewards when they have none.

Nay, ſaid the Lady-*Goſſip*, the Emperor's Favourite ſaid, The Emperor had a great eſteem of my Husband; and that he takes an occaſion in all his diſcourſe to commend my Husband, and to expreſs his Love and Kindneſs to him.

The *Stoick* Lady ſaid, That was but a petty Favourite's Policy, to keep off Envy from himſelf, and to feed half-ſtarved Sufferers: for it is not to your Husband only, who is a Gallant Man, and deſerves much; but to every one he ſays the like; even to Grooms, Trumpeters, Cooks, and Scullions, making no difference in Promiſes nor Commendations. The like they do in Letters; for one kind of ſtile ſerves for all Qualities and Degrees, which is as one Deed of Gift to ſeveral Friends, which in effect proves nothing; and though they think it is not perceived, yet it is as publick as a Proclamation, which begins, *May it be known to all People.*

But, ſaid ſhe, although this kind of Policy may deceive unpractiſed Men, and pleaſe young Men, and fooliſh Women, with vain hopes, cauſing them to build Caſtles in the Air: yet they that are wiſe and experienced, are not muffled nor blinded therewith, nor build any deſign thereon, by reaſon that Politick Foundation is rotten and weak; and that ſuch poor, ſmooth, ſmiling, diſſembling Policies, will ſooner pull down Monarchy, than defend it, much

much leſs ſet up one that hath been caſt down by Rebellion.

No, ſaid ſhe, Wiſe Men know, That the beſt Policy is True and Plain-dealing.

And, ſaid ſhe, let me fore-warn you, Not to feed upon Court-Promiſes, Smiles, Commendations, and Letters; for they will breed in you Vain Crudities, and fill you with Hydropſical Spleen, and Spightful Vapours, and hot Malicious Humours, which are apt to make Honeſt Men turn Knaves.

The Lady-*Goſſip* ſaid, If I thought my Huſband's great Loſſes and faithful Services ſhould not be rewarded, I ſhould hate the Favourite for playing the Politician with my Husband; and, for revenge, I would work up a Faction of Women againſt him; and ifaith, ſaid ſhe, they would not fail to pull him down.

Indeed, ſaid the *Stoick*-Lady, our Sex is prevalent and prompt in any Revengeful-Deſign; and thoſe in Authority might ſafer diſpleaſe Ten Men, than One Woman: for, though they can do no good (ſaid ſhe) in State-Affairs, yet we can do hurt.

Yes, ſaid the Lady-*Goſſip*, and ſo ſecretly, that Men ſhall not perceive it.

But, ſaid the *Stoick*-Lady, it is againſt the nature and temper of our Sex to do ſo.

No, ſaid the Lady-*Goſſip*, we were born to do it; and ſo went out in choler.

The Drunken Poets.

THERE were a Company of Men met at a Well called *Helicon*; which place of Society is the cauſe, many times, of good Fellowſhip; and drinking they take for their Paſtime. But here, at firſt, they drank ſoberly, and diſcourſed orderly; but at laſt they began to drink Healths, and ſo many, that they grew ſo drunk that they could not ſtand; and ſo drowſie, that they all fell aſleep. But, in their ſleep, this Drink did work ſuch effects, that when they waked, they became all Mad in Poetry; ſome Merry, ſome Melancholy, others Envious; ſome Amorous, ſome Divinely, Poetically Mad.

Thoſe that were Mad-merry, were *Lyrick* Poets, who did nothing but ſing Sonnets.

The Melancholy were *Tragedians*.

The Envious were *Satyriſts*, who deſcribe the World a Hell, and the Men therein Devils.

The Amorous run all into Blank-Verſes, putting them into ſuch Numbers as to raiſe the Voice to a paſſionate whining, folding their Arms, fixing their Eyes.

But a Grave Moral Philoſopher walking that way,

way, ſeeing a Company together, out of a Curioſity went to them. The firſt that he ſaw, was blind *Homer*, acting of *Paris*; who hearing one come towards him, imagined ſtraight it was a Woman, becauſe his deſire would have it ſo; and would have him act the part of *Helen*. The Philoſopher told him, He was not fit to make a Courtezan. Why, ſaid *Homer*, *Pythagoras* was one in his Tranſmigrations. Whereat the Philoſopher was very angry, and left him, and went to ſee who the reſt were.

The next he met, was *Virgil*, acting of *Æneas*; who as ſoon as ſaw the Philoſopher, would needs take him up for his Father *Anchiſes*. The Philoſopher deſired to be excuſed: for though (ſaid he) I am old enough to be thy Father, yet I love not the few remainder of my days ſo well, as to have them be a cauſe to burthen my Son; nor am I ſo uncharitable as he was to his Daughter-in-law, to expoſe her to danger, and ſo to be loſt, whilſt he rid lazily upon his Son's Shoulders.

The third Perſon he ſaw, was *Ovid*, transforming Gods, Men, and Beaſts. As ſoon as he ſaw the Philoſopher, he would needs have him *Europa*, and himſelf *Jupiter*; and lay tumbling upon the Graſs, feigning himſelf like a Bull, and would have him get upon him, as *Europa* did, and bid him lay hold upon his Horns. The Philoſopher ſaid, He thought them all Horn'd-mad, and ſo left him.

The fourth he met, was *Lucan*, deſcribing the Battel between *Cæſar* and *Pompey:* and when he ſaw the Philoſopher, he would have him ſtand for *Pompey*, whilſt he repreſented *Cæſar*, and ſo would have had them fight. But the Philoſopher told him, He was a Man of Peace, and not for War; my ſtudy, ſaid he, is, To conquer unſatiable Ambition, and not to fight and kill for Power and Authority by Uſurpation.

The fifth he met, was *Martial*; who was writing Epigrams, and would needs write one of the Philoſopher. But he prayed him to forbear: for, ſaid he, my ways are ſo dull and ſober, that they will not produce ſuch Fancies as muſt go to the making of Jeſting-Epigrams.

The ſixth he met, was *Horace*; who was deſcribing, in his Diſcourſe, a Countrey-Life; and would needs have the Philoſopher a Countrey-Laſs; he would have had him ſit down upon a Bank by him, that he might make love to him, by repeating of Amorous Poems. But after much ſtrugling, the Philoſopher got from him; and growing weary of their Company, left them to their vain Fantaſms, and Fantaſtical Humours.

LOVE's CURE.

THERE was a Man, Amorous by nature, and of a Courtly Behaviour, who made love to a young Lady, and ſhe returned him Affection for his kind Profeſſions: but after a while he forſook her, and made love to another; of whom he had alſo the good fortune to be beloved, as oft-times Amorous Men have, by reaſon they addreſs their Suits to Credulous Women, who are ſelf-conceited and opinionated, eaſily believe, and ſoon perſwade themſelves, That Men's Praiſes and Promiſes, Vows and Proteſtations, are real; and, that their Affections are unalterably fix'd, when they addreſs themſelves as Suitors and Servants. But this Gallant left her, as he did the other, and made love to a third: for it is the nature of Amorous Perſons to love variety, and ſeek for change, being ſoon weary of one and the ſame Object.

Whereupon theſe two forſaken-Ladies became very melancholy; and though they were Enemies whilſt he made love to either, yet now became dear Friends, ſince he made love to neither: and every day they would viſit one another, to condole and bewail their Misfortunate Loves.

But the ſecond forſaken-Lady having been ſome time in the Countrey, and returning thence, went to

viſit her Friend, with a Face clothed in a ſad Countenance, and veiled with dull Eyes; and ſeeing her Friend (who had wont to have as mourning a Face as ſhe) to have now a merry Countenance, a lively Behaviour, and a healthful Complexion; began to be jealous, thinking her unconſtant Lover had renewed his Love-ſuit to her: for Friendſhips made by Loſs, diſſolve, when either get what they before did loſe; and think they had a right to, or at leaſt a ſhare in it.

But, to be reſolved, ſhe asked her the reaſon ſhe ſeemed ſo well diſpoſed to be pleaſant; for when ſhe parted from her laſt, ſhe ſeemed to be like one newly raiſed from the dead; or like a Statue made of Stone, that had no Life nor Motion.

Truly, ſaid ſhe, my Mind is in ſuch peace, that my Thoughts take a harmleſs freedom to ſport and play, and it gives alſo my Body leave to nouriſh Life.

The ſecond Lady ſaid, Would my Mind could find the ſame tranquillity.

The firſt ſaid, Truly if your Mind be troubled ſtill, and finds no reſt, I pity you, by what I have felt my ſelf; for when my Mind was troubled, there was a Civil-Warr amongſt my Paſſions, ſuch Factions, Side-takings, and Diſputations, with Anger, Spight, Spleen, and Malice, againſt Love, Hope, and Jealouſie, that it cauſed many Tears

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to be ſhed, and Groans to be ſent forth.

But how came you to be cured, ſaid ſhe?

I tell you (anſwered ſhe); After a long Civil-Warr amongſt my Paſſions, my Body became almoſt waſted to skin and bone, for want of reſt and nouriſhment; for my Paſſions had devoured Sleep, and baniſhed Appetite, whereby my Mind began to be infected with a Feveriſh Diſtemper; which Reaſon perceiving, came to the reſcue, bringing an Army of Arguments, of which Underſtanding and Truth were chief Commanders; and after many Skirmiſhes, thoſe Paſſions being often foiled, and put to a rout, they grew weak, and ſo diſperſed ſeveral ways. But after theſe Warrs, a dark Melancholy cover'd my Mind like a Cloud, which eclipſed all the Light of Comfort, and made it murmur againſt the Gods Decree, and complain againſt Nature's Works, and curſe Fortune's Inſtability: at which, poor Virtue, whom Education had put to be my Governeſs, was very angry, and ſaid, The Gods had been too merciful, Nature too bountiful, and Fortune too favourable, unleſs I were more thankful. Yet ſhe commanded Patience and Charity (who were two of her Handmaids) to ſtand by me. But as my Mind was muſing, in came my grave and ſober Companions, the Sciences; and ſeeing me in that poſture, began to counſel me, perſwading me to follow their Studies: for,

ſaid they, nothing can compoſe and ſettle the Mind more than we do.

My Mind, bowing to them, gave them thanks for their advice: But as ſoon as they were gone, in came my Domeſtick Acquaintance, the Arts, who offered me all their Induſtry and Ingenuity, to do me ſervice. But I told them, I was paſt the cure of any Art: Whereupon they very ſorrowfully departed.

No ſooner were they gone, but in came my Playfellows, the Muſes; who ſeeing me ſit ſo dejected, began to ſport with me; one pulled me out to Dance; another would have me Sing; another repeated Love-Verſes; another deſcribed Battels and Warrs; another, like a Mimmick, imitated ſeveral Humours: and ſo every one endeavoured to pleaſe me in their turns. But the Tragedian Muſe ſaid, That ſhe liked my Humour very well; and, that I was the only fit Company for her. But my Moral Governeſs chid them away, and ſaid, She would order me better, than to ſuffer ſuch wanton Wenches, and idle Huſwives, to keep me Company; for they were able to ſpoil and corrupt a whole Nation with their wildneſs, and impoveriſh a Kingdom with their lazineſs: whereupon ſome went laughing away, but others went weeping. So after I had been ſome time chaſtiſed by Virtue, the Sciences returned in a Chariot which the Arts had made, being finely

finely carved, neatly cut, and lively painted, joined with curious Screws, and ſubtil Engines, and the Wheels Mathematically Compaſſed: Which Chariot was drawn by Six new, ſound, ſtrong, and well-breath'd Opinions, Harneſſed with Speculations, Shod with Diſputations, wherewith they often ſtumble upon the ridg of Ignorance, or plunge into holes of Nonſenſe. He that drove the Chariot, was Ambition; the Poſtillion, was Curioſity; the Sciences ſat in it, and Doubts and Hopes run by, as Lacquies; which Lacquies did bear me upon their Shoulders, and placed me in the midſt of the Chariot, the Sciences being round about me. Where I was no ſooner ſet, but Rhetorick preſented me with a Poſie of ſweet Eloquence, and the Mathematicks crown'd me with Truth. But they all, in their turns, encouraged me with Promiſes, That they would carry me to Fame's Palace, and there I ſhould remain.

No ſooner had Ambition given a Laſh, to make the Opinions run, but the Muſes came in another Chariot made by Contemplation, cut out of Imagination, lined with ſeveral-colour'd Fancies, embroidered with Rhymes, rowling upon the Wheels of Numbers, drawn by Diſtinguiſhings, whoſe Trappings were Similizing, Plumed with Delight, Shod with Pleaſure, which makes them run ſmooth, ſwift, and eaſie: He that did drive the Chariot,

was Judgment; and the Poſtillion, Wit.

But when the Muſes, who were therein, ſaw I was in the Chariot of the Sciences, they began to quarrel, and draw out their Satyrical Swords.

The Sciences, being more Grave and Temperate, received their Aſſaults very civilly, as coming from fair Ladies. But after ſome diſpute, they did agree to take turns to carry me to Fame's Palace. After I had travelled ſome time with the Sciences, I was received into the Chariot of the Muſes, where I was received with great joy, and crowned with a Wreath of Flame. And thus I am travelling with very wiſe and pleaſant Company, though as yet I have no ſight of the Palace; but howſoever, my Mind is ſo pleaſed with the Journey, ſo delighted with the Society, and ſo proud of the Favours and Gifts it receives from them every day, that it deſpiſes the Follies, and hates the Falſhood of Mankind, and ſcorns the Proffers of Fortune, not regarding the Vanities of the World.

Would you could bring me into that Society, ſaid the ſecond Lady.

The firſt anſwered, I will do my endeavour.

So, after a ſhort time, ſhe pleaded ſo earneſtly in her Friend's behalf, that ſhe was received into their Company, in their Chariots; where each Lady took their turns to ride in each Chariot, whereby the

the Muſes and Sciences were both pleaſed, having always one of them with each. And when at any time they reſted from travelling, the Sciences and Muſes made Paſtimes for thoſe two Ladies, like thoſe of the *Olympick*-Games; the Sciences found out new places to play in, and took the Height, the Longitude and Latitude of them.

Alſo, by the help of the Arts, they fortified and made them ſtrong, and built thereon; and the Muſes invented Maſques, made Plays, and the like: for the Sciences, Arts, and Muſes, were ſo proud, and did ſo glory that they had gotten two of the Feminine Sex, that they ſtrove with all their Induſtry to delight them, and to entertain them after the beſt manner.

The Propagating SOULS.

THERE was a handſom young Lord, and a young beautiful Lady, who did love one another ſo paſſionately and entirely, that their Affections could never be diſſolved: but their Parents not agreeing to it, would by no means be perſwaded to let them Marry, nor ſo much as to let them converſe like Strangers, ſetting Spyes to watch them.

But when they found they would meet, in deſpight of their Spies, they encloſed them up from

coming at each other: Whereat they grew ſo diſcontent and melancholy, that they both dyed, and juſt at one and the ſame time, to the great grief of their Parents, who now wiſh'd they had not been ſo cruel.

But when their Bodies were dead, theſe Lovers Souls, leaving their Fleſhly Manſions, went towards the River of *Styx*, to paſs over to the *Elyzium*-Fields; where, in the way, they met each other: At which meeting they were extreamly joyed, but knew not how to expreſs it, for they had no Lips to kiſs, nor Arms to embrace, being Bodileſs, and only Spirits. But the Paſſion of Love being always ingenious, found out a way, that their Souls (which are Spirits) did mingle and intermix, as liquid Eſſences, whereby both their Souls became as one.

But after theſe gentle, ſmooth, ſoft Love-expreſſions, they began to remember each other of their Croſſes and Oppoſitions whilſt they lived in their Bodies: but, at laſt, conſidering of the place they were moving to, the Maſculine Soul was unwilling to go to it; for, ſince he had his Beloved Soul, he cared not to live in the *Elyzium*: Then, ſpeaking in the Soul's Language, he perſwaded his Love not to go thither: for, ſaid he, I deſire no other Company but yours; nor would I be troubled or diſturbed with other Lovers Souls. Beſides, I have heard, ſaid he, that thoſe that are there, do nothing but walk and talk

talk of their paſt-life, which we may deſire to forget. Then let us, ſaid he, only enjoy our ſelves by intermixing thus.

She anſwered, She did approve of his deſire; and, that her Mind did join and conſent. But where (ſaid ſhe) ſhall be our Habitation? He anſwered, He would build a Manſion in the Air, of Poets Fancies, and Philoſophers Imaginations, and make Gardens of Oratory:

Wherein ſhould Flow'rs of Rhetorick grow,
By which Rivers of Divine Faith ſhould flow.
That place (ſaid ſhe) a Paradice would be;
But I no ſtrong Foundation there can ſee;
For it will ſhake with every puff of Wind;
No certainty nor ſurance will you find.
My Soul, ſaid he, then we will higher fly,
And there another Manſion we will try.

And after they had argued ſome time, at laſt they did agree to dwell in one of the Planets; but before ſuch time as they could arrive to the loweſt Planet, theſe two Noble Souls, by Conjunction, produced ſeveral Flames, which were called Meteors: theſe, being not able to travel ſo high, lived in the Lower Region; and by intermixing together, as their Parents did, produced more of their Kind.

But after thoſe productions of theſe Souls, they went to the Planets, where they found ſome of their Climates too cold, others too moiſt, others too cold and moiſt; others hot, and others hot and moiſt; others hot and dry, others cold and dry; with which they did not agree, being not equally temper'd.

But yet in every Planet, theſe Souls being fruitful, they left many of their Iſſues, called Meteors, which are ſhining-lights, like Starrs; but being produced from the Mortal temper of the Souls, are ſubject to Mortality: for, Amorous Thoughts are the Bodily-dregs of Mortality, which made theſe Meteors ſubject to dye, as other Generations, being the Mortal Effects of their Immortality; otherwiſe they would be Starrs: for, whatſoever is Mortal, may beget their Like, or Kind, which other things that are Immortal, never do.

But when theſe two Souls had travelled above the Planets, they became one fix'd Starr, as being Eternal, and not ſubject to dye.

And when they were thus, they did produce no more Iſſues; for what Mortality the Body left,

Thoſe Souls to Earth and Planets did reſign,
Which in a Generation of Meteors ſhine.

Fancy's

Fancy's *Monarchy in the Land of* Poetry.

IN the Land of *Poetry*, Reaſon was King; a Gallant Prince he was, and of a Heroick Spirit, a Majeſtical Preſence, and of a Sober and Grave Countenance: He was tall of Stature, and ſtrong of Limbs. His Queen was the Lady Wit; a Lady of a quick Spirit, of a pleaſant Converſation, amiable Countenance, free Behaviour, and of a ſweet Diſpoſition: ſhe was neatly ſhap'd, fair Complexion'd, and finely, but variouſly attired.

This King and Queen loved one another with an extraordinary Affection, and lived very happily and peaceably, for he governed wiſely. His Kingdom was large, and fully populated; well manured, and of great Traffick. He made profitable Laws, ſet ſtrict Rules, and kept good Orders both in the Church and State.

As for the Church, Faith and Zeal were the two Arch-biſhops, who were ſworn to conſecrate none but Moral Virtues, to preach Good Life, and leave all Sects, Opinions, Superſtitions, Idolatry, and the like. Neither were they ſuffered to make Lectures of Learning, becauſe it is always about Controverſies, puzling Belief with nice Diſtinctions, vain Fantaſms, and empty Words, without Senſe.

The Cathedral Church, was the Conſcience. The two Univerſities, were Study and Practice, wherein all the Maſculine Youth of the Kingdom were bred.

As for the State, there were Superintendent Officers and Magiſtrates made of all degrees. The Sences were the five Ports to this Kingdom; the Head and the Heart were the two Magazines.

There were two Governours made to every Port to Command and Rule, Judgment and Underſtanding always ſit at the Ports called the Ears, to examine all that enter there, having a ſtrict Command from the King to let in no Sound but Harmony, no Reports but Truth, no Diſcourſes but Rational or Witty; and that they ſhould ſhut the Gates againſt Flattery, Falſhood, Diſcord, harſh loud Strains, Scraping, Creaking, Squealing Noiſes.

Love and Skill were the two Commanders to the Port, Eyes, who were commanded to let none in, but Uniformity, Cimmetry, Beauty, Graceful Motions, pleaſing Aſpects, light and well-mixt Colours; and to ſhut the Gates againſt Deformity or Monſtroſity, rude or cruel Actions, glaring Lights, ill-mix'd Colours, falſe Shadows, and Darkneſs, and to ſet up the light of Dreams when they are ſhut. Alſo to let no Tears paſs through the Eyes, but thoſe that have a Paſs-port from the Governour of the Heart.

At

At the Port of the Noſtrils ſate Like and Diſlike, who were commanded to let in none but ſweet Smells, ſuch as refreſh the Brain; as, the ſcent of ſweet Flowers, ſavoury Herbs, Earth new-plough'd, new-bak'd Bread; alſo, ſweet Gums, ſweet Eſſences, and the like; but to ſhut the Gates of the Noſtrils againſt ſnuffs of Candles, ſtinking Breaths, corrupted Fleſh, ſtale Fiſh, old Apples, ſtrong Cheeſe, ſpilt Drink, foul Gutters, eſpecially the Pump or Sink in a Ship: alſo, no Smells of Suet or Greaſe; and from many more ſtinking Scents, which would be too tedious to mention. But in caſe of neceſſity they were to be allowed, or at leaſt commanded, to let in ſome ſorts of Stinks, as *Aſſafœtida*, and burnt Feathers, to cure the Fits of the Mother.

Then the two Commanders of the Mouth were, Truth and Pleaſure; one was to govern the Words, the other the Taſte. Pleaſure was commanded to let nothing into the Mouth that was either too ſharp, too bitter, too ſalt, or too deliciouſly ſweet. Truth was commanded to ſuffer no Lyes, Curſing, Slandering, Railings, Flattering; nor Amorous, Laſcivious, Factious Diſcourſes. Likewiſe, never to let paſs an Oath, but to confirm a Truth; no Threatning, but to terrifie or reclaim the Wicked, or Croſsnatur'd; no Pleading, but for Right; no Commands, but for Good; no Praiſes, but for Worth.

Alſo, to let no Sighs nor Groans paſs, nor no Profeſſions, except they have a Paſs-port from the Heart. Nor no Promiſes, but when they have a Paſs-port from the King, which is Reaſon.

The two Commanders of Touch, were Pain and Pleaſure; who were commanded to keep out all ſharp Colds, burning Heats, Bruiſes, Pinches, Smartings, Cuttings, Prickings, Nippings, Preſſing, Razing; and to let in none but nouriſhing Warmth, ſoft Rubbing, gentle Scratching, refreſhing Colds, and the like. And upon pain of Death, or at leaſt high Diſpleaſure, theſe Rules were to be kept. Yet, ſometimes, Bribery corrupted the Commanders.

The Privy-Council-Chamber was the Breaſt; the Privy-Councellors were, Secrecy, Conſtancy, Fidelity, Unity, Truth, Juſtice, Fortitude, Prudence, and Temperance. Theſe Privy-Councellors helped the King to manage the Affairs of the Kingdom.

The Secretaries of State were Intelligence and Diſpatch.

The Treaſurer, was Memory.

The Lord Keeper, was Remembrance.

The Mayors of every City, were Authority.

The Conſtables were Care.

The Judges were, Commutative and Diſtributive Juſtice. Honeſty was the Commander of all the Forces, of the Actions and Thoughts.

The

The Heroick Actions, are the chief Commanders, as Captains, and Colonels, and the like.

The Common-Soldiers are the ordinary and neceſſary Actions, which are employed in Offenſive and Defenſive Warrs.

The Merchants are the Imaginations, which traffick and trade all over the World.

The Inventions, are the Handicrafts-men and Labourers.

The Appetites are the Citizens, that are ſo covetous as to engroſs all Commodities, and the Wealth of the Kingdom; and are the moſt Luxurious People in the Land.

But, as I ſaid, the King was a Wiſe Prince; and to divert his Subjects from too ſerious Studies, dull Contemplations, and laborious Dictatings, he had Maſques, Plays, Paſtorals, and the like; being attended by his Nobles, the Sciences; and the Gentry of the Kingdom, which were the ſeveral Languages.

The Queen, by the Muſes and Graces.

The Marriage of Life *and* Death.

DEATH went a wooing to *Life*; but her grim and terrible Aſpect did ſo affright *Life*, that ſhe ran away, and would by no means hearken unto her Suit.

Then *Death* ſent Age and Weakneſs, as two Ambaſſadors, to preſent her Affection: but *Life* would not give them audience.

Whereupon *Death* ſent Pain; who had ſuch a perſwaſive power, that made *Life* yeeld to *Death*'s embracements. And after they were agreed, the Wedding-day was ſet, and Gueſts invited.

Life invited the Five Senſes, and all the Paſſions and Affections, with Beauty, Pleaſure, Youth, Wit, Proſperity; and alſo, Virtue, and the Graces.

But Health, Strength, Cordials, and Charms, refuſed to come; which troubled *Life* much.

None that *Death* invited, refuſed to come; they were, Old Father Time, Weakneſs, Sickneſs, all ſorts of Pains, and all ſorts of Diſeaſes, and killing-Inſtruments; as alſo, Sighs, Tears, and Groans; Numbneſs, and Paleneſs.

But when *Life* and *Death* met, *Death* took *Life* by the Hand; then Peace married them, and Reſt made their Bed of Oblivion, wherein *Life* lay in the cold Arms of *Death*. Yet *Death* got numerous Iſſues; and ever ſince, whatſoever is produced from *Life*, dyes. Whereas, before this Marriage, there was no ſuch thing as dying; for *Death* and *Life* were ſingle, like Batchelors and Maids. But *Life* proved not ſo good a Wife, as *Death* a Husband; for *Death* is ſober, ſtaid, grave, diſcreet, patient, dwelling ſilently and ſolitary; whereas *Life* is wild, various, uncon-

unconſtant, and runs about, ſhunning her Husband *Death*'s company.

But he, as a loving and fond Husband, follows her; and when he embraces her, ſhe grows big, and ſoon produces young Lives. But all the Off-ſpring of *Death* and *Life*, are divided; half dwelling with *Life*, and half with *Death*.

At this Wedding, old Father *Time*, which looked the youngeſt, although he was the oldeſt in the Company, and danced the nimbleſt and beſt, making ſeveral changes in his Dances; he trod ſo gently, and moved ſo ſmoothly, that none could perceive how he did turn, and wind, and lead about. And being wiſer than all the reſt, with long Experience, he behaved himſelf ſo handſomely, inſinuated ſo ſubtilly, courted ſo civilly, that he got all the Ladies Affections; and being dextrous, got Favours from every one of them, and ſome extraordinary ones; for he devirginated Youth, Beauty, Pleaſure, Proſperity, and all the Five Sences; but could not corrupt, Wit, Virtue, nor the Graces.

But Nature, hearing of the abuſe of her Maids, was very angry, and forced him to marry them all. But they, although they were inamoured of him before they were married, yet now they do, as moſt other Wives, not care for him; nay, they hate him, rail and exclaim againſt him; that what with his peeviſh, froward, and croſs Wives, and with the

jealouſie he hath of Sickneſs, Pains, and Miſchances, that often raviſh them, he is become full of wrinkles, and his Hair is turned all gray.

But Virtue and Wit, which are his ſworn Friends, and ſweet Companions, recreate him with their pleaſant, free, honeſt, and honourable Societies.

Of the Indiſpoſitions of the Mind.

THE Mind was very ſick, and ſent for Phyſicians; and the firſt that came, were Divines; who diſputed ſo long, and contradicted one another ſo much, that they could conclude of nothing. One adviſing the Mind to take a Scruple of *Calvin's* Inſtitutions; others, a Dram of *Luther's* Doctrine; ſome, two Drams of the *Romiſh* Treacle, or Opinions; ſome, of the *Anabaptiſts* Water; others, to take ſome of the *Browniſts* Spirits. But there were ſome quite from theſe Opinions, and would adviſe the Mind to lay ſome of *Mahomet's* Pigeons at the feet, cutting them with the *Turkiſh Scimitar*, then bind it up with his *Alcaron*; others would have the Mind bind the Head with the *Talmud* of the *Jews*.

But the Mind grew ſicker and ſicker; inſomuch that it was almoſt at the laſt gaſp: whereupon the Mind deſired them to depart; for, ſaid he, your Controverſies will kill me ſooner than your Doctrine will

will cure me. The Mind being very ſick, ſent for other Sects of Phyſicians, who were Moral Philoſophers; who being come, ſet round a Table, and there began to diſcourſe and diſpute of the Diſeaſes of the Mind.

One ſaid, Grief is a *Lethargie.*

No, ſaid another, Stupidity is a *Lethargie*; for Grief rather weeps, than ſleeps.

O, but ſaid another, there are dry Griefs, that ſweat no Tears.

Pray, Gentlemen, diſpatch, ſaid the Mind, for I am in great pain.

One ſays, Hate is an *Apoplexy*; for it is dead to it ſelf, though it lives to the Beloved.

No, ſaid he, but Hate is a *Dead-Palſie.*

No, ſaid the other, Ignorance is a *Dead-Palſie*, but Hate is an *Apoplexie*, cauſed by the ſtopping of the Spirits, either Animal or Vital; the Vital Spirits being Compaſſion; the Animal Spirits, Generoſity.

You are moſt ſtrangely miſtaken, ſaid another; for all the Spirits are compoſed of Fortitude; the Vital Spirits are active, the Animal are paſſive.

But they diſputed ſo long upon this point, that they had almoſt fallen out; and the Mind prayed them not to quarrel; for wrangling noiſe did diſturb him much.

Then one ſaid, That Spight and Envy were *Cancers*; the one cauſed by ſharp Humours, the other by ſalt,

Another ſaid, That Spight was not a *Cancer*, but a *Fiſtula*, that broke out in many ſeveral places; and that Envy was the *Scurvy*, that ſpeckled the whole Body of the Mind, like Flea-bites.

The Mind prayed them to go no further in that diſpute.

Then one of them ſaid, That Anger was a *Hot Burning Fever*.

Nay, by your favour, ſaid another, Anger is an *Epilepſie*, that foams at the Mouth, and beats its Breaſt, ſtrugling and ſtriving, and will be often in Cold-Sweats, and as pale as Death.

Then another ſaid, That an Ague in the Mind was Doubt and Hope; the Cold Fit being Doubt, and the Hot Fit, Hope.

A ſecond anſwered, That *Agues* were Fear, which cauſed Shaking-Fits.

A third ſaid, That Jealouſie was an *Ague*, that had Cold and Hot Fits.

Nay, ſaid a fourth, Jealouſie is an *Hectick Fever*, that is, an extraordinary Heat got into the Arteries, which inflames the Spirit of Action, drinks up the Blood of Tranquillity, and at laſt waſts and conſumes the Body of Love.

A fifth ſaid, Jealouſie is the *Gout*; which is a burning,

burning, beating pain, never letting the Mind be at reſt.

Said a ſixth, Jealouſie is a Head-ake, cauſed from an ill affected Friend.

But there grew ſuch a Diſpute upon this, as whether it was the Head, Heart, or Arteries; that the Mind was forced to threaten them, they ſhould have no Fees if they did diſpute ſo much.

As for the *Wind-cholick* in the Mind, ſome ſaid, It was an overflow of Imaginations and Conceptions: others, That it was ſtrange Opinions: others ſaid, It was wild Fancies: others, That it was the over-dilating of the Thoughts: and many more ſeveral Judgments were given; whereupon they were ready to fight.

To which the Mind replied, That it is impoſſible you ſhould preſcribe effectual Medicines, if you cannot agree about the Diſeaſe.

Then another ſaid, Slander was the *Spotted-Fever.*

Another ſaid, A *Spotted-Fever* was Malice.

Says another, A *Spotted-Fever* and the *Plague* have near relation: but the *Plague*, ſaid he, is Diſcontent, that is cauſed by Envy, Slander, Malice, and the like. This *Plague* of Diſcontent breaks out into Factions, Sores, and great Spots of Rebellion, which cauſeth Death and Deſtruction.

But one of the former Doctors was about con-

tradicting him; but the Mind forbid him.

Then one ſaid, Melancholy was the *Stone*, cauſed by a cold congealment of the Spirit.

Another ſaid, Cruelty was the *Stone*, cauſed by hot Revenge, or covetous Contractings, which bakes all the tender and ſofter Humours into a hard confirmed Body, the *Stone*.

Then one ſaid, That Rage and Fury were *Convulſions*.

No, ſaid another, Inconſtancies are *Convulſions*.

Then one ſaid, Pity was a *Conſumption*, pining and waſting by degrees.

Nay, by your favour, ſaid a ſecond, Forgetfulneſs is a *Conſumption*, which fades as Light and Colours, or moulders as Duſt.

Then another ſaid, Deſire was a *Dropſie*, which was always dry.

Nay, ſaid a ſecond, Deſire is that Diſeaſe which is called a *Dog-like-Appetite*; which cauſes the Appetite of the Mind to be always hungry, and the Stomack of the Mind ſeeming always empty, which makes the Thoughts hunt after Food. But a *Dropſie* (ſaid he) is a Reluctancy, which always ſwells out with Averſions.

O, ſaid a third, a *Dropſie* in the Mind is Voluptuouſneſs.

Nay, ſaid a fourth, a *Dropſie* is Pride, that ſwells out with Vain-glory.

But

But they diſputed ſo much, whether a *Dropſie*, or a *Dog-like-Appetite*, or a *Reluctancy*, or *Voluptuouſneſs*, or *Pride*, that they fell together by the Ears.

And the Mind was well content to let them fight. But for fear the Mind ſhould be diſturbed, his Friends parted them, and pray'd the Doctors that they would preſcribe the Mind ſomething to take. Then they began their Preſcriptions.

For the *Lethargie* of Grief, ſaid one, you muſt take ſome Crumbs of Comfort mix'd with the Juice of Patience, the Spirits of Grace, and Sprigs of Time, and lay it to the Heart of the Mind, and it will prove a perfect Cure.

Another ſaid, A *Lethargie* is Stupidity; and therefore you muſt take hot and reviving Drinks, as the Vapour of Wine, or the like Drinks, variety of Objects, pleaſant Converſation; mix theſe together: then put this Liquor into a Syringe of Muſick, and ſquirt it into the Ears of the Mind, and this will bring a perfect Cure.

The Doctor, who ſaid an *Apoplexy* was Hate, ſaid, The Mind muſt take a few Obligations, and mix them with a mollifying-Oyl of Good-nature, and Spirits of Gratitude, and bind them upon the grieved part, and that would cure it.

No (ſaid the Doctor that ſaid *Apoplexies* were Love), you muſt take the Drug of Misfortunes, and the Sirrup of Miſery; and when you have

mix'd them together, you muſt ſet them a ſtewing on the Fire of Trial, then drink it off warm; and although it will make the Mind ſick with Unkindneſs for the preſent, yet it will purge all the doting Humours out of the Mind.

But he that ſaid, Hate was a *Dead-Palſie*, preſcribed the ſame Medicine as he that ſaid it was an *Apoplexy*; for he ſaid, an *Apoplexy* is a kind of a *Dead-Palſie*.

He that ſaid, Ignorance was a *Dead-Palſie*, ſaid, The Mind muſt take ſome good Books, whoſe Authors were Learned Perſons, and ſqueeze them hard through a Strainer of Study, and mix ſome practiſed Experience thereto, and make a Salve of Induſtry, then ſpread it upon a ſtrong Canvaſe of Time, and lay it upon the Malady, and it will be a perfect Cure.

And he that ſaid, Spight and Envy were *Cancers*, bid the Mind take the Honey of Self-conceit once in two or three hours, and it would abate that ſharp or ſalt Humour.

The other, that ſaid that Spight and Envy were *Fiſtula's*, bid the Mind get ſome of the Powder of Inferiors, or the Tears of the Diſtreſſed, and mix them well together, and lay it to the Sore, and it will be a perfect Cure.

He that ſaid, that Envy was the *Scurvy*, bid him bathe in Solitarineſs, and drink of the Water of

of Meditation, wherein run Thoughts of Death, like Mineral-Veins, and it will cure him.

And the Doctor that ſaid, Anger was a Fever, bid the Mind drink cold Julips of Patience.

He that ſaid, Anger was an *Epilepſie*, bid the Mind take the Powder of Diſcretion.

And the Doctor that ſaid, An *Ague* was Doubts and Hopes; bid him take the Powder of Watchfulneſs, and mix it with a Draught of Courage, and drink it in his Cold Fit; and take the Powder of Induſtry in the Liquor of Judgment, in his hot Fit, and it will cure him.

He that ſaid, An *Ague* in the Mind was Fear, gave the ſame Preſcription of the former Medicine for the Cold Fit.

But he that ſaid, Jealouſie was an *Ague*, bid the Mind take ſome of the Spirits of Confidence.

And he that ſaid, Jealouſie was a *Conſumption*; bid the Mind take Nouriſhing-Broths of Variety, and bathe in the River of Oblivion, which would cool the *Fever* of Suſpition.

But he who ſaid, That Jealouſie was the *Gout* in the Mind; bid the Mind lay a Plaſter of Abſence, ſpread on the Canvaſe of Time, and it would cure him.

As for the *Wind-Cholick*, he that ſaid it was the overflow of the Imaginations and Conceptions, bid the Mind take ſome ſeveral Noiſes, both Inſtrumental

and Vocal, and mix them with much Company, and lay them to the Ears of the Mind, and it will cure. *Probatum eſt.*

And thoſe that ſaid, That *Wind-cholick* was ſtrange Opinions, or wild Fancies; bid the Mind take ſome Pills of Employment to purge out thoſe crude, flatulent, and undigeſted Humours.

But he that ſaid, It was cauſed by a dilatation of the Thoughts, bid him take the Eyes of Dice, and the Spots of Cards, and the Chequers of Cheſs-boards, and the Points of Table-men, and put them together; and when they are throughly mix'd, and diſſolved into an Oil, annoint the Fingers-ends, the Palms of the Hands, the Wriſt, the Elbows, and the Eyes of the Mind; this, ſays he, will contract the Thoughts to the compaſs of a Single-penny, which will cure that Diſeaſe.

As for the Diſeaſe called the *Spotted-Fever*, which is Slander; they bid the Mind take a good quantity of Repentance, and diſtil it, from whence will drop Tears; and take a Draught of that diſtilled Water every morning faſting.

But he that ſaid, That Malice was the *Spotted-Fever*, bid the Mind diſtil Merits, from whence will drop Praiſes; and bid the *M*ind take a draught of that Water every Evening.

He that ſaid, Diſcontent was the *Plague*, being a part of all the Diſeaſes; bid the *M*ind take Humility,

lity, *M*agnanimity, Obedience, Loyalty, Fidelity, and Temper; and put all theſe together, and make a Pultis, and lay it upon the Swelling, it will keep it from breaking, aſſwage the Pain, and cure the Patient. But if they come out in Spots of Rebellion, there is no Remedy to avoid Death.

As for *M*elancholy, he that ſaid it was the *Stone* in the *M*ind, cauſed by a cold congealment in the Spirits, which ſtupifies the Senſes of the *M*ind into *Stone*; bid him take Beauty, Wit, fine Landskips, Proſpects, *M*uſick, freſh Air; put this into the Liquor of *M*irth, and drink of it every day; it would prove a perfect Cure.

But he that ſaid, The *Stone* in the *M*ind was Cruelty, cauſed by the ſharpneſs of Envy, the bitterneſs of Hate, and greedy Covetouſneſs; bid drink a Draught of Prodigality once a week, and it would cure him.

And he that ſaid, Cruelty was the *Stone*, that baked the tender and ſoft Humours, into a hard confirmed Body of *Stone*; bid him take an Ounce of Compaſſion, two Ounces of Charity, two Ounces of Generoſity, as much Clemency, and bray them all together; then divide them into two parts, and lay one half to the Heart, and another to the Reins of the *M*ind; and thoſe *Medicines* will ſoon diſſolve the *Stone*.

As for *Convulſions* of the *M*ind, he that ſaid it

was Fury, bid the *Mind* take an Ounce of Diſcretion, half an Ounce of Judgment, a Scruple of Gravity; mix them all together, as in an Electuary, and take it faſting, and it will cure him.

And he who ſaid, That Inconſtancy was the *Convulſion* in the *Mind*, bid him take an Ounce of Temperance, and an Ounce of Judgment; one Ounce of Underſtanding, two of Reſolution; mix theſe into an Electuary, and take a good quantity of it every morning, and this will cure him.

As for a *Conſumption*, he that ſaid, Pity was a *Conſumption*; bid the *Mind* take a Heart, and bake it dry; and when it was dried to Powder, mix it in his ordinary Drink, and it will cure him.

But he that ſaid, Forgetfulneſs was a *Conſumption*; bid him only take a Draught of Remembrance every day.

As for *Dropſies*, he that ſaid Deſires were *Dropſies*, bid the *Mind* take a Bunch of Reaſon, that grows in a well-temper'd Brain; and as much Humility, that grows in a good Heart; boil them in the Water of Content; and drink a Draught three times a day; this (ſaid he) will dry up the ſuperfluous matter.

But he who ſaid, That Deſire was that Diſeaſe which was called the *Dog-like-Appetite*; bid the *Mind* make a Bisk of Vanity, an Oil of Curioſity, and a Hodg-podg of Variety; and eat ſo long,

till he did vomit it up again; and if he could ſurfeit thereof, it would prove a Cure, otherwiſe there was no remedy, unleſs the Mind could get ſome Fruition, which is ſeldom to be had; yet ſometimes it is found, ſaid he.

But he that ſaid, A *Dropſie* was a Reluctancy, that ſwelled out with an Averſion; bid the Mind only uſe Abſtinence, and it would cure him.

And he that ſaid, It was Voluptuouſneſs, ſaid, That the ſame *Medicine* was to be preſcribed.

He that ſaid, It was Pride that ſwelled out with Vain-glory; bid the Mind take a great quantity of Humility; but if you take it from the hand of Misfortunes, ſaid he, it will make you ſick.

But the Mind, perceiving that they agreed not in any one *Medicine* or Diſeaſe, deſired that they would depart from him: for, ſaid he, Gentlemen, it is impoſſible you ſhould preſcribe an effectual *Medicine*, or Remedy, ſince you cannot agree about the Diſeaſe. So he paid them their Fees, and they departed; and the *Mind* became his own Phyſician, Apothecary, and Chyrurgeon.

Firſt, He let himſelf Blood, opening the wilful Vein, taking out the obſtinate Blood.

Then he did take Pills made of Society and *Mirth*, and thoſe purged all ſtrange and vain Conceits.

Alſo, the Mind eat every morning a Meſs of

Broth, wherein was Herbs of Grace, Fruit of Juſtice, Spice of Prudence, Bread of Fortitude; theſe were boiled with the Fleſh of Judgment, in the Water of Temperance. This Breakfaſt was a Soveraign Remedy againſt the malignant Paſſions; for it did temper Heat, qualifie Sharpneſs, allay Vapours, and mollifie obdurate Paſſions, and fooliſh Affections.

Likewiſe, he did take, to his Service, the ſtrongeſt, ſoundeſt, and quickeſt Senſes, which were Five; theſe waited on him: and each in their turn gave him intelligence of every thing, and brought him all the News in the Countrey, which was a Recreation and a Paſtime for him. And in thus doing, he became the healthfulleſt and jollieſt man in the Pariſh.

The Thoughts *feaſted.*

THERE were two men, great Companions; one of them told the other, That he had made a particular ſearch, and a ſtrict enquiry for him, three days together, and could not hear of him; inſomuch that he had thought ſome unfortunate Accident or violent Death had befallen him.

He anſwered, His Senſes had been to viſit the Soul, which was the cauſe of his Body's retirement.

The other ſaid, I have heard that the Soul did uſe

to

to viſit the Senſes, but never heard that the Senſes did uſe to viſit the Soul.

He anſwered, That the Senſitive Spirits did as often, in ſome men, viſit the Rational, as the Rational did the Senſitive.

Well, ſaid he, and how doth the Soul live?

He ſaid, As a great Prince ſhould do: for the Manſion of the Soul is nobly ſituated upon a high Hill of Ambition, which aſcends by ſteps of Deſires, whereon ſtands a very curious Caſtle of Imaginations, and all about are ſolitary Walks of Contemplations, and dark Groves of Melancholy, wherein run Rivers of Tears. The Caſtle is Walled with Vain-glory, and built upon Pillars of Hope. Within the Walls are fine Gardens of Eloquence, ſet full with Flowers of Rhetorick, and Orchards of Invention, wherein grow fruitful Arts. In this Orchard are many Birds of Fancies, which flie from Tree to Tree, from Branch to Branch, from Bough to Bough, ſinging fine Notes of Poetry in a ſweet ſtrain of Verſe, and chirping Rhymes, and building their Neſts in Arbours of Love, wherein they hatch Conceits.

Likewiſe, ſaid he, the Soul hath another Houſe, which is a moſt ſtately Palace; it ſtands in the midſt of a large Plain of good Nature, wherein run Rivers of Generoſity. This Palace is walled about with Fortitude, and ſtands upon Pillars of Juſtice.

There are long, ſtraight, level Walks of Temperance, where is freſh Air of Health. This Palace is built very convenient: for on the out-ſide are Stables of Diſcretion, wherein are tyed up wild Opinions, Phantaſms, and all skittiſh Humours, and a large Riding-Room of Judgment, where all Opinions are managed. Alſo, there are Granges of thrifty Contrivance, wherein are Cattel of Prudence, that give the Milk of Profit. Beſides, there are Kitchins of Appetite, Dining-rooms of Luxury, Galleries of Memory, Cellars of Forgetfulneſs, Chambers of Reſt, and Cloſets of Peace.

But, ſaid he, after my Senſes had viewed every place, they took their leave of the Soul, who told them, That they ſhould ſtay and feaſt with her. So the Soul invited all his Subjects, the Thoughts. The firſt of all, were the Generous Thoughts, who are the Nobles; then the Gentry, who are the Obliging and Graceful Thoughts; the Heroick Thoughts were Commanders of Warr; the Factious Thoughts were the Commons; the Mercenary were Trades-men; the Plodding-Thoughts were the Yeomantry; the Ordinary Thoughts were Labourers and Servants. Then there were the Politick Thoughts, which were Statiſts; the Proud Thoughts, Magiſtrates; and the Pious Thoughts, Prieſts; the Cenſuring Thoughts, were the Judges; the Wrangling and Pleading Thoughts, Lawyers; and

and the Terrifying Thoughts, Sergeants; the Arguing Thoughts were Logicians; the Doubting Thoughts, Scepticks; the Hoping Thoughts Phyſicians; the Inquiſitive Thoughts, Natural Philoſophers; the Humble Thoughts, Moral Philoſophers; the Phantaſtical Thoughts, Poets; the Modeſt Thoughts, Virgins; the Jealous Thoughts, Wives; the Incontinent Thoughts, Courteſans; the Amorous Thoughts, Lovers; the Vain Thoughts, Courtiers; and the Bragging or Lying Thoughts, Travellers.

And when all theſe Thoughts were met, the Soul feaſted them with Delight, and the Senſes with Pleaſure, preſenting them with Reaſon and Truth.

The Travelling-Spirits.

THERE was a Man went to a Witch, whom he entreated to aid his Deſires: for, ſaid he, I have a curioſity to travel; but I would go into ſuch Countreys, which, without your power to aſſiſt me, I cannot do.

The Witch asked him, What thoſe Countreys were?

He ſaid, He would go to the Moon.

Why, ſaid ſhe, the Natural Philoſophers are the only men for that Journey: for they travel all the Planets over; and indeed, ſtudy Nature ſo much, and are ſo diligent and devout in her Services, that

they deſpiſe our great Maſter the Devil, and would hinder us in our ways very much, but that they travel moſt by Speculation.

Then, ſaid he, I would go to Heaven.

Truly, ſaid ſhe, I cannot carry you thither; for I am as unpractiſed in thoſe ways, and have as little acquaintance there, as the Natural Philoſophers have; for they believe that there is no ſuch Kingdom.

But if you deſire to travel to that Kingdom, you muſt go to the Divines, who are the only Guides; yet you muſt have a care in the choice: for, ſome will carry you a great way about, and through very troubleſome and painful places; others, a ſhorter, but a very ſtrait, narrow way; others, through ways that are pleaſant and eaſie; and you will find, not only in Natural Philoſophers, but alſo in Divines, ſuch Combats and Diſſentions amongſt them, that it is both a great hindrance and a trouble to the Paſſengers; which ſhews they are not very perfect themſelves in their ways: for many Travellers go, ſome a quarter, and ſome half, and ſome three parts of the way, and then are forced to turn back again, and take another Guide; and ſo from Guide to Guide, until they have run them all over, or are out of breath; and yet be as far to ſeek of their way, as when they firſt ſet out.

Why, then (ſaid the Man) carry me to Hell.

Truly, ſaid the Witch, I am but a Servant extraordinary,

traordinary, and have no power to go to my Maſter's Kingdom, until I dye; although the Way be broad and plain, and the Guides ſure: yet, being the Devil's Factor to do him ſervice on the Earth, I can call forth any from thence, although it were the King himſelf.

Well then, ſaid he, carry me (I beſeech you) to the Center of the Earth.

That I can do (ſaid ſhe), and ſo obſcurely, that the Natural Philoſophers ſhall never ſpye us. So ſhe prayed him to come into her Houſe; for, ſaid ſhe, it is a great Journey, therefore you muſt take ſome repaſt before you go. Beſides, ſaid ſhe, your Body will be too cumberſome; wherefore we will leave that behind, that you may go the lighter, being all Spirit. So ſhe went out, and came and brought a Diſh of *Opium*, and prayed him to eat well thereof: So he eat very heartily, and when he had done, his Senſes grew very heavy, inſomuch as his Body fell down, as in a ſwound, remaining without Senſe; in the mean while his Spirit ſtole out, and left the Body aſleep.

So the Witch and he took their Journey; and as they went, he found the Climate very intemperate, ſometimes very hot, and ſometimes very cold: great Varieties they found in the way; in ſome places, monſtrous great and high Mountains of the Bones of Men and Beaſts, which lay mixed with one another.

Then he ſaw a very large Sea of Blood, which had iſſued from ſlain Bodies; but thoſe Seas ſeemed very rough: whereupon he asked, What was the reaſon? She anſwered, Becauſe their Deaths were violent. And there were other Seas of Blood, which ſeemed ſo ſmooth, that there was not a wave to be ſeen. Whereat he ask'd, How comes this to be ſo ſmooth and calm? She ſaid, It was the Blood of thoſe that dyed in peace. Then he asked her, Where was the Blood of other Creatures, as Beaſts, Birds, Fiſh, and the like. She ſaid, Amongſt the Blood of Men: for, ſaid ſhe, the Earth knows no difference.

And as they went along, they came through a moſt pleaſant place, which (ſhe ſaid) was the Store-houſe of Nature, where were the ſhapes and ſubſtances of all kind of Fruits, Flowers, Trees, or any other Vegetables, but all were of a dusky colour. There he gathered ſome Fruit to eat, but it had no taſt; and he gathered ſome Flowers, and they had no ſmell: Of which he asked the reaſon? She ſaid, That the Earth gave only the Form and Subſtance; but the Sun was the only cauſe of the Taſt, Smell, and Colours.

Going farther, they ſaw great Mines, Quarries, and Pits; but ſhe, being vers'd, and knowing the way well, did avoid them, ſo that they were no hindrance in their journey, as otherwiſe it would have been.

But

But going down further, it began to grow very dark, being far from the face of the Earth; inſomuch that they could hardly ſee the plaineſt way: whereupon he told the Witch, That the Hill was ſo hideouſly ſteep, and the place began to grow ſo dark, that it was very dangerous. No, ſaid ſhe, there is no danger, ſince our Bodies are not here: for our Spirits are ſo light, that they bear up themſelves. So they went a great length, until the place grew ſo ſtrait, that it began to be a pain even to their Spirits: and ſo he told the Witch, His Spirit was in pain. She ſaid, He muſt endure it: for, the Center of the Earth was but a Point in a Circle. So when he came to the Center of the Earth, he ſaw a Light like Moonſhine; of which, when he came near, he ſaw that the firſt Circle about the Center, was Glow-worms Tails, which gave that Light; and in the Center was an old Man, who did neither ſtand nor ſit, for there was nothing to ſtand or ſit on; but he hung (as it were) in the Air; nor ever ſtirr'd out of his place; and had been there ever ſince the World was made; for he, having never had a Woman to tempt him to ſin, never dyed. And although he could never remove out of his place; yet he had the power to call all things on the Earth unto him, by degrees; and to diſpoſe of them as he would.

But, being near the old Man, the Witch excuſed her coming, and prayed him not to be offended with

them: for, there was a Man deſired Knowledg, and would not ſpare any pains or induſtry to obtain it; For which he praiſed the Man, and ſaid, He was welcome; and any thing he could inform him of, he would.

The old Man asked him about the *Chymiſts* that lived upon the face of the Earth.

The Man anſwered, They made much noiſe in talk, and took great pains, and beſtowed great coſts, to find the Philoſophers Stone, which is to make the Elixir, but could never come to any perfection.

Alas, ſaid the old Man, they are too unconſtant to bring any thing to perfection; for they never keep to one certain ground or track, but are always trying of new Experiments; ſo that they are always beginning, but never go on towards an end. Beſides, ſaid he, they live not long enough to find the Philoſophers Stone: for, ſaid he, 'tis not one nor two Ages will do it, but there muſt be many Ages to bring it to perfection. But, I ſaid he, living long, and obſerving the courſe of Nature ſtrictly, am arrived to the height of that Art; and all the Gold that is digged out of the Mines, was converted by me: for, in the beginning of the World, there was very little Gold to be found; and neither my Brother *Adam*, nor his Poſterity after him, for many Ages, knew any ſuch thing: but ſince I have attained to the perfection of that Art, I have made

ſo

ſo many Mines, that it hath cauſed all the outward parts of the World to go together by the ears for it: but I will not hereafter make ſo much as to have it deſpiſed.

As for my Stills, ſaid he, they are the Pores of the Earth; and the Waters I diſtill, are the ſweet Dews: the Oily part is the *Ambergreece*; and the *Chymiſts* know not how, or from whence, or from what it comes: for ſome ſay, from Trees; others, that it is the Spawn of ſome kind of Fiſh; ſo ſome think it one thing, ſome another.

The ſaltneſs of the Sea comes alſo from *Chymiſtry*; and the Vapour that ariſes from the Earth, is the Smoak that ſteems from my Stills. But, ſaid he, the World is not to continue long as it is; for I will, by my Art, turn it all into Glaſs; that as my Brother *Adam* tranſplanted Men from Earth, by his ſin, ſome to Heaven, ſome to Hell; ſo I will tranſplant the World from Earth to Glaſs, which is the laſt act of *Chymiſtry*.

Then the Man obſerving a great concourſe of Waters, that went with a violent force cloſe by the Center; he asked the old Man, How came that Water there? He anſwered, It was the Gutter and Sink of the Earth: for, whatſoever Water the Sun drank from the Sea, and ſpued upon the Earth, run through the Veins, into the Sea again, by the Center, all little Pipe-Veins meeting there, or elſe (ſaid he)

the World would be drowned again: for, at *Noah's* Flood, thoſe Pipe-Veins were commanded by *Jove* to be ſtopt, and after ſuch a time to be opened again.

I wonder, ſaid the Man, that all the weighty Materials in the World do not fall upon your Head, and ſo kill you. Why ſo they would, ſaid he, if they lay all together on a heap: but, as every thing hath a ſeveral motion; ſo, every thing hath a proper place: for, Gold and Iron never dwell together in the Earth; neither are all kinds of Stones found in one Quarry; nor do all the Mines or Quarries join together; but ſome are in one place, and ſome in another; which poiſes the weight of the Earth equally, and keeps it from falling.

The Man ſaid, You have but a melancholy life, being none here but your ſelf.

O, ſaid the old Man, the Riches of the Earth, and all the Varieties thereof, come into my Compaſs: This place is the Heart or Soul of Plenty: Here have I ſweet Dormice, fat Moles, nouriſhing Worms, induſtrious Ants, and many other things, for Food. Here are no Storms to trouble me, nor Tempeſts to diſorder me; but Warmth to cheriſh me, and Peace and Quiet to comfort and joy me: the drilling-Waters are my Muſick, the Glow-worms my Lights, and my Art of Chymiſtry, my Paſs-time.

When

When he had done ſpeaking, they took their leaves, craving pardon for their abrupt Viſit, and giving him thanks for his gentle entertainment. But the old Man very kindly prayed them to have a care of themſelves as they returned: for, ſaid he, you muſt go through Cold, Crude, Aguiſh, and Hot, Burning, Peſtilent places; for there are great Damps in the Earth, as alſo a great Heat and Fire in the Earth; although it gives not Light like the Sun; for the Heat of the Earth, ſaid he, is like the Fire in a Coal; and that of the Sun, like that of a Flame, which is a thinner part of Subſtance ſet on fire, and is a weaker or fainter Heat; but the Sun, ſaid he, gives more Heat by his quick Motion, than the Heat gives Motion. And though, ſaid he, the Fire be the ſubtilleſt of all Elements, yet it is made ſlower, or more active, by the ſubſtance it works upon: for, Fire is not ſo active upon ſolid Bodies, as it is upon leighter and thinner Bodies.

So the Witch and the young Man's Spirit, gave him thanks, and departed. But going back, they found not the ways ſo pleaſant as when they went: for, ſome ways were deep and dirty, others heavy and clayie, ſome boggy and ſandy, ſome dry and duſty, and great Waters, high Mountains, Stony and Craggy Hills, ſome of them very Chalky and Limy.

But at laſt, arriving where they ſet out, he found

his Body there; and putting it on as a Garment, gave thanks to the Witch, and then went home to reſt his weary Spirits.

The Tale of the Lady in the Elyzium.

THERE was a Lord that made love to a Lady upon very honourable terms, for the End was Marriage. This Lady received his Love with great Affection; and it chanced that upon the hearing of a report, That he was married to another, ſhe fell into a ſwound for above an hour, inſomuch that they all thought her to be dead: but at laſt, returning to her ſelf again, one told her, That he thought her Soul had utterly forſaken her Manſion, the Body. No, ſaid ſhe, 'twas only the ſudden and violent Paſſion, which had hurried my Soul to *Charon*'s Boat, in a diſtracted Whirlwind of Sighs; where, in the Croud, I was Ferried over to the *Elyzium-Fields.*

They ask'd her, What manner of place it was? She anſwered, Juſt ſuch a place as the Poets have deſcribed; Pleaſant green Fields, but as dark as a ſhady Grove, or the dawning of the Day; or like a ſweet Summer's Evening, when the Nightingal begins to ſing, which is at the ſhutting up of the day. But when I was there, ſaid ſhe, I met with ſuch Company as I expected not? Who were thoſe, ſaid they?

Julius

Julius Cæſar and the Veſtal Nunn, *Nero* and his Mother, *Agrippa* and *Catiline*, and his Daughter *Cornelia*; and ſuch as *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, *Dido* and *Æneas*, *ſans nombre*. But finding not my chaſt Lover there, ſaid ſhe, I went to *Charon*, and told him, The Fates had neither ſpun out my Thread, nor cut it in ſunder; but they, being careleſs in the ſpinning, it was not ſo hard twiſted as it ſhould have been; inſomuch, that the report of my Lover's Marriage had given it ſuch a pull, that (if the Fates had not had great care in ſlacking it) it had broke from the Spindle. So I told *Charon*, He muſt carry me back again; where, with much entreaty, he ſet my Soul where he had taken it up; and from thence it returned into my Body, to be alive again.

The SPECULATORS.

A MAN having occaſion to travel, being in the heat of Summer, for more eaſe took his journey when Night was running from Day, for fear the glorious Sun ſhould overtake her. And looking earneſtly, to obſerve how her darker Clouds retired or were illuminated; at laſt, in the dawning, before the Sun appeared in glory, he thought he ſaw ſomething appear in the Air, more than uſual; which Fancy of his cauſed him to a-light from his Horſe;

and faſtning his Bridle to a Buſh, himſelf went and lay upon his back on the ground, that he might fix his Eyes on the ſtrange Sight the more ſtedfaſtly. But his deſires were croſs'd with the dulneſs and dimneſs of his Eyes, which (by over-earneſtneſs) could view nothing at all.

But a grave old man coming there, asked him, Why he lay in that poſture? He anſwered, It was to look up to ſee more perfectly that which in the Air he had but a glimpſe of: but, ſaid he, ſtriving to ſee more, I ſaw leſs; for I have not only loſt the Viſion, but almoſt my Sight

That may well be, ſaid the old man; for the Body is like the Mind, whereinto if you take more Learning than the Underſtanding can diſcuſs, it overwhelms it, and knocks Reaſon on the head; as, if you take more Meat into the Stomack than it can digeſt, it ſurfeits; if the Ear receives too ſwift or harſh a Sound, it makes it deaf, ſmuthering the diſtinct Notes. Likewiſe, if you draw more Species than can paſs through the Eye, in order to the Optick Nerve, it's like a Croud of People at a narrow Paſs, every one ſtriving to get in firſt, wedging themſelves ſo cloſe, ſticking ſo faſt, one binding in the other, that they can neither paſs backward nor forward, but ſtop up the place. Juſt ſo come the Eyes to be dimmed or obſtructed. Beſides, ſaid the old man, Nature is not only curious in her workings,

ings, but ſecret in her Works: for, none of her Works know themſelves perfectly; not Man, who ſeems to have the beſt Underſtanding; becauſe Nature governs her Creatures by Ignorance; and if any had perfect Knowledg, they would be as great as She.

The other Man ſays, Doth ſhe know her ſelf?

The Anſwer was, That it is a Queſtion not to be reſolved: but ſurely, if her Creatures knew her, ſhe would be ſlighted; for what they know, they deſpiſe: but Ignorance begets Fear; Fear, Superſtition; Superſtition, Admiration; and Admiration, Adoration. By that we perceive, that Nature takes delight that her Creatures ſhould ſearch her ways, and obſerve her ſeveral motions; and thoſe are eſteemed her perfecteſt and beſt Works that do ſo. And becauſe your Deſires flye high, I will give you ſuch Glaſſes as ſhall ſatisfie your Mind concerning the Celeſtial Globe. Here be three Glaſſes; the firſt ſhews you the Lower Region; the next, the Second Region; and the third Glaſs ſhews you the Upper Region; that is, as high as can be obſerved. So taking leave of the Gentleman, he left him to his obſervation.

Soon after, the Gentleman takes the firſt Glaſs, and laying his Eye to it, he ſaw a Vapour ariſe from the Earth, ſtraight upward, in ſmall Lines or Streams, ſtreaming through every Pore of the Earth,

which Pores were like a Sieve full of ſmall holes: This was a fine ſight, to ſee how ſmall, ſtraight, and thick, thoſe Streams were: for it ſeemed as an aſcending-Rain; and thoſe Streams, at a certain height, gathered together, and became ſpongy Clouds; which Clouds were of the faſhion of Honey-combs, where, in every hole, lye drops of Water, which are ſqueezed by the agitation of the Air; or, by the heat of the Sun, made to bubble out; or, thoſe holes being over-full, they fall down with their own weight; or, as one may ſay, they overflow.

Then turning his Glaſs to the two Poles, firſt to the North, then to the South; he ſaw they were like two Cryſtal Squirts, which ſome call Syringes; thoſe ſuck and draw in a certain quantity of Water from thoſe Honey-comb-Clouds; and when they are full, they ſpout that Water with ſuch a force back, that it goeth a great length; and the ſmalneſs of the paſſage, wire-draws it, as it were; and by the agitation it becomes ſo powerful, that it drives all before it, if they be not very firmly fix'd; it enters all Porous Bodies; and thoſe that are ſenſible, it puts to pain, as if they were ſharp; for the ſmalneſs, thinneſs, and quickneſs, makes it cut and divide; and the force makes it break and caſt down all that doth oppoſe it. Theſe are called the South and North Winds.

Then

Then directing his Perſpective to the midſt, between the Eaſt and the Weſt, which is called the *Torrid Zone*; he perceived it was like a Cymbal of Fire, which had three holes; the one in the midſt, by which it drinks in Water; the other two holes of each ſide, which are called the Eaſt and Weſt: for, the Water that is drawn in, being in this hollow Ball, the Heat rarifies it ſo thin, that it breathes forth at the leſſer Holes: for, as the Water is rarified into Air by the Heat; ſo the Air is rarified into Wind; and thoſe two ſmall holes let out the thinner part, and keep the groſſer in, until it be more rarified into Wind. Thoſe Winds that are made thus, are much gentler and ſofter than thoſe that proceed from the Squirts, becauſe this is only a voluntary Motion, which breathes out, and ſpreads gently; the other is forced, and goeth out with Violence.

Now the hole that is in the midſt of this Cymbal, which ſerves as the Mouth, drinking perpetually, being very dry, by reaſon of the heat within, cannot digeſt it all at once, but by degrees. Now if that part of the Water be rarified ſooneſt, which is of that ſide we call the Eaſt, that blows out firſt; if it be rarified of that ſide firſt, that we call the VVeſt, that blows ſooneſt: but if it blows from ſeveral places or parts, then that predominates that is moſt powerful.

After he had perceived how the VVinds were made, he laid by that Glaſs, and took up the ſecond, and looked into the Middle-Region; then he ſaw curling, folding, and rowling VVaves of Air, every Wave as thin as the thinneſt Cypreſs; and through thoſe Waves he ſaw many Cities, which had great Champanes of Air, full of Flowers, Fruits, and ſweet Herbs; which Champanes of Air the Winds plough or dig; and the Sun plants, ſows, and ſets Incorporeal Vegetables with his Inſtrumental Beams; for they draw the Vapours or Scents of all Herbs, Flowers, Fruits, and the like, from the Earth, and plants them there: So there grows nothing but the ſweet and delicious Scents, and not the groſs Corporeal part.

As for the People in that Region, they are of upright ſhapes, and very ſlender; but their ſubſtance is of the ſame of Fiſh, and they ſwim in the Air, as Fiſhes in the Sea, which do not admit of a firm footing; ſo that they ſwim or ride upon VVaves of Clouds every where.

As for their Houſes, they are made of the Azure Sky; and are ſo clear, that the Inhabitants are ſeen in them, when the Sun ſhines; being only obſcured when the Sun is from them. Theſe Houſes are covered with Flakes of Snow, and all their Streets are pitch'd with Hail-ſtones.

But when the Chariot of the Sun runs through their

their Streets in the Winter-time, their furious Horſes being more heady in Winter, run then the ſwifter; for in Summer they are lazy and faint with Heat: but with the trampling they looſen the ſtones, and then they fall to Earth, and there melt to Water. Neither are their Tiles or Slats ſafe; for the Wheels of the Chariot do ſo ſhake their Houſes, that the flakes of Snow fall many times from their Houſes upon the Earth. But they, being of a nature as induſtrious as little Ants, do ſtraight pitch their Streets a-new, and repair their Houſes, having enough Materials: for there are there great Rocks of Hail-ſtones, and huge Mountains of Snow.

But when the Chariot runs in Summer-time, the Streets being dryed and hard, or, as I may ſay, Cryſtalined, it makes a ratling Noiſe, which we call Thunder; and the Horſes being very hot, great flaſhes of Fire proceeds out of their Noſtrils, which we call Lightning; and many times their Breath is ſo exceeding hot, and being moiſt withall, that it ſoftens their Streets; and, melting their Hail-ſtones, cauſe great overflows, which fall down in pouring-ſhowers of Rain, as we oft ſee when it Thunders. Now Snow and Hail are as naturally engendered there by Cold, as Minerals in the Earth by Heat, both being wrought by Contraction; only the one is more diſſolvable than the other, becauſe the Matter contracted, is different in ſolidity; but they meet

at one End at laſt, though by different ways.

When he had obſerved the Middle Region, he takes the third Glaſs to view the higheſt Region. There he ſaw Six moving-Cities, which we call Planets; every City had a Governing-Prince; their Compaſs was very large, their Form round, and moving in a Circular Motion. The midſt of thoſe Cities, was a Center-City, as I may ſay, a Metropolitan-City, which we call the Sun, the King thereof; and all his People are of the nature of Salamanders, for they live always in Fire, as Fiſhes in Water; for it is not ſo hot as is imagined; becauſe that which feeds the Flame, is not a groſs, combuſtible, and ſolid Matter, to burn like Coals; but a thin, voluble, and oily ſubſtance, which makes only a Flame clear and bright, having no Droſs mix'd in it; and whatſoever is waſted by the Flame, is ſupplied by the Six Cities, which is the Tribute they pay to the Seventh, the Monarchical City, whom all the reſt are ſome ways or other ſubject unto.

But indeed, theſe Cities are forced, by neceſſity, to ſend Oily Matter, or the like, or elſe they ſhould be in perpetual Darkneſs, wanting Light; ſo that this Oily Matter comes into the Metropolitan-City, and the Flame goeth out like the Water into the Sea; for the Water of the Sea goeth out ſalt, and returns freſh, being clarified by the Earth: ſo this Oil, when it runs to the Center-City, is refined,

and

and made more thin and pure, and is ſent back in Streams and Beams of Light.

But though the King and People be of the nature of *Salamanders*, yet their ſhapes are like thoſe we deſcribe Angels to be, and flye about through Beams of Light, though our groſſer Senſe cannot ſee them without the help of ſome Miraculous Glaſſes, as theſe were.

Some of them perceiving this Man ſaw them, went to the King, and complained thereof; which when he heard, he was very angry, and roſe in a great Rage, caſting a Blaze of Light, which dazled his Eyes, blinded his Sight, and in this Heat melted his Glaſſes.

The Body, Time, *and* Mind, *diſputed for Prebeminency.*

THE Diſpute was begun by *Time*, who ſaid, If it were not for me, the *Body* would neither have Growth nor Strength, nor the *Mind* Knowledg or Underſtanding.

The *Mind* anſwered, That though the *Body* had a fix'd time to arrive to a perfect growth, and mature ſtrength, yet the *Mind* had not: for I, ſaid the *Mind*, can never know and underſtand ſo much, but I might know and underſtand more; nor hath *Time* ſuch a Tyrannical Power over the *Mind*,

to bring it to ruin, as it hath over the *Body.*

Why, ſaid the *Body*, *Time* hath not an abſolute power over me neither: for Chance and evil Accidents prevent *Time*'s Ruins; and Sickneſs and evil Diets obſtruct and hinder *Time*'s Buildings. Neither is it only *Time* that nouriſhes the *Body*, but Food; for without Food the *Body* would waſte to nothing: for, the Stomack is as the Pot, and the Heart as the Fire, to boil the Food, to make it fit for Nouriſhment, making a Broth for Blood, a Jelly for Sinews, a Gravy for Fleſh, and Oil for Fat; from which a Vapour ſteems forth to make Spirits; and the ſeveral parts of the *Body*, are the ſeveral Veſſels, wherein, and by which, the *Body* is nouriſhed, and Life maintained. Neither doth *Time* give the *Mind* Knowledg and Underſtanding, but the Senſes, which are the Porters that carry them in, and furniſh the *Mind* therewith; for the Eyes bring in ſeveral Lights, Colours, Figures, and Forms; and the Ear ſeveral Sounds, both Inſtrumental and Vocal; the Noſe, ſeveral Scents; the Tongue, ſeveral Taſts; and every part of the *Body*, ſeveral Touches; without which, the *Mind* would be as an empty, poor, thatch'd Houſe with bare Walls, did not the Senſes furniſh it. Beſides, ſaid the *Body*, the *Mind* could have no pleaſure nor delight, were it not by my Senſes.

But the *Mind* anſwered, That Delight belonged only

only to the Soul, and Pleaſure only to the *Body*. 'Tis true, ſays the *Mind*, they often make a Friendſhip, as the *Soul* and the *Body* do; yet they conſiſt by, and of themſelves. And for *Time*, ſaid the *Mind*, he is only like a Page or Lacquey, which brings Meſſages, runs of Errands, and preſents Neceſſaries for the *Mind*'s uſe: but, ſaid the *Mind*, had *Time* no Employment, or the Senſes no Goods to bring in, and neither would or could do the *Mind* any ſervice; yet the *Mind* would not be like a thatch'd Houſe, empty and unfurniſhed; for Delight would be there as Queen, were it not for Diſcontent, which is begot in the *Body*, but born in the *Mind*; and if he lives, becomes a Tyrant, unthroning Delight, which is the natural Queen thereof, as Pleaſure is in the *Body*; and if it were not for this Tyrannical Uſurper, Delight would have more perfect Fruition than Pleaſure hath, by reaſon Perfection lives more in the *Mind*, than in the Senſes. And let me tell you, ſaid the *Mind*, Nature builds ſome *Minds* like a curious and ſtately Palace, and furniſhes them ſo richly, that it needs neither *Time* nor the Senſes, laying Reaſon as the Foundation, and Judgment for the Building; wherein are firm and ſtraight Pillars of Fortitude, Juſtice, Prudence, and Temperance; is paved with Underſtanding, which is ſolid and hard; walled with Faith; which is roofed with Love, and bows like an Arch, to embrace

all towards a round Compaſs; is Leaded with Diſcretion, which ſticks cloſe, keeping out watry Errors, and windy Vanities; it hath paſſages of Memory and Remembrance, to let Objects in; and Doors of Forgetfulneſs, to ſhut them out; likewiſe, it hath Windows of Hopes, that let in the Light of Joy; and Shutts of Doubts, to keep it out: alſo, it hath large Stairs of Deſire, which ariſe by ſteps or windings up, by degrees, to the Towers of Ambition.

Beſides, in the Architecture of the *Mind*, there are wide Rooms of Conception, furniſh'd richly with Invention, and long Galleries of Contemplation, which are carved and wrought with Imaginations, and hung with the Pictures of Fancy.

Likewiſe, there are large Gardens of Varieties, wherein flow Rivers of Poetry, with full Streams of Numbers, making a purling Noiſe with Rhymes; on each ſide are Banks of Oratory, whereon grow Flowers of Rhetorick, and high Trees of Perſwaſion, upon which a Credulous Fool, helped by the Senſes, will climb; and, from the top, falls on the Ground of Repentance, from whence old Father *Time* takes him up, and puts him into the Arms of Experience, who carries him in to the Chyrurgeon of Expence, and is healed with the Plaſter of Warning, or elſe dyes of the *Apoplexical* Diſeaſe, called Stupidity. But Wiſdom will only look up to the top,

top, viewing the growth, and obſerving what kind they are of, but never adventures to climb: ſhe will ſit ſometimes under the Branches, for Pleaſure; but never hang on the Boughs of Inſinuation.

While they were diſputing, in comes grim Death, whoſe terrible Aſpect did ſo affright the *Mind*, that the very fear put out its Light, and quenched out its Flame; and the *Body*, being ſtruck by Death, became ſenſleſs, and diſſolved into Duſt. But old Father *Time* run away from Death as nimbly as a light-heel'd Boy, or like thoſe that ſlide upon the Ice; but never turned to ſee whether Death followed or no: Death called him; but he made himſelf, as it were, deaf with Age, and would not hear.

A Tripartite Government of Nature, Education, *and* Experience.

NATURE, *Education*, and *Experience*, did agree to make a Junćto to govern the Monarchy of Man's Life, every one ruling by turns, or rather in parts, being a Tripartite Government, The Soul, the Senſes, and the Brain; where *Nature* creates Reaſon as the chief Magiſtrate, to govern the Soul. *Education* creates Virtue to govern the Appetites; for Virtue is bred, not born in Man. And *Experience* creates Wit to govern the

Brain: for Wit (though native) without *Experience*, is defective.

As for the Soul, which Natural Reaſon governs, it hath large Territories of Capacity and Underſtanding, and many Nobles living therein; as, Heroick Paſſions, and Generous Affections; Subtil Enquiries, Strong Arguments, and Plain Proofs.

The Senſes (which Virtuous *Education* governs, are five great Cities; and the various Appetites, are the ſeveral Citizens dwelling therein; which Citizens are apt to rebel, and turn Traitors, if Virtue, the Governeſs, be not ſevere and ſtrict in executing Juſtice with Courage, cutting off the Heads of Curioſity, Nicety, Variety, Luxury, and Exceſs; and though Temperance muſt weigh, meaſure, and ſet Limits; yet Prudence muſt diſtribute to Neceſſity and Conveniency, the ſeveral Gifts of Nature, Fortune, and Art.

The third is the Brain, wherein Experienc'd Wit governs, which is the pleaſanteſt part, and hath the larrgeſt Compaſs; wherein are built many Towers of Conceptions, and Caſtles of Imaginations; Grounds ploughed with Numbers, and ſowed with Fancies; Gardens planted with Study, ſet with Practice; from whence Flowers of Rhetorick grow, and Rivers of Elegancy flow through it.

This part of the Kingdom hath the greateſt Traffick and Commerce of any of the three parts, and flouriſhes

flouriſhes moſt, being populated with the Graces and Muſes; Wit, being popular, hath great power on the Paſſions and Affections, and in the Senſes makes Civil Entertainments of Pleaſure and Delight, feeding the Appetites with delicious Banquets.

NATURE's HOUSE.

THE whole Globe is *Nature's Houſe*; and the ſeveral Planets are *Nature's* ſeveral Rooms; the Earth is her Bed-Chamber; the Floor is Gold and Silver; and the Walls Marble and Porphyrie; the Portals and Doors are *Lapis-Lazarus*; inſtead of Tapiſtry Hangings, it is hung with all ſorts of Plants; her Bed is of ſeveral precious Stones; the Bed-poſts are of Rocks of Diamonds; the Bed's-head, of Rubies, Saphires, Topaſſes, and Emeralds: Inſtead of a Feather-bed, there is a Bed of ſweet Flowers; and the Sheets are freſh Air; her Table is of Agats, and the like: yet the Roof of the Chamber is Earth; but ſo curiouſly Vaulted, and ſo finely wrought, that no Duſt falls down: it is built much like unto a *Martin's* Neſt: the Windows are the Pores of the Earth.

Saturn is her Gallery (a long, but a dark Room), and ſtands at the higheſt Story of her Houſe.

Sol is her Dining-Room, which is a round

Room built with Heat, and lined with Light.

Venus is her Dreſſing-Room.

Cynthia is her Supping-Room, which is divided into four Quarters, wherein ſtand four Tables; one being round, at which ſhe ſits, being furniſhed with all Plenty; the other are Side-board Tables.

Mercury is her Room of Entertainment.

The Rational Creatures are her Nobles.

The Senſitive Creatures are her Gentry.

The Inſenſible Creatures are her Commons.

Life is her Gentleman-Uſher.

Time is her Steward.

And Death is her Treaſurer.

A DISPUTE.

THE Soul cauſed Reaſon and Love to diſpute with the Senſes and Appetites.

Reaſon brought Religion: for, whatſoever Reaſon could not make good, Faith did.

Love brought Will: for whatſoever Love ſaid, Will confirmed.

The Senſes brought Pleaſure and Pain, which were as two Witneſſes: Pleaſure was a falſe Witneſs; but Pain would not, nor could not be bribed.

Appetite brought Opinion, which in ſome things would be obſtinate, in others very facil.

But

But they had not diſputed long, but they were ſo entangled in their Arguments, and ſo invective in their Words (as moſt Diſputers are), that they began to quarrel (as moſt Diſputers do).

Whereupon the Soul diſmiſt them, although with much difficulty: for, Diſputers are Captains or Colonels of ragged Regiments of Arguments; and when a Multitude are gathered together in a Rout, they ſeldom diſperſe until ſome Miſchief is done; and then they are well pleaſed, and fully ſatisfied.

The Preaching-Lady.

Dearly Beloved Brethren,

I HAVE called you together to Inſtruct, Exhort, and Admoniſh you: My Text I take out of *Nature*; the third Chapter in *Nature*, at the beginning of the fourth Verſe; mark it, dearly Beloved, the third Chapter, beginning at the fourth Verſe: (The Text) *In the Land of Poetry there ſtands a ſteep high Mount, named* Parnaſſus; *at the top iſſues out a Flame, which aſcends unto* Fame's *Manſion.*

This Text, dearly Beloved, I will divide into ſeven parts:

Firſt, *In the Land of Poetry.*
Secondly, *There ſtands a Mount.*

Thirdly, *A ſteep Mount.*
Fourthly, *A high Mount.*
Fifthly, *The Name is* Parnaſſus.
Sixthly, *There iſſues from the top a Flame.*
Seventhly, and laſtly, *The Flame aſcends to* Fame's *Manſion.*

Firſt, *In the Land of Poetry.*

Which Land, dearly Beloved, is both large, ſweet, pleaſant, and fertile; and hath been poſſeſſed by our Fore-fathers, ever ſince the time of our Father *Adam* in Poetry, which was *Homer*; from whom all Poets are deſcended (as the Ancients ſay). This our very great Grandfather, named *Homer*, did excel all other Men; for he did not only give ſome Names to Creatures on Earth, but he gave Names to all the Gods in *Jove*'s Manſion, and to all the Devils in the Infernal Parts. Nay, he did more; for he made Heavens and Hells, Gods and Devils; and deſcribed them, that his Poſterity might know them in after-Ages. In this Land of Poetry he lived, which Land flowed with Wit and Fancy; and is ſo large, that it doth not only reach to all parts and places of or in the World (ſpreading it ſelf, like Air, about, and into every nook and corner in this World), but beyond it, as into many other Worlds. In this moſt ſpacious Land runs a clear Stream, called *Helicon*; it is a moſt pleaſant Spring, and

and refreſhes not only the Life of the Senſes, but the Senſe of Life. In this Spring did our very Great-Grandfather bathe himſelf in; alſo, with this Spring he watered numbers of ſeveral Roots growing in this Land, that the ſweet Flowers of Rhetorick might ſprout forth in due ſeaſon, and that the Trees of Invention might bear their fruitful Arts, for the nouriſhment of Common-weals.

Secondly, *In the midſt of this Land there is a Mount:* A Mount, dearly Beloved, is a ſwell'd, contracted, and elevated Matter or Form: but you muſt not conceive this Mount to be of Earth, but of Thoughts; it is a ſwell'd, contracted, and elevated Form in the Mind.

Thirdly, *It is a ſteep Mount:* That is, dearly Beloved, it is not ſlope, or ſhelving; but ſo ſtraight, as to be perpendicular: inſomuch, that thoſe that have not ſure and ſinewy Feet, can never walk up this Mount: indeed, it requires *Mercury's* Feet, which have Wings, that when they are in danger to ſlip, their Wings might bear them up.

Fourthly, *It is a high Mount:* That is, dearly Beloved, there is a great ſpace, or long line, from the Bottom to the Top; unto which top, all that have light and empty Heads can never attain; for the height will ſoon make them dizzy, and cauſe them to fall into the Gulph of Oblivion.

Fifthly, *The Name of this Mount is* Parnaſſus:

A Name, dearly Beloved, is a Word; not a Thing, but the Mark of Things, to diſtinguiſh ſeveral Things, or conceptions of Things, to know and underſtand them.

Sixthly, *From the top of this Mount* Parnaſſus, *iſſues out a Flame:* A Flame, dearly Beloved, is the fluid part of Fire. But, Beloved, you muſt know, there are two ſorts of Fire; the one, a bright ſhining Fire, which is viſible to the vulgar ſenſe; the other is ſo pure and ſubtil a Fire, that it is not ſubject to the outward Senſe, but is only perceived by the Underſtanding; indeed it is a Spiritual Fire, which cauſes a ſpritely and pure Flame: The other a Corporeal Fire, which cauſeth a groſs and ſmoaking Flame.

Seventhly and laſtly, *This inſenſible Flame aſcends to* Fame's *Manſion:* And though, dearly Beloved, *Fame's* Manſion is but an old Library, wherein lies ancient Records of Actions, Accidents, Chronologies, Moulds, Medals, Coins, and the like; yet *Fame* her ſelf is a Goddeſs, and the Siſter to *Fortune*; and ſhe is not only a Goddeſs, but a powerful Goddeſs; and not only a powerful Goddeſs, but a terrible Goddeſs; for ſhe can both damn and glorifie; and her Sentence of Damnation is, moſt commonly, of more force than her Sentence of Glorification; for thoſe that ſhe damns, ſhe damns without Redemption; but ſhe ſets, many times,

times, a period to thoſe ſhe Glorifies.

Thus, beloved Brethren, I have interpreted to you the Text. Now I am to exhort you, That none ſhould venture up this Mount, but thoſe that can flye with Fancy's Wings, or walk with a meaſured pace, on Velvet Feet, or Comick Socks, or Tragick Buskins; not to venture, if you find any infirmity or weakneſs in the Head, or Brain, or other parts: for, the Flame which iſſues out of the Mount called *Parnaſſus*, is not only a Flame, but a wondrous hot, ſindging, ſcorching, burning Flame; inſomuch, that (many times) it is inſufferable, and oft-times burns the Brains into Cinders, and conſumes the Rational Underſtanding; at leaſt, it ſindges the Health, and endangers the Life of the Body.

But to conclude, beloved Brethren in Poetry: Let me admoniſh you to be devout to the Name of great Fame, who is able to ſave or damn you: Wherefore be induſtrious in your Actions; let no opportunity ſlip you, neither in Schools, Courts, Cities, Camps, or ſeveral Climates, to gain the Favour of great *Fame*; offer up your ſeveral Conceptions upon her white Altars (I mean white Paper), ſprinkling Golden Letters thereon; and let the Senſe be as ſweet Incenſe to her Deity,

that the Perfumes of your Renown may be ſmelt in after-Ages, and your Noble Actions recorded in her ancient Manſion.

And ſo the Love of Fame be with you,
And the Bleſſing of Fortune light upon you.

A Moral Tale of the Ant *and the* Bee.

IN the midſt of a pleaſant Wood, ſtood a large Oak in its prime, and ſtrength of years, which by long time was brought to a huge bigneſs. A Company of *Ants* meeting together, choſe the Root, or bottom thereof, to build a City; but whereſoever any of them build, they build after one faſhion, which is like a Hill, or half-Globe, the outſide being Convex, the inſide Concave; a Figure, it ſeems, they think moſt laſting, and leaſt ſubject to ruin; having no Corners, Points, or Joints, to break off; and every one of the little Creatures induſtrious for the Common-good, in which they never loyter, but labour and take pains; and not only laborioufly, but prudently; for thoſe that bring the Materials to build, lay thoſe Materials in ſuch a manner, that they do not hinder one another by any retardments: Among Men, one brings the Brick, another the Mortar, and a third builds

builds with them; and if any come to a miſchance, the Work is not only hindred, and time loſt, but the Builder is forced to be idle for want of Materials; and if the Builder comes to any miſchance, the Materials are uſeleſs for want of a Worker. But they, being wiſer than Man, know Time is precious; and therefore judiciouſly order it, forecaſting while they work, and taking up the whole time with Contrivance, leaving none for Practice; neither do they prefer Curioſity before Convenience. Likewiſe, they are careful of Repairs, leſt Ruin ſhould grow upon them; inſomuch, that if the leaſt Grain of Duſt be miſplaced, they ſtop, or cloſe it up again. They are alſo as prudent for their Proviſions, having a Magazine of Meat in their City, as Men have of Arms: but this Magazine is like a Farmer's Cupboard, which is never without Bread and Cheeſe; wholſome, although not delicious Fare; ſo is theirs. Neither do they ſhut their Door, for all is open and free: they need not beg for Victuals, ſince every one labours and takes pains for what they eat: neither are they factious and mutinous, through Envy; by reaſon there is no ſuperiority amongſt them, for their Commonwealth is compoſed of Labourers. They have no impertinent Commanding Magiſtrates, nor Unjuſt Judges, nor Wrangling Lawyers: for, as their Commonwealth is as one Body; or rather, all

thoſe little Bodies are as one great Head; or rather, as one wiſe Brain; ſo are they united by a general Agreement, as one Mind; and their Induſtries are united as to the general Good; which makes the Profit thereof return equally to each particular: for as their Induſtry, ſo Power and Riches are levelled amongſt them, which makes them free from thoſe Inconveniences and Troubles, and oft-times Ruins, that are incident to thoſe Commonwealths that make Diſtinctions and Degrees, which beget Pride, Ambition, Envy, Covetouſneſs, Treachery, and Treaſon; cauſing Civil-Warrs, Tyrannical Laws, Unjuſt Judgments, Falſe Accuſations, Cruel Executions, Faint Friendſhips, Diſſembling Affections, Luxury, Bribery, Beggery, Slavery, heavy Taxes, and unconſcionable Extortions. But theſe Citizen-Ants, have little Heads, and great Wiſdom; which ſhews, it is not the quantity of Brains that makes any particular Creature wiſe; for then an Ox would be wiſer than a Man: Nor is it the bigneſs of the Heart that makes a Creature good-natur'd; for theſe little Creatures, although they have little Hearts, yet they have great Generoſity, Compaſſion, and Charity to each other: and as their aſſiſtance is always ready and free to bear a part of a Burthen; ſo their care and affection is not leſs to bury their Dead. I know not whether they have the paſſion of Sorrow, or rather (I may ſay)

ſay) the moiſture of Tears, to weep at their Funerals; but they do lay the Dead into the Earth, and cover them with Earth, with great Solemnity. But they have, as all other Creatures that Nature hath made, Enemies: for, though they are Friends among themſelves, yet they cannot make Friendſhips with all Nature's Works, by reaſon ſome Creatures live upon other Creatures; and they have many Forreign Enemies, as Swallows, and other Birds, which come with their ſharp and digging Bills, and pull down their City, devour their Eggs, and make a Maſſacre of their Citizens; which Cruelty makes them fearful, and careful in concealing themſelves, creeping always out at little holes, leſt they ſhould be diſcovered.

It happened, upon a hot Summer's day, a company of Bees flying to that Tree, to ſwarm on a Bough thereof; that they, thinking it might be ſome of their Enemy-Birds, were in an extraordinary fright: Whereupon they withdrew all into the City, ſhutting up the Gates thereof; only ſending out a few Spies at Poſtern-doors, and ſetting Centinels to view their approaches. At laſt they obſerved, theſe Birds (which Men call *Bees*) gathered in a round Figure, or Globe, like the World; which ſhews, the round Figure is not only the moſt profitable (having the leaſt waſte, and largeſt compaſs), but the ſecureſt Figure, being the moſt united, not

only by drawing in all looſe and wandring parts, but it combines them all together with a round Line. But when theſe *Bees* were ſwarmed (which ſwarming is a general Meeting, to make up one Councel), there was ſuch a humming-noiſe, as did more affright the *Ants* than it had before: for *Bees* do not, as Men in Publick Councels, ſpeak by turns; but they ſpeak all at once, after the Leading-*Bee* hath ſpoke; I ſuppoſe, either all conſenting, or not conſenting to the chief *Bee's* Propoſition. Neither can I perceive that they ſpeak ſtudied-Speeches, as Men do, taking more care and pains therein, than for the Common Good. Neither do they, as Men do, which is, to ſpeak as Paſſion perſwades them, not as Reaſon adviſes, or Truth diſcovers, or Honeſty commands them; but as Self-love or Self-will draws them, driving their own particular Intereſt, following their own Appetites, preferring their own Luxuriouſneſs and Pleaſure, before the publick Felicity or Safety; venturing the publick Ruin, for a Title of Honour, or Bribe, or Office, or Envy, or Hate, or Revenge, or Love, or the like; nay, for a vain and affected Speech. But *Bees* are wiſer; for they know, that if the Commonwealth be ruinated, no particular Perſon can be free. Alſo, *Bees* do like thoſe that ſend Colonies out of over-populous Kingdoms, to make new Plantations: for, if there ſhould be more Mouths than Meat, and

more

more Men than Buſineſs, they would devour one another in Civil-Warrs, and pull down the Fabrick of the Commonwealth, by breaking the Laws and Civil Cuſtoms thereof.

But this Colony of *Bees* ſwarming together, agreed where to ſettle, and ſo to meet all at the appointed place: Whereupon the Councel broke up, and every one took their flight ſeveral ways, to gather Honey and Wax, wiſely providing for Food, and Store-houſes to lay their Proviſions in, building them a City in ſome hollow Tree, or cleaved part of the Earth, or the like places; and their ſeveral Apartments are built ſo cloſe together, and in ſuch a curious Mathematical Figure, that there is not the leaſt waſte or loſs; and they are ſo induſtriouſly wiſe, that they carry their Proviſions of Victuals, and their Materials to build withall, at one time, as one Burthen; for they have a natural Bag, like a Budget, which they fill with Honey; and they carry their Wax on their Thighs.

But when the *Ants* had heard their wiſe Propoſitions, their general Agreements, their firm Concluſions, their quick Executions, their methodical Orders, their prudent Managements or Comportments, and their laborious Induſtry; they did admire, commend, and approve of their Commonwealth; and the more, becauſe it was ſomewhat like to theirs. But the truth is, the *Ant* and the *Bee*

reſemble one another more in their wiſe Induſtry, than in their Government of the Commonwealth; for the *Bees* are a Monarchical Government, as any may obſerve; and the *Ants* are a Republick.

But by this we may perceive, it is not ſuch and ſuch *kinds of Government*, but ſuch and ſuch *ways of Governing*, that make a Commonwealth flouriſh with Plenty, Conveniency, Peace, and Tranquillity: for, the Monarchical Government of the *Bees*, is as wiſe and happy as the Republick of the *Ants*.

The Second Tale of the Ant *and the* Bee.

AN *Ant* and a *Bee* meeting together upon a Gilliflower, condemned each other for doing wrong to the Flower: for, ſaid the *Ant* to the *Bee*, you luxuriouſly and covetouſly come and ſuck out the ſweet and nouriſhing Juice.

You are deceived, ſaid the *Bee*; for I only gather off the ſweet Dew that lies thereon; I neither draw out the Juice nor Scent, nor fade the Colour, nor wither the Leaves, nor ſhorten the Life; for it may live as long as Nature pleaſes, for all mee: but you eat out the Seeds, which are their young Offſprings; and the Earwigs eat off the Leaves, and the Worms devour the Roots; when I bear nothing away, but what is free for all, which is that which falls from the Heavens.

By

By this we may perceive, That it is the nature of moſt Creatures that are guilty, and do the greateſt Wrongs, to be the firſt Accuſers.

The Third Tale of the Ant *and the* Bee.

IT chanced, that an *Ant* and a *Bee*, wandring about, met in a Honey-pot; the Honey being very clammy, ſtuck ſo cloſe to the *Ant*, and weighed ſo heavy, that ſhe could not get out, but (like a Horſe in a Quagmire) the more pains ſhe took to get out, the deeper ſhe ſunk in: Whereupon ſhe entreated the *Bee* to help her.

The *Bee* denied her, ſaying, She ſhould become guilty of Theft, in aſſiſting a Thief.

Why, ſaid the *Ant*, I do not entreat you to aſſiſt my *Stealth*, but my *Life:* but, for all your pretended Honeſty, and Nicety of Conſcience, you endeavour to ſteal Honey, as much as I.

No, ſaid the *Bee*, this Honey was ſtoln by Man out of our Commonwealth; and it is lawful not only to challenge our own, but to take it whereſoever we find it. Beſides, Man (moſt commonly) doth cruelly murther us, by ſmuthering us with Smoak, then deſtroys our City, and carries away the Spoils. But Men are not only the moſt wicked of Creatures, in making the greateſt Spoils and Diſturbances in Nature; but they are the ſubtilleſt of

all Creatures, to compaſs their Deſigns; and the moſt inventive for ſeveral deſtructive and enſlaving Arts. But Nature, knowing the Ingenuity of Man to Evil, and the proneneſs of his Nature to Cruelty, gave us Stings (for Weapons) to oppoſe and defend our ſelves againſt them; which they finding, by experience, invented the way of ſmuthering us with Smoak.

The *Ant* ſaid, I hope that the Cruelty you condemn, and have found by experience in Man, will cauſe you to be ſo charitable, as to help me out of my Miſery.

There is no reaſon for that, anſwered the *Bee:* for if Man doth unjuſtly ſtrive to deſtroy me, it doth not follow, I muſt unjuſtly ſtrive to help you.

But whilſt the *Bee* was thus talking, the Honey had clammed the *Bee's* Wings cloſe to her ſides, ſo that ſhe could not looſen them to flye; and in ſtrugling to get liberty for flight, plunged her whole Body in the Honey.

O, ſaid the *Bee*, I ſhall be ſwallowed up, and choaked immediately.

What, ſaid the *Ant*, with your own Honey?

O, ſaid the *Bee*, the Quantity devours me: for, Water refreſhes Life, and drowns Life; Meat feeds the Body, and deſtroys the Body by Surfeits: beſides, a Creature may choak with that which might

might nouriſh it. O unhappy Creature that I am, ſaid the *Bee*, that my Labour and Induſtry ſhould prove my ruin! but the Honey riſing above her Head, ſtopped her ſpeech, and kill'd her.

The *Ant*, after a ſhort languiſhing, dyed alſo.

Thus we ſee, the ſame Mercy and Aſſiſtance we refuſed to others, is refuſed to us in the like Diſtreſs. And, many times, in the midſt of Abundance, are our Lives taken away.

When we are too greedily earneſt in keeping or taking what we can juſtly call our own, we ſeldom enjoy it, either by loſing it, or our ſelves. Which ſhews, there is no ſecure Safety, nor perfect Felicity, nor conſtant Continuance in the Works of Nature.

A Tale of the Woodcock *and the* Cow.

A *COW* ſeeing a *Woodcock* ſitting cloſe to a a green Turf, and obſerving him not to ſtir, asked him why he ſate ſo lazily there, having ſo ſtrong a Wing as he had to flye.

O, ſaid the *Woodcock*, it is a laborious action to flye; but ſitting here, I take my eaſe and reſt.

The *Cow* ſaid, If I had Wings to flye, I would never lye upon the cold Earth, but I would mount up near to the warm Sun, whoſe Heat clarifies the Air to a Cryſtalline Skye; whereas the Earth is

only a groſs Body, ſending forth thick and ſtinking Fogs, which many times give us the Rot, and other Diſeaſes, by the unwholſome Vapours that ariſe from it, and cold Dews that lye upon the Ground; when the Air is ſweet and refreſhing, warm and comfortable.

'Tis true, ſaid the *Woodcock*, the Sun is a glorious and powerful Planet; his Heat is our Comfort, and his Light is our Joy; and the Air is a thin and fine Element. But alas, ſaid he, though we be Birds that can flye therein, yet we cannot reſt therein; and every Creature requires reſt ſometimes: neither can we live only by the Sun; for the Sun cannot fill us, though he warms us; his Light fills not our Crops, although it doth our Eyes; nor is the Seed ſown in the Air: and though the Winds furrow and plow the Clouds, yet the Air is too ſoft an Element to bear Corn, or any other Vegetable; nor doth there grow ſweet Berries on the Sun-beams, as on the Buſhes: beſides, great Winds beat down our ſailing-wings; and when the Air is thick, and full of Water, it wets and cleaves our Feathers ſo cloſe, they will not ſpread; which cauſeth difficulty of flight; which tires us, and puts our Limbs to pain, when you ſit lazily here all day long, chewing the Cud, having your Meat brought by Man, to encreaſe your Milk; and in the Summer you are put to rich Paſture, or lye in green Meadows, growing

ing thick with Cowſlips and Dazies; or elſe, for change, you walk up to the Mountains tops, to brouſe on wild Thyme, or ſweet Marjoram; and yet you rail againſt our good Mother Earth, from whoſe Bowels we receive Life, and Food to maintain that Life ſhe gives us: She is our kind Nurſe, from whence we ſuck (out of her ſpringing breaſts) freſh water; and are fed by her Hand of Bounty, ſhaded under her ſpreading-Boughs, and ſheltred from Storms in her thick Groves.

Beſides, ſaid the *Woodcock*, you are ſafe from Dangers; whenas we have many Airy-Enemies, as the Tyrant-Eagle, and Murtherous Hawk: But, ſaid the *Cow*, we that only live upon the Earth, are dull and melancholy Creatures, in compariſon of thoſe that flye in the Air: for, all Birds are ingenuous, and ſeem to have more Wit than Beaſts: beſides, they are of chearfuller Diſpoſitions, and have clearer Voices, by reaſon their Spirits are more refined, whereof the Serene Air, and the hot Sun, is the cauſe, by agitating the Spirits to that degree, that they ſeem to have more Life than we Beaſts have, or any other Creature; for thoſe Bodies that are moſt active, and thoſe Minds that are more cheerful, have moſt, although not longeſt Life, having more of the innated Matter (which is Self-motion) in them, than duller Creatures have. And ſince Nature hath given you a greater proportion of Life

(that is, more lively Spirits), ſlight not her Benefits, but make uſe of them; for to that purpoſe ſhe gives them.

Wherefore get up, and ſit not idly here;
Mount up on high, above the Clouds appear.
The Woodcock *ſaid, When we are up on high,*
We rather ſwim like Fiſhes, and not flye:
The Air is like the Ocean, liquid, plain;
The Clouds are Water, and the Roof is Rain:
Where, like a Ship, our Bodies ſwift do glide;
Our Wings, as Sails, are ſpread on either ſide:
Our Head's the Card, our Eyes the Needles be,
For to direct us in our Airy Sea.
Our Tail's the Rudder, moves from ſide to ſide:
And by that motion we our Bodies guide.
Our Feet's the Anchors; when to ground them ſet,
We mend our Sails, that's prune our Feathers wet:
And every Buſh, like ſeveral Ports they be:
But a large Haven is a broad-ſpread Tree.
O, ſaid the Cow, *this Voyage to the Skie*
I fain would ſee, whilſt on the Ground I lie.
To ſatisfie you, ſaid the Woodcock, *I*
Will mount; ſo roſe, and ſhak'd his Wings to flie.

But the *Woodcock* had not flown above a Caſt high, but a *Faulcon* (who had ſoared above for a Prey) ſeeing the *Woodcock* underneath him, came down

down with ſuch force, that he knocked him on the head with his Pounces.

Which when the *Cow* ſaw, ſhe lowed out with ſorrow, and made a moſt lamentable Voice, bewailing the *Woodcock's* misfortune; and out of a ſad, melancholy, and diſcontented grief for the *Woodcock* his death, and for the unfortunate counſel ſhe gave him, ſhe mourned and lamented, putting on a black Hide; which Hide ſhe wore to her dying-day, and all her Poſterity after her; and not only her Poſterity, but many of her Acquaintance.

The MORAL.

Some are ſo buſily-good, that they will perſwade and counſel not only all thoſe they have relation to, or all they know and have acquaintance with, but all they meet, although they be meer ſtrangers to them. But although ſome do it out of a meer buſie nature, and intermedling humour and diſpoſition; yet queſtionleſs ſome do it out of a deſire and natural inclination they have for a general fruition of Happineſs, putting themſelves in the laſt place.

But theſe ſort of men have more Good-nature than Judgment; for their Counſel oft-times brings Ruin, at leaſt Sorrow, both to thoſe that take it, and

thoſe that give it, through a blind ignorance of both Parties. But thoſe that are prudently wiſe, never give Counſel but when it's asked; and then, not without great Caution; chuſing the ſafeſt ways, and the likelieſt means, joining their own Reputation with the Party's Good; fearing to loſe the one, or hurt the other by a raſh Advice.

Of a Butcher *and a* Fly.

IN *Shamble-Row*, a *Butcher* walking in his Shop, where Meat was lying upon his Shop-board, and (being in the heat of Summer) a number of *Flies* were buſily working thereupon; which the *Butcher* ſeeing, was very angry, and ſaid, That *Flies* were good for nothing but to corrupt Dead Fleſh. At which words, the *Flies* murmured againſt the *Butcher*, making a humming-noiſe, to expreſs their Paſſion.

But one of the ancienteſt and graveſt *Flyes* amongſt them (which *Fly* living long, and obſerving much, had ſtudied Natural and Moral Philoſophy), having obſerved the Humours and Actions of all Creatures, eſpecially of Man, and more eſpecially of *Butchers*, by reaſon they moſt commonly frequent the Shambles; ſhe anſwered the *Butcher* thus:

Why (ſaid the *Fly*) do you rail and exclaim againſt

againſt us, when we do nothing againſt Nature, but do good ſervice to the Countrey? for, we create living Creatures out of that you deſtroy; whereby we keep Nature from ruin: and thoſe only that deſtroy Life, are Nature's Enemies; but thoſe that maintain or create Life, are Nature's Friends. Thus we are Friends, and you are Enemies to Nature: for you are cruel, ſtriving to deſtroy Nature, not only by taking the Life of barren Creatures, that are paſt producing; but of young Creatures, that would encreaſe, had they been ſuffered to live, in not killing them before their natural time to dye. Beſides (ſaid the *Fly* to the *Butcher*) you are a Cheat and a Robber, as well as a Murtherer; for you cozen and rob Time of the Goods he is intruſted to keep until ſuch time as Nature requires them, to whom he carefully, eaſily, peaceably, delivers them to the right Owner. Alſo, you do not only rob him of thoſe Goods he hath in charge; but you maliciouſly or covetouſly ſpoil his Work: for, thoſe Creatures that he hath but newly made and ſhaped, and ſome before they are quite finiſhed; nay, ſome which he hath but moulded in a lump together, you deſtroy; which not only ſpoils old Father *Time's* Labours, but defaces his Architecture, diſgracing his Skill. Likewiſe, you do not only endeavour to deſtroy Nature, and rob and diſgrace Time; but you take away Divine Worſhip from the Gods, who

receive their Worſhip from Life, which you deſtroy; for which, they may juſtly puniſh you to Death.

After the *Fly* had made an end of this Diſcourſe, Now (ſaith the *Butcher* to the *Fly*) you think you have ſpoke wiſely, honeſtly, and piouſly; but your Speeches ſhew you to be a formal, prating Coxcomb: For firſt, Nature creates more Creatures from Death, than from Life; from the Grave, than from the Womb: for thoſe Creatures ſhe creates from the Womb, ſhe creates (for the moſt part) by ſingle ones, or couples, as Mankind, and moſt ſorts of Beaſts; but thoſe that ſhe creates from Death and the Grave, as from dead Carkaſſes, and Corruption, ſhe produceth by numbers, as Maggots, Worms, and the like: and, moſt commonly, your impertinent Worſhips are created in that manner. And if the Gods are only ſerved by Life, we ſerve the Gods beſt; for we, by killing of ſingle Creatures, are the cauſe of creating millions of living Creatures. Neither have you reaſon to brag; for it is not you that are the only cauſe that thoſe Creatures are produced from thoſe Carkaſſes, but Corruption, which is the Mother of Life, and which (by your *Bloth*) you haſten, whereby you take Time's Work out of his hands, and ſo you do uſurp on Time's Prerogative, for which I will whisk you out of my Shop as a Company of buſie, prating,

ting, idle, fooliſh Creatures you are. Whereat they, being frighted, flew away.

Of a Man *and a* Spider.

A *MAN*, whoſe Thoughts were not buſily employed upon potent Affairs, but lazily ſitting in his Chair, leaning his Head on his Hand with his Face towards the Window, viewing a craf-ty *Spider*, and marking what pains ſhe took in ſpinning a Web to entangle the innocent *Flyes*; ſaw, that her Work was no ſooner done, but a *Fly* was catch'd therein. He ſeeing this poor *Fly* dragg'd along, and ready to be murthered by the cruel *Spi-der* (who had watched her coming thither), thus ſpake:

Miſchievous *Spider* (ſays he) who art only indu-ſtrious to an Evil Deſign, ſpinning out thy own Bowels only to entrap a Creature that never did nor meant thee harm: Hadſt thou ſpun out of a charitable intention to clothe the Naked, thou hadſt been worthy of my Commendation; but now thy Malice falls juſtly under my Wrath: and taking the Tongs, intended to kill her. But the *Spider*, perceiving his intention, thus ſpake:

Sir, You that pretend to Juſtice, be juſt to me, and hear me firſt ſpeak: for, What is more unjuſt, than to cenſure, ſtrike, or kill, before you know

whether your Doom be deſervedly given; and you muſt be clear from the ſame Faults, before you can juſtly puniſh another for the like Crimes; as alſo, be free from Partiality, leſt you become cruel to one, through your tender pity to the other. But to anſwer for my ſelf: I do not only ſpin thus to catch the *Flyes*, but it is my Houſe in which I dwell; which no ſooner have I built it up, but the *Flyes* ſtrive to break it down: for, if you would but obſerve, that when I have ſpun my Web, they ſtraight flye into it; which I no ſooner ſee, but I run upon my Threads to aſſault them, and ſo catch them, if I can: for, ſince I cannot keep my Houſe from being aſſaulted, I ſtrive to make it a Snare to intangle my Foes therein; and by that means I make it a Miſchief to fall on their own Heads: and, What Creature hath Nature made, but (if they had power) would defend themſelves. But ſay, I ſpun this Web only to catch *Flyes* to feed upon, it were no Crime in Nature: for, What Creature is there that will ſpare the Life of another, if it be to maintain his own? ſince Self-preſervation is the chief of Nature's Works; and of all her Works, Man ſeeks it moſt: and not only ſo, but he delights in Spoil, which is againſt Nature: for, Doth not Man take delight, and account it as one of his chiefeſt Recreations, to kill thoſe Creatures that he refuſes to eat? Nay, Man will deſtroy his

his own Kind: for, What Warrs and Slaughter do they make, out of a covetous Ambition for Power and Authority? But, if you be ſo juſt as you pretend, then firſt caſt out all Intemperate Deſires. Make Peace among your ſelves, then may you be fit Judges to decide the Quarrels of other Creatures, and to puniſh Offendors, when you are innocent; otherwiſe you will but ſhew your ſelf an Uſurper, wreſting that Power that belongs not to you; and a Tyrant, to execute with the Sword of Cruelty, deſtroying Truth and Right.

The Man, when he had heard the *Spider*'s Diſcourſe, turned his Back, and went his ways.

A Dialogue betwixt a great Lady, *and her* Maid of Honour.

THERE was a great rich *Lady* talking to one of her *Maids of Honour* of ſeveral things, at laſt ſhe began to ſpeak of the falſe Reports Envy and Malice had raiſed in the World.

Her Maid told her, If ſhe would not be angry, ſhe would tell her what they ſaid of her.

Do ſo, ſaid ſhe; for I do not cenſure my ſelf according as the World's reports, which moſt commonly are falſe; but I judg my ſelf according to my Life, which is my Thoughts and Actions:

Wherefore, they cannot move my Anger at any thing they ſay; and ſo you may relate without offence.

Maid. They ſay, You are Proud.

Lady. I am ſo, in ſcorning what is baſe.

Maid. They ſay, You prize your Title of Honour at too high a rate.

Lady. That's falſe, ſaid ſhe; I only prize ſuch Titles, as being the Mark of Merit: for, only Merit dignifies a Man, and not thoſe Titles of Honour, which gain a Luſter from the Worth of thoſe they are placed upon.

Maid. They ſay, You are vain, in making Shews of State, and Stately Shews.

Lady. Why, anſwered ſhe, the Gods delight in Ceremonies, which are devout Shows; and this World which they have made, is like a Pageant, or Maſquing-Scenes; and when Great Kings neglect their Ceremonies, their State goes down;

And with their State they loſe their Kingly Crown.

Maid. They ſay, You are ſo Proud, that you will not ſit, becauſe all others by you ſhould ſtand.

Lady. They are deceived, ſaid ſhe; for I would rather ſtand whilſt others ſit; for as they ſit, they bow lower towards the Earth;

By which, my Slaves and Vaſſals they do ſhew.

Maid.

Maid. They ſay, You will not eat your Meat, but by your ſelf alone; which proves you Proud, or Covetous

Lady. It proves me neither: for, Why ſhould I diſguſt my Palat, in hearing a confuſed Noiſe? For, when good Meat and Wine fumes to their Brains, their Tongues become unruly. Neither is it out of Covetouſneſs: for, I do not only keep one well-furniſhed Table, but many; and do allow Entertainment to all Civil Gueſts.

Maid. They ſay, You are Proud, becauſe you will receive no Viſits but at ſet and certain times.

Lady. Why ſhould I ſpend my time in idle talk, ſince Life is ſhort? or to diſturb my ſolitary hours, which is the beſt and happieſt time of Life, wherein Man only doth enjoy himſelf?

Maid. They ſay, You are not Sociable, in not carrying abroad your Neighbours, or your Friends, as other Ladies of great Titles do; which ſend about to other Ladies to accompany them abroad, to fill their Train, and make a Shew.

Lady. I hate to be attended upon Courteſie, or make a Shew of Borrowed-Favours, or fill my Train with bare Acquaintance, or humble Companions; to have my Eſtate none of my own, only to make a ſeeming-Shew; and when they are gone, my Eſtate is gone, and I left alone, naked and bare, having none that I can command about me. No,

when I appear abroad, I will only be attended and waited upon by ſuch as live upon my Bounty, or are raiſed by my Favours. I will have no patch'd Train, made up of Strangers; it ſhall be all my own, although it be the ſhorter; otherwiſe, what Shews ſoever it makes, it is but mean and poor, expreſſing more Vain-glory, than it doth State. Beſides, it cheats and cozens Noble Honour: for, ſhould a King be attended and ſerved in State with other Subjects than his own, upon another King's Charge or Courteſie; he would not ſeem, to thoſe that are wiſe, to have great Power. But he is Great, whoſe Kingdom is fully populated, and all do bow with an obedient Knee, and are ready to ſerve his Will. So, like Potent Kings, in my Degree, will I be ſerved and waited on by my own Family, with Duty and Obedience; and not by Strangers, who are like Forreigners, and are apt to mutiny, and make a Warr, or think they do me Honour. No, I will have none but ſuch as think I honour them; and if I have Merit, I do ſo (although they be of equal rank), if by my Worth or Fortune I do grace or aſſiſt them any way: for, it is an Honour to receive a Bounty or a Favour from Perſons of Merit.

Maid. They ſay, You do diſlike, when any Man ſalutes you, although of Quality.

Lady. How! ſalutes me?

Maid. Why, to kiſs you.

Lady.

Lady. Why ought not every honeſt Woman ſo to do? For, Kiſſes are *Cupid*'s Gentlemen-Uſhers, and *Venus* Waiting-Maids, which oft betray the Men to wild Deſires, and kindles in their Hearts unlawful Fire: Wherefore, I would have that Cuſtom baniſhed quite, eſpecially by Husbands that do prize their Honour. But Envy doth miſemploy the Tongue, and leads Mankind to baſe Actions, making their Life like leaking-Veſſels, where precious Time doth idly drop away.

Maid. I have heard, That all the VVorld was pictured in a Fool's Cap.

Lady. 'Tis ſtrange it ſhould be ſo: for Nature that did make it, and Gods that rule it, are wiſe: but Men are bad, which makes me not care what they ſay: for, I divide Mankind into Four parts, whereof three are naught: One part I hate, as being VVicked. The ſecond I ſcorn, as being Baſe. And, the third I pity, as being Ignorantly fooliſh.

Maid. VVhat is the fourth part, Madam?

Lady. The fourth part I may divide into four parts more: One part I admire, as being VViſe. The ſecond part I honour, as being Noble. The third part I love, as being Good. The fourth part I rely on, as being Valiant.

Maid. There would be little Security, if only the fourth part of the fourth part were Valiant; for the other parts might overpower them.

Lady. O no, Cowards know not their own ſtrength, becauſe they dare not try it; and one Valiant Man, if Fortune ſits but idle, will beat at leaſt twenty Cowards. But Fortune, for the moſt part, is a Friend to Cowards and to Fools, more than to the Valiant and the VViſe; yet oft-times the Valiant and the VViſe do make a paſſage through, though Fortune do obſtruct.

Maid. But, Madam, if there were ſo few Valiant, there would not be ſo much VVarr amongſt Mankind, as is.

Lady. O yes; for Cowards fight for fear, and Valiant Men do ſet them on; and were it not for thoſe that are Valiant and VViſe, there would neither be Juſtice nor Propriety.

Maid. Indeed, Juſtice is pictured with a Sword in one hand, and a pair of Balances in the other.

Lady. That ſhews, that VViſdom doth juſtly weigh Truth, and Valour doth maintain the Right.

Maid. I have heard a Proverb, Madam, That *he that is wiſe, is honeſt.*

Lady. And thoſe that are not Valiant, can never be conſtantly Honeſt; for, ſaid ſhe, Fear would put them out of Honeſt ways. And ſo ſhe left off diſcourſing.

A Dialogue *betwixt a* Contemplating Lady, *and a* Poet.

POET.

PRAY, Madam, think me not rude to intrude upon your Contemplation.

Lady. *A* Poet's *Wit is a Companion Fit for a vain Imagination.*

Poet. That is not vainly done, which gives a Delight to the Mind, without endangering the Soul, or diſtempering the Body: for, Vanity lives only in that which is uſeleſs or unprofitable.

Lady. Indeed, to delight the Mind is more neceſſary than to feed the Body: for, a diſcontented Mind is worſe than Death; but the moſt part of the World think nothing uſeful to the Life, but what is Subſtantial.

Poet. If they do ſo, they muſt account Thoughts vain: for, Thoughts are only an Incorporeal Motion, or at leaſt believed to be ſo.

Lady. But without the Incorporeal Motion, the World would be a dead Carkaſs only: for, were it not for Contemplation, there would be no Invention; if no Invention, no Conveniency; if no Conveniency, no Eaſe; if no Eaſe, no Pleaſure; if no Plea-

ſure, no Happineſs; and to be unhappy, is worſe than Death: but Contemplation is the Mother of Invention.

Poet. But Language is the Midwife, and Practiſe the Nurſe. Beſides, if there were no Practiſe or Converſation, all Invention and Induſtry would be Abortive:

And Language utterly unknown,
The Trumpet loud of Fame *unblown:*
No Ladder ſet unto her Throne,
The Hill untrod ſhe ſits upon.

Wherefore, we ought not to bury our ſelves in Contemplation, nor to baniſh our ſelves from Converſation: for, Converſation gives the Mind breath, and makes the Imagination the ſtronger, the Conception larger, the Invention apter, and Fancy livelier; otherwiſe we ſhall ſmuther the Thoughts for want of vent, and put out their Light for want of Oil, and then the Life would ſit in Darkneſs.

Lady. Certainly the greateſt Delight that Life gives, is Contemplation; and the Life of Contemplation, is ſilent Solitarineſs.

Poet. 'Tis true: but the Mind, as the Body, may feed ſo long of Pleaſures, that they may prove tormenting-Pain: ſo that the Mind muſt be exerciſed with Diſcourſe, cleanſed with Writing, otherwiſe

wiſe the Streams of Fancy, which ariſe in ſeveral Springs from the Imaginations, may overflow the Mind, cauſing it to be flatuous and hydropcal; or the ſeveral and ſingular Opinions, which are moſt commonly tough and hard, may obſtruct the Mind, cauſing it to be purſie and ſhort-breath'd; and the cold and hot Paſſions, for want of Purging-words, may either ſtupifie or inflame the Mind; and too much Solitarineſs will bed-rid the Mind, making it faint and weak. Beſides, if the Mind do not travel to ſeveral Objects, and traffick with the Senſes and Diſcourſe, it would have no acquaintance with the World, no knowledg of Men, nor Famous Monuments. And give me leave, Lady, to tell you, Extreams in Nature are an Enemy to Life, and to Life's delight: Wherefore, let me adviſe you to intermingle with your harmleſs Contemplations, rational Diſcourſes, knowing Societies, and worthy Actions; and employ your Senſes on profitable Labours, and not ſuffer them to live idly and uſeleſs to the Mind.

Lady. Let me tell you, Sir, the Mind needs them not; for the Mind is ſo well attended, ſo richly furniſhed, has ſuch witty Companions, ſuch wiſe Acquaintance, ſuch numbers of Strangers, ſuch faithful Friends, ſuch induſtrious Servants, ſuch various Pleaſures, ſuch ſweet Delights, ſuch ſpacious Walks, ſuch ſafe Habitations, and ſuch a peaceable

Life, that it neither needs to converſe or have commerce either with the Senſes, Mankind, or the World; for it is a World within it ſelf.

The Mind a vaſter World it ſelf doth prove;
Where ſeveral Paſſions, like the Planets, move:
Poetick Fancies, like fix'd Starrs, ſhine bright
Upon the Brain, which makes a Day of Night.
The flux of things produceth from the Earth;
As ſome decays, to others gives new birth.
Nature *and* Time *are equal in their ends,*
As ſome decay, to others new Life ſends.
The Circulation of Time's *World, we ſee,*
May prove Eternal, the Mind Immortal be.
All the Material World hath Compaſs round,
But in the Mind no Compaſs can be found:
'Tis infinite, like Nature can create
Thoughts, ſeveral Creatures, Deſtiny and Fate:
And Life and Death do in the Mind ſtill lye;
Death to forget, and Life is Memory.

Poet. But, Lady, in Juſtice the Body, as well as the Mind, muſt ſhare in the Pleaſures of Life: for it were unjuſt that only the Body ſhould endure Reſtraint and Pain, and take no Delight: wherefore you ought not to impriſon it to dark and ſolitary places, to chain it up with Contemplation, and to ſtarve it with Abſtinency; but let it take a moderate pleaſure. *Lady.*

Lady. Well, I will try to be more ſociable, and not ſtarve the Life of my Body with over-feeding my Mind.

But hard 'twill be to me for to abſtain,
And leave the Banquet of a thinking-Brain;
Where all delicious Pleaſures and Delight
Are there ſet forth to feed each Appetite.

The Dialogue *of the* Wiſe Lady, *the* Learned Lady, *and the* Witty Lady.

Learned Lady.

SOME are of opinion, That the World is a living Creature, and the Sun is the Soul of it.

A Wiſe and Learned Philoſopher held, That the World was made of Atoms, the Chaos being nothing but an infinite confus'd quantity of them.

Wit. I think the Chaos was a great Lump of Wit, which run it ſelf into ſeveral Figures, creating ſeveral Forms. Thus the Chaos being Wit, and the Wit being Motion, hath invented this World, and many more, for all we know: for Wit is never idle, but is ſtill producing ſomething either of Delight or Profit.

Wiſ. The beſt is, Not to diſpute of what Mat-

ter it is, or how it was made, or when it was made; but to enjoy the Pleaſures thereof, to make uſe of the Profits it hath, and to avoid (as much as we can) the Inconveniences and Troubles therein: for Diſputes carry more out of the ways of Truth, and leads further into the ways of Ignorance, than all the Reaſon Nature hath given can add to our Knowledg; and there is no Reaſon ſo ſtrong, but may be contradicted by another.

Wit. If our Reaſon be ſo falſe a Guide, and not only the Creation, but the Tract of the World, is ſo hard to be found out; How ſhall we find a direct way to *Jove*'s Manſion?

Wiſ. I will tell you: The way to walk, is by the Line of a good Life, and to take hold of Faith, and to climb up to Heaven by the Ladder of Prayers.

Lear. Nature is a Chymiſt, and Water is the Mercury, Fire is the Sulphur, Air is the Volatil Salt, Earth is the fixed Salt, the fixed Starrs are the Cryſtalline part, Life is the Spirits or Eſſences, Death is the *Caput Mortuum.*

Wit. Wit, which is the Scholar of Nature, is as good a Chymiſt: for, Wit doth extract ſomething out of every thing.

Wiſ. And Wiſdom knows how to apply the Extraction to the beſt uſe.

Learn.

Learn. As the agitation of the Air makes us draw our breath; ſo the agitation of the World makes it continue.

Wit. The agitation of the Brain makes a ſharp ready Wit.

Wiſ. The agitation of Virtue makes a peaceable Commonwealth.

Learn. Some Moral Philoſophers hold, That no Creature hath Reaſon, but Man.

Wiſ. Men only talk of Reaſon, but live like Beaſts, following their Appetites without Rules.

Wit. Men may as ſoon ſet Rules to Eternity, as to themſelves: for, their Deſires are ſo infinite, and ſo intricate, that we may as ſoon meaſure Eternity, as them: for, Deſires are like Time, ſtill run forward; and what is paſt, is as it had never been.

Wiſ. But Man may ſet Rules to Himſelf, not to his Deſires; and as wiſe Laws govern the Life, ſo that Reaſon (which Men ſay they have) ſhould govern their inſatiable Deſires.

Learn. 'Tis ſaid, Hiſtory inſtructs the Life, it regiſters Time, it enthrones Virtue, it proclaims Noble Natures, it crowns Heroick Actions, it divulges Baſeneſs, and hangs up Wickedneſs: It is a Torch, that gives light to dark Ignorance: It is a Monument to the Dead, and a Fame to Perſons of Merit.

Wit. In Poetry is included Muſick and Rhetorick, which is Number and Meaſure, Judgment and Fancy, Imitation and Invention: It is the fineſt Art in Nature; for it animates the Spirits to Devotion, it fires the Spirits to Action, it begets Love, it abates Hate, it tempers Anger, it aſſwages Grief, it eaſes Pain, it encreaſes Joy, allays Fear, and ſweetens the whole Life of Man, by playing ſo well upon the Brain, that it ſtrikes the ſtrings of the Heart with Delight, which makes the Spirits to dance, and keeps the Mind in tune, whereby the Thoughts move equally in a round Circle, where Love ſits in the Center as Miſtreſs and Judg.

Learn. Some Philoſophers hold, That all the Changes in the World are only cauſed by Dilatation and Contraction.

Wit. I am ſure, too much Dilatation of the Spirits, cauſeth a weakneſs, by diſ-uniting their Forces, and contracting of Humours, cauſeth Diſeaſes. Yet a dilatating Wit is beſt, ſpreading it ſelf, ſmoothly flowing, and eaſily; which if it be contracted, it makes it conſtraint, hard, and unpleaſant, and becomes difficult to the Underſtanding.

VVif. Let us contract our Vanities, and moderate our Appetites with ſober Temperance, and dilate our Virtues and good Graces, by Noble Actions, and Pious Endeavours.

Learn. The Mind, ſome ſay, is nothing but Local

Local Motion in the Brain, which we call Spirits in Animals, that is, Vapour; indeed, Vapour of Vapours; that is, the thin and ſharp Vapours; it is an Extract of Vapour from Vapours, like Eſſences or Smoak, that ariſes from the porous and liquid parts of the Body, eſpecially the Blood. This Eſſence hath an innated Motion, ariſing from the acuteneſs thereof; yet its ſtrength is often allayed by the dulneſs and coldneſs of groſſer Vapours, or obſtructed or hindred by the thickneſs of dull Matter; and oft-times it evaporates out of the Body, by too much rarification, cauſed by too quick a Motion.

Wit. The Mind is, like a God, an Incorporeal thing; and ſo infinite, that it is as impoſſible to meaſure the Mind, as Eternity. Indeed, Vapour is a great Inſtrument to the Wit: for, groſs Vapour ſtops up the Wit, cold Vapour congeals it, hot Vapour inflames it, thin and ſharp Vapour quickens it. Thus all ſorts of Vapours make Variety of Wit; and the ſeveral Figures, and Works, and Forms, that the Vaporous Smoak ariſeth in, cauſeth ſeveral Fancies, by giving ſeveral Motions to the Brain.

VViſ. VVell, Siſters, to conclude your Diſpute, The beſt Ingredient of the Mind, is Honeſty; and the beſt motion of the Brain, is Reaſon; otherwiſe the Brain would be mad, and the Mind wicked:

wherefore moderate the one, and temper the other.

Learn. Learning encreaſes Knowledg, begets Underſtanding, employs Time, and enriches the Mind.

Wit. Wit invents profitable Arts, it creates Sciences, it delights the Mind, it recreates the Life, and entertains Time.

VViſ. VViſdom guides the Life ſafe, gives honeſt Laws to the VVill, ſets noble Rules to the Actions; it governs Misfortunes eaſily, it prevents Misfortunes prudently, it employs Time thriftily, it makes Peace, it gets Victory, it tempers thoſe Paſſions that would diſturb the Soul; it moderates thoſe Appetites that would cauſe Pain to the Body; it endures Sickneſs patiently, and ſuffers Death valiantly.

Learn. There are many ſeveral kinds of Arts, as Arts of Pleaſure, enticing Arts, vain-glorious Arts, vain *Arts*, ſuperfluous Arts, ſuperſtitious Arts, ambitious Arts, covetous Arts, profitable Arts, deſtructive Arts.

Arts of Pleaſure are, Gardens, Groves, Bowers, Arbours, Grots, Fountains, Proſpects, Landskips, Gilding, Painting, Sculpture: likewiſe, Muſick of all ſorts, Confectionary, Cookery, and Perfumes.

Enticing Arts are, Artificial Singing, Artificial Speaking, Artificial Dreſſing, Dancing, Powdring, Curling, Perfuming, Rich Clothing, Luxurious Entertainments.

Vain

Vain Arts are, Feathers, Fancies, Ribbons, black-Patches, and Side-Glaſſes.

Amorous Arts are, flattering Complements, falſe Profeſſions, affected Garbs, affected Speeches, affected Countenances, affected Actions; Sonnets, Poems, Frolicks, Queſtions and Commands, Propoſes and Riddles, Preſents, Private Meetings, and Conference.

Expenſive Arts are, Feaſting, Maſquing, Balling, Carding, Dicing, Racing, Betting, and the like.

Ill-natur'd Arts are, Bull-baiting, Cock-fighting, Dog-fighting, Cudgel-playing.

Exerciſing Arts are, Bowling, Shooting, Hunting, Wreſtling, Pitching the Barr, and Tennis-Court Play.

Vain-glorious Arts are, Oratory, Pleading, Diſputing, Propoſing, Objecting, Magnificent Entertainments, great Revenues, Sumptuous Palaces, and Coſtly Furnitures.

Covetous Arts are, Bribery, Monopolies, Taxes, Exciſes, and Compoſitions.

Ambitious *Arts* are, Time-ſerving, Obſerving, Inſinuating.

Malicious *Arts* are, Impeachings, Back-bitings, and Libels.

Superſtitious *Arts* are, Interpretations, falſe Viſions, Impoſtures, Imprecations, Ceremonies, Po-

ſtures, Garbs, Countenances, and Paces; and particular Cuſtoms, Habits, and Diets.

Idolatrous *Arts* are, Groves, Altars, Images, and Sacrifices.

Dangerous *Arts* (though neceſſary for the ſafety of Honour) are, Fencing, Riding, Tilting, Vaulting, Wreſtling, and Swimming.

Murthering *Arts* are, Swords, Knives, Hatchets, Saws, Sythes, Pick-axes, Pikes, Darts, Granadoes, Guns, Bullets, Shot, Powder.

Arts of Safety are, Trenches, Moats, Bridges, Walls, Arms, and Chyrurgery.

Profitable *Arts* are, Geometry, Coſmography, *Arithmetick*, Navigation, Fortification, *Architecture*, Fire-works, Water-works, Wind-works, Cultivating, Manuring, Diſtilling, Extracting, Pounding, Mixing, Sifting, Grinding, as Malting, Brewing, Baking, Cooking, Granging, Carding, Spinning, Weaving, Colouring, Tanning, Writing, Printing.

Wit. Why, Learned Siſter, all theſe Arts, and innumerable more, are produced from the Forge of the Brain, being all invented by *Wit*; and the Inventer is to be more valued than the Art; the Cauſe, more than the Effect: for as without a Cauſe, there would be no Effect; ſo, without an Inventive Brain, there could be no Ingenuous Art.

Wiſ. Dear Witty Siſter, do not engroſs more than

than what is juſtly your own; for there are more Arts produced from Accidents and Experiments, than from Ingenious Wit.

Learn. Some Learned Men hold, That the Motion of the Sun makes the Heat: others, that Heat makes Motion.

Wit. Then it is like the Brain; for a hot Brain makes a quick Wit; and a quick Wit makes the Brain hot.

Wiſ. We ought not to ſpend our time in ſtudying of the Motions and Heat of the Sun, but of the Motions and Paſſions of the Heart.

Learn. Some are of opinion, That Light hath no Body: others, That it hath a Body; and that the Light of the Sun enlightens the Air, as one Candle doth another.

Wit. Light is like Imagination, an Incorporeal thing, or an *A*ccidental Proceeding from a Subſtance; and as one Candle doth light another, ſo one Fancy produceth another.

VViſ. Pray diſcourſe of Virtue, which is the Light of the Soul; and Generoſity, an Effect thereof, which diſtributes to Neceſſity, producing comfortable Reliefs therewith.

Learn. *A*nd ſome ſay, Colours are no Colours in the dark, being produced by Light on ſuch and ſuch Bodies.

Wit. VVe may as well ſay, VVit is no VVit,

or Thoughts no Thoughts in the Brain, being produced by ſuch and ſuch Objects; nor Paſſion is no Paſſion in the Heart, being raiſed by ſuch and ſuch Cauſes.

VVif. I pray diſpute not how Colours are produced, whether from the Light, or from their own Natures, or Natural Subſtances; but conſider, that Good VVorks are produced from a Soul that is pure and bright.

Learn. The Learned ſay, That Sounds are Numbers, and Opticks are Lines of Light.

VVit. VVit ſets the Number, and Motion draws the Lines.

VVif. There is no Muſick ſo harmonious, as Honeſt Profeſſions, nor no Light ſo pure as Truth.

Learn. And they ſay, Diſcord in Muſick well applied, makes the Harmony the delightfuller.

VVit. So Satyr in VVit makes it more quick and pleaſant.

VVif. So Truths, mix'd with Falſhood, make Flattery more plauſible and acceptable.

Learn. Time, which is the Diſſolver of all Corporeal Things, yet it is the Mother, Midwife, and Nurſe to Knowledg; whereby we find all Modern Romancy-VVriters, although they ſeem to laugh and make a ſcorn of *Amadis de Gall*, yet make him the Original-Table, or Ground, from whence they draw

draw their Draughts, and take out covertly their Copies from thence. Indeed, *Amadis de Gall* is the *Homer* of Romancy-writers.

Wit. Although Wit is not a Diſſolver, yet 'tis a Creator. Wit doth deſcry and divulge more Knowledg than Time: for that which Time could never find out, Wit will diſcover.

Wit is like a Goddeſs in Nature: for, though it cannot diſſolve, yet it can produce, not only ſomething out of ſomething, but ſomething out of nothing (I mean, from the Imaginations, which are nothing); and Wit needs no other Table or Ground to draw its Draughts, or take Copy from, but its own Brain, which creates and invents, ſimilizes and diſtinguiſheth.

Wiſ. But Time and Wit would ſoon produce a Chaos of Diſorder, if it were not for Wiſdom, which is compoſed of Judgment, Juſtice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance: for, Judgment diſtinguiſhes Times and Wits; Juſtice governs Times and Wits; Prudence orders Times and Wits; Fortitude marſhals Times and Wits; and Temperance meaſures Times and Wits.

Learn. Scholars ſay, That one Man can ſee higher and further, when he is ſet upon another Man's Shoulders, than when he ſtands or ſits on the Ground by himſelf: ſo, when one is raiſed by another Man's Opinion, he can deſcry more in hidden Myſteries.

Wit. But if a Man ſee a Lark tow'r in the Sky, which another Man doth not, having weaker Eyes; yet he is no wiſer than the other, that only ſaw the Lark picking Corn on the Ground. But he that ſees her not in the Sky, knows ſhe is in the Sky, as well as the other, becauſe he ſaw from whence ſhe took her flight.

But if the other, that is raiſed, can ſee a Bird in the Sky that was never ſeen before, it were ſomething to add to his Knowledg. Beſides, a ſharp, quick Eye will ſee further on his own Legs, than on the Shoulder of another: for moſt grow dizzy, if ſet on high, which caſts a Miſt on the Eyes of the Underſtanding.

Wif. Leave the Shoulders of your Neighbours, and let your Eye of Faith reach to Heaven. As ſome Meats nouriſh the Body, and ſome deſtroy the Body: ſo ſome Thoughts nouriſh the Soul, and ſome deſtroy it. The Senſes are the working-Labourers, to bring Life's Materials in. As Nature is the beſt Tutor to inſtruct the Mind, ſo the Mind is the beſt Tutor to inſtruct the Senſes. And my Mind inſtructs my Senſes to leave you.

There are learned Arts and Sciences; a Poetical and Satyrical Wit; a Comical and Tragical Wit; an Hiſtorical and Romancical Wit; an Ingenious and Inventive Wit; a Scholaſtical Wit; a Philoſophical Wit. There is Moral, Human, and Divine Wiſdom.

The

The CONTRACT.

A NOBLE Gentleman that had been married many years, but his Wife (being barren) did bear him no Children; at laſt ſhe dyed, and his Friends did adviſe him to marry again, becauſe his Brother's Children were dead, and his Wife was likely to have no more. So he took to VVife a virtuous young Lady; and after one year ſhe conceived with Child, and great Joy there was of all ſides: but in her Child-bed ſhe dyed, leaving only one Daughter to her ſorrowful Husband, who in a ſhort time (oppreſſed with Melancholy) dyed, and left his Daughter (who was not a year old) to the care and breeding of his Brother, and withall left her a great Eſtate, for he was very rich. After the Ceremonies of the Funeral, his Brother carried the Child home, which was nurſed up very carefully by his VVife; and being all that was likely to ſucceed in their Family, the Unkle grew extream fond and tender of his Neece, inſomuch that ſhe was all the comfort and delight of his life.

A great Duke, which commanded that Province, would often come and eat a Breakfaſt with this Gentleman, as he rid a Hunting; and ſo often they met after this manner, that there grew a great Friendſhip betwixt them: for this Gentleman was well bred,

knowing the VVorld by his Travels in his younger days; and though he had ſerved in the warrs, and fought many Battels, yet was he not ignorant of Courtly Entertainments. Beſides, he was of a very good converſation, for he had a voluble Tongue, and a ready Underſtanding; and in his retired life, was a great Student, whereby he became an excellent Scholar; ſo that the Duke took great delight in his company. Beſides, the Duke had a deſire to match the Neece of this Gentleman, his Friend, to his younger Son, having only two Sons; and knowing this Child had a great Eſtate left by her Father, and was likely to have her Unkle's Eſtate joined thereto, he was earneſt upon it: but her Unkle was unwilling to marry her to a younger Brother, although he was of a great Family: but, with much perſwaſion, he agreed, and gave his conſent, when ſhe was old enough to marry; for ſhe was then not ſeven years old. But the Duke fell very ſick; and when the Phyſicians told him, he could not live, he ſent for the Gentleman and his Neece, to take his laſt Farewell; and when they came, the Duke deſired his Friend, that he would agree to join his Neece and his Son in Marriage.

He anſwered, That he was very willing, if ſhe were of years to conſent.

Said the Duke, I deſire we may do our parts; which is, to join them as faſt as we can: for Youth

is

is wild, various, and unconſtant; and when I am dead, I know not how my Son may diſpoſe of himſelf when he is left to his own choice: for he privately found his Son very unwilling, being a Man grown, to marry a Child.

The Gentleman ſeeing him ſo deſirous to marry, agreed to what he deſired.

The Duke called his Son privately to him, and told him, His intentions were to ſee him beſtowed in Marriage, before he dyed.

His Son deſired him, Not to marry him againſt his mind, to a Child.

His Father told him, She had a great Eſtate, and it was like to be greater, by reaſon all the Revenue was laid up to encreaſe it: and beſides, ſhe was likely to be Heir to her Unkle, who loved her as his own Child; and her Riches may draw ſo many Suiters when ſhe is a Woman, ſaid he, that you may be refuſed.

He told his Father, Her Riches could not make him happy, if he could not affect her.

Whereupon the Duke grew ſo angry, that he ſaid, His Diſobedience would diſturb his Death, leaving the World with an unſatisfied Mind.

Whereupon he ſeemed to conſent, to pleaſe his Father. Then were they as firmly contracted, as the Prieſt could make them, and two or three Witneſſes to avow it.

But after his Father was dead, he (being diſcontented) went to the Warrs, and in ſhort time was called from thence, by reaſon his Elder Brother dyed, and ſo the Dukedom and all the Eſtate came to him, being then the only Heir. But he never came near the young Lady, nor ſo much as ſent to her; for he was at that time extreamly in love with a great Lady, who was young and Handſome, being Wife to a Grandee which was very rich, but was very old; whoſe Age made her more facil to young Lovers, eſpecially to this young Duke, who was favoured by Nature, Fortune, and Breeding; for he was very handſom, and of a ready Wit; Active, Valiant, full of Generoſity; Affable, well-faſhion'd; and had he not been ſullied with ſome Debaucheries, he had been the compleateſt Man in that Age.

The old Gentleman perceiving his neglect towards his Neece, and hearing of his Affection to that Lady, ſtrove by all the Care and Induſtry he could, to give her ſuch Breeding as might win his Love: Not that he was negligent before ſhe was contracted to him; for from the time of four years old, ſhe was taught all that her Age was capable of; as, to Sing, and to Dance: for, he would have that Artificial Motion become as Natural; and ſo to grow in Perfections, as ſhe grew in years. When ſhe was Seven years of age, he choſe her ſuch Books

to

to read, as might make her Wife, not Amorous; for he never ſuffered her to read in Romances, nor ſuch leight Books: but Moral Philoſophy was the firſt of her Studies, to lay a Ground and Foundation of Virtue, and to teach her to moderate her Paſſions, and to rule her Affections. The next ſtudy was Hiſtory, to learn her Experience by the ſecond hand; reading the Good Fortunes and Misfortunes of former times; the Errors that were committed, the Advantages that were loſt, the Humours and Diſpoſitions of Men, the Laws and Cuſtoms of Nations; their riſe, and their fallings; of their Warrs and Agreements, and the like.

The next ſtudy to that, was the beſt of Poets, to delight in their Fancies, and in their Wit; and this ſhe did not only read, but repeat what ſhe had read every Evening before ſhe went to Bed. Beſides, he taught her to underſtand what ſhe read, by explaining that which was hard and obſcure. Thus ſhe was always buſily employed; for ſhe had little time allowed her for Childiſh Recreations.

Thus did he make her Breeding his only Buſineſs and Employment: for he lived obſcurely and privately, keeping but a little Family, and having little or no Acquaintance, but lived a kind of a Monaſtical Life.

But when the Neece was about Thirteen years of age, he heard the Duke was married to the Lady

with which he was enamoured: for being by the death of her Husband left a rich Widow, ſhe claimed from him a Promiſe that he made her whilſt her Husband was living, That when he dyed (being an old man, and not likely to live long) to marry her: which he was loth to do; for Men that love the Pleaſures of the world, care not to be encumbred and obſtructed with a Wife; and ſo did not at all reflect neither upon his Contract with the young Lady; for after his Father dyed, he reſolved not to take her to Wife; for ſhe being ſo young, he thought the Contract of no validity. But the Widow ſeeming more coy than in her Husband's time, ſeeking thereby to draw him to marry her; and, being overcome by ſeveral ways of ſubtilty, he married her. Whereupon the Unkle was mightily troubled, and very melancholy; which his Neece perceived, and deſired of him to know the cauſe; which he told her.

Is this the only reaſon, ſaid ſhe?

Yes, ſaid he: and doth it not trouble you?

No, ſaid ſhe, unleſs I had been forſaken for ſome ſinful Crime I had committed againſt Heaven, or had infringed the Laws of Honour, or had broken the Rules of Modeſty, or ſome Miſdemeanour againſt him, or ſome defect in Nature, then I ſhould have lamented, but not for the loſs of the Man, but for the cauſe of the loſs; for then all the World might

might have juſtly defamed me with a diſhonourable Reproach: but now I can look the World in the face with as confident a Brow as Innocence can arm. Beſides, it is likely I might have been unhappy in a Man that could not affect me. Wherefore, good Unkle, be not melancholy, but think that Fortune hath befriended me, or that Deſtiny had decreed it ſo to be: if ſo, we are to thank the one, and it was impoſſible to avoid the other: and if the Fates ſpin a long Thread of your Life, I ſhall never murmur for that loſs, but give thanks to the Gods for this Bleſſing.

O, but Child, ſaid he, the Duke was the greateſt and richeſt Match, ſince his Brother dyed, in the Kingdom: and I would not have thy Virtue, Beauty, Youth, Wealth, and Breeding, ſtoop to a low Fortune, when thou mayeſt be a Match fit for the Emperor of the whole World, in a few years, if you grow up, and go on as you have begun.

O Unkle, ſaid ſhe, let not your Natural Affection make you a Partial Judg, to give the Sentence of more Deſert in me, than I can own: if I have Virtue, it is a Reward ſufficient in it ſelf: if I have Beauty, it is but one of Nature's fading Favours; and thoſe that loved me for it, may hate me when it is gone: and if I be rich, as you ſay I am like to be: Who are happier than thoſe that are Miſtreſſes of their own Fortunes? Having bred me well, I

ſhall be happy in what Condition ſoever I am in, being Content; for that is the End and Felicity of the Mind.

But if thou hadſt been in Love with him (ſaid her Unkle), Where had been your content then? For no Education can keep out that Paſſion.

I hope (ſaid ſhe) the Gods will be more merciful, than to ſuffer in me ſuch Paſſions as I cannot rule. What manner of Man is he, ſaid ſhe? For I was too young to remember him.

His Perſon (ſaid he) is handſom enough.

That is his outſide, ſaid ſhe; but, What is his inſide? What is his Nature and Diſpoſition?

Debauch'd, ſaid he, and loves his Luxuries.

Heavens have bleſs'd me from him, ſaid ſhe.

Well, ſaid her Unkle, ſince I am croſs'd in thy Marriage, I will ſtrive to make thee a Mirror of the Time: wherefore I will carry thee to the Metropolitan City for thy better Education; for here thou art bred obſcurely, and canſt learn little, becauſe thou heareſt and ſeeſt little. You ſhall not appear to the World this two or three years, but go always veiled, for the ſight of thy Face will divulge thee; neither will we have acquaintance or commerce with any; but obſerve, hear, and ſee ſo much as we can, without being known.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall be ruled by your Direction; for I know my ſmall Bark will ſwim the better and

ſafer

ſafer for your ſteerage: wherefore I ſhall not fear to launch it into the deepeſt or moſt dangerous places of the World, which I ſuppoſe are the great and populous Cities. So, making but ſmall Preparations, only what was for meer neceſſity, they took their Journey ſpeedily, carrying no other Servants but thoſe that knew and uſed to obey their Maſter's will. And when they came to the City, they took private Lodging; where, after they had reſted ſome few days, he carried her every day (once or twice a day) abroad, after her Exerciſe of Dancing and Muſick was done. For, being careful ſhe ſhould not only keep what ſhe had learn'd, but learn what ſhe knew not; after her Leſſons at home, he carried her to Lectures, according as he heard where any were read, either of Natural Philoſophy, (for this ſhe had ſtudied leaſt: but taking much delight therein, ſhe had various Speculations thereof) or of Phyſick and Chymiſtry, of Muſick, and of divers others, on ſuch days as they were read. Alſo, he carried her to places of Judicature, to hear great Cauſes decided; and to hear the ſeveral Pleadings, or rather Wranglings, of ſeveral Lawyers; but never to Court, Maſques, Plays, nor Balls: and ſhe always went to the publick places aforementioned, maſqu'd, mufflʼd, or ſcarf'd: and her Unkle would make means to get a private Corner to ſit in, where they might hear well; and when

he came home, he would inſtruct her of all that was read, and tell her where they differed from the old Authors; and then would give his Opinion, and take hers, of their ſeveral Doctrines. And thus they continued for two years.

In the mean time, her Beauty encreaſed with her Breeding, but was not made known to any, as yet; till being come to the age of ſixteen years, her Unkle did reſolve to preſent her to the World: for he knew, Youth was admired in it ſelf; but when Beauty and Virtue was joined to it, it was the greater Miracle. So he began to examine her, for he was jealous ſhe might be catch'd with vain Gallants; although he had obſerved her Humour to be ſerious, and not apt to be catch'd with every Toy; yet he knew Youth to be ſo uncertain, that there was no truſting it to it ſelf.

So he ask'd her, How ſhe was taken with the Riches and Gallantry of the City; for ſhe could not chuſe but ſee Lords and Ladies riding in their brave gilt Coaches, and themſelves dreſs'd in rich Apparel, and the young Gallants riding on praunſing Horſes upon embroidered Foot-Clothes, as ſhe paſs'd along the Streets.

She anſwered, they pleaſed her Eyes for a time; and that their Dreſſings were like Bridal-Houſes, garniſhed and hung by ſome Ingenious Wit; and their Beauties like fine Flowers drawn by the Pencil of

of Nature; but being not gathered by Acquaintance, ſaid ſhe, I know not whether they are vertuouſly ſweet, or no; as I paſs by, I pleaſe my Eye, yet no other ways than as upon ſenſleſs Objects: they entice me not to ſtay; and a ſhort view ſatisfies the Appetite of the Senſes, unleſs the Rational and Underſtanding part ſhould be abſent; but to me they ſeem but moving-Statues.

Well, ſaid he, I hear there is a Maſque to be at Court; and I am reſolved you ſhall go, if we can get in, to ſee it: for though I am old, and not fit to go, ſince my Dancing-days are done; yet I muſt get into ſome Corner, to ſee how you behave your ſelf.

Pray, ſaid ſhe, What is a Maſque?

He ſaid, It is painted Scenes, to repreſent the Poets Heavens and Hells, their Gods and Devils, the Clouds, Sun, Moon, and Starrs: beſides, they repreſent Cities, Caſtles, Seas, Fiſhes, Rocks, Mountains, Beaſts, Birds, and what pleaſeth the Poet, Painter, and Surveyor. Then there are Actors, and Speeches ſpoke, and Muſick; and then Lords or Ladies come down in a Scene, as from the Clouds; and after that, they begin to dance, and every one takes out one or other, according as they fancy. If a Man takes out a Woman, if ſhe cannot, or will not dance, then ſhe makes a Curt'ſie to the King, or Queen, or chief Grandee, if there be any one; if

not, to the upper end of the Room; then turns to the Man, and makes another to him: then he leaves, or leads her to them ſhe will take out; and ſhe doth the like to him, and then goeth to her place again. And the Men do the ſame, if they will not dance; and if they do dance, they do juſt ſo when the Dance is ended; and all the chief of the Youths of the City (or all thoſe that have youthful Minds, and love Sights and fine Clothes) come to ſee it, or to ſhew themſelves. Then the Room is made as light with Candles, as if the Sun ſhined; and their glittering Bravery makes as glorious a Shew as his gilded Beams.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, if there be ſuch an Aſſembly of Nobles, Beauty, and Bravery, I ſhall appear ſo dull, that I ſhall be only fit to ſit in the Corner with you. Beſides, I ſhall be ſo out of Countenance, that I ſhall not know how to behave my ſelf; for private Breeding looks mean and ridiculous, I ſuppoſe, in publick Aſſemblies of that nature, where none but the Glories of the Kingdom meet.

Aſhamed, ſaid he, for what? You have ſtoln no Body's Goods, nor Good Names; nor have you committed Adultery; for on my Conſcience you gueſs not what Adultery is: Nor have you murthered any; nor have you betrayed any Truſt, or concealed a Treaſon; and then why ſhould you be aſhamed?

Sir,

Sir, ſaid ſhe, although I have committed none of thoſe horrid Sins; yet I may commit Errors through my Ignorance, and ſo I may be taken notice of only for my Follies.

Come, come, ſaid he, all the Errors you may commit (although I hope you will commit none) will be laid upon your Youth; but arm your ſelf with Confidence, for go you ſhall, and I will have you have ſome fine Clothes, and ſend for Dreſſers to put you in the beſt faſhion.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, I have obſerved how Ladies are dreſs'd when I paſs the Streets; and, if you pleaſe to give me leave, I will dreſs my ſelf according to my judgment; and if you intend I ſhall go no more than once, let me not be extraordinary brave, leſt liking me at firſt, and ſeeing me again they ſhould condemn their former judgment, and I loſe what was gained; ſo I ſhall be like thoſe that make a good Aſſault, and a bad Retreat. But, Sir, ſaid ſhe, if you are pleaſed I ſhall ſhew my ſelf to the moſt glorious, let me be ordered ſo, that I may gain more and more upon their good Opinions.

Well, ſaid her Unkle, order your ſelf as you pleaſe, for I am unskilled in that matter: beſides, thou needeſt no Adornments; for Nature hath adorn'd thee with a ſplendid Beauty. Another thing is (ſaid he), we muſt remove our Lodgings, for theſe are too mean to be known in; wherefore,

my Steward ſhall go take a large Houſe, and furniſh it nobly; and I will make you a fine Coach, and take more Servants, and Women to wait upon you; for, ſince you have a good Eſtate, you ſhall live and take pleaſure. But I will have no Men-viſitors but what are brought by my ſelf: wherefore, entertain no Maſculine Acquaintance, nor give them the leaſt encouragement.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, my Duty ſhall obſerve all your Commands.

When her Unkle was gone, Lord (ſaid ſhe), What doth my Unkle mean, to ſet me out to ſhew? Sure he means to traffick for a Husband; but Heaven forbid thoſe intentions, for I have no mind to marry. My Unkle is wiſe, and kind, and ſtudies for my good; wherefore I ſubmit, and could now chide my ſelf for theſe Queſtioning-thoughts. Now (ſaid ſhe) I am to conſider how I ſhall be dreſs'd; my Unkle ſaith, I am handſome; I will now try whether others think ſo as well as he; for I fear my Unkle is partial on my ſide: wherefore I will dreſs me all in Black, and have no Colours about me; for if I be gay, I may be taken notice of for my Clothes, and ſo be deceived, thinking it was for my Perſon; and I would gladly know the truth, whether I am handſome, or no; for I have no skill in Faces: ſo that I muſt judg of my ſelf by the approbation of others Eyes, and not by my own. But if I be (ſaid ſhe)

ſhe) thought handſome, What then? Why then (anſwered ſhe her ſelf) I ſhall be cryed up to be a Beauty. And what then? Then I ſhall have all Eyes ſtare upon me. And what am I the better, unleſs their Eyes could infuſe into my Brain Wit and Underſtanding? Their Eyes cannot enrich me with Knowledg, nor give me the Light of Truth; for I cannot ſee with their Eyes, nor hear with their Ears, no more than the Meat which they do eat, can nouriſh me; or reſt when they do ſleep. Beſides, I neither deſire to make, nor catch Lovers; for I have an Enmity againſt Mankind, and hold them as my Enemies; which if it be a Sin, Heaven forgive, that I ſhould for one Man's Neglect and Perjury, condemn all that Sex.

But I find I have a little Emulation, which breeds a deſire to appear more beautiful than the Duke's Wife, who is reported to be very handſome: for I would not have the World ſay, He had an Advantage by the Change: Thus I do not envy her, nor covet what ſhe enjoys; for I wiſh her all Happineſs: yet I would not have her Happineſs raiſed by my Misfortunes, for *Charity begins at home*; and thoſe that are Unjuſt or Cruel to themſelves, will never be Merciful and Juſt to others. But, O my Contemplations! whither do you run? I fear, not in an Even Path: for, though Emulation is not Envy, yet the Bias leans to that ſide.

But, ſaid ſhe, to this Maſque I muſt go; my Unkle hath preſs'd me to the Warrs of Vanity, where *Cupid* is General, and leads up the Train: but *I* doubt *I* ſhall hang down my Head through ſhamefac'dneſs, like a young Soldier when he hears the Bullets flye about his Ears: but, O Confidence, thou Goddeſs of good Behaviour, aſſiſt me! Well, ſaid ſhe, *I* will practiſe againſt the day, and be in a ready poſture. So, after two or three days, the Maſque was; and ſhe being ready to go, her Unkle comes to her, and ſees her dreſs'd all in Black.

He ſaid, VVhy have you put your ſelf all in Black?

Sir, ſaid ſhe, *I* mourn like a young Widow, for *I* have loſt my Husband.

By my troth, ſaid he, and it becomes thee: for, you appear like the Sun when he breaks through a dark Cloud. *I* would have you go veiled, ſays he; for *I* would have you appear to ſight only when you come into the Maſquing-Room; and after the Maſque is done, all the Company will riſe, as it were, together, and join into a Croud; then throw your Hood over your Face, and paſs through them as ſoon as you can, and as obſcure; for *I* will not have you known, until we are in a more Courtly Equipage. So away they went, only he and ſhe, without any Attendants; and when they came to enter

enter through the Door of the Maſquing-Room, there was ſuch a Croud, and ſuch a Noiſe, the Officers beating the People back, the Women ſqueaking, and the Men curſing; the Officers threatning, and the Enterers praying, that ſo great a Confuſion made her afraid.

Lord, Unkle, ſaid ſhe, What a horrid Noiſe is here? Pray let us go back, and let us not put our ſelves unto this unneceſſary trouble.

O Child, ſaid he, Camps and Courts are never ſilent; beſides, where great Perſons are, there ſhould be a Thundering-Noiſe, to ſtrike their Inferiors with a kind of Terror and Amazement: for Poets ſay, Fear and Wonder makes Gods.

Certainly, ſaid ſhe, there muſt be a great felicity in the ſight of this Maſque, or elſe they would never take ſo much pains, and endure ſo great affronts, to obtain it. But pray Unkle, ſaid ſhe, ſtay while they are all paſs'd in.

Why then, ſaid he, we muſt ſtay until the Maſque is done; for there will be ſtriving to get in, until ſuch time as thoſe within are coming out.

But when they came near the Door, her Unkle ſpoke to the Officer; Pray Sir, ſaid he, let this young Lady in to ſee the Maſque.

There is no room, ſaid he; there are more young Ladies already, than the Viceroy and all his Courtiers can tell what to do with.

This is a dogged Fellow, ſaid her Unkle: whereupon he told her, She muſt put up her Scarf, and ſpeak her ſelf; for every one domineers in their Office, though it doth not laſt two hours; and are proud of their Authority, though it be but to crack a Lowſe: wherefore you muſt ſpeak.

Pray Sir, ſaid ſhe to the Door-keeper, if it be no injury to your Authority, you will be ſo civil as to let us paſs by.

By my troth, ſaid he, thou haſt ſuch a pleaſing-Face, none can deny thee: but now I look upon you better, you ſhall not go in.

Why Sir, ſaid ſhe?

Why, ſaid he, you will make the Painter and the Poet loſe their deſign; for one expects to enter in at the Ears of the Aſſembly, the other at their Eyes; and your Beauty will blind the one, and ſtop the other. Beſides, ſaid he, all the Ladies will curſe me.

Heaven forbid, ſaid ſhe, I ſhould be the cauſe of Curſes; and to prevent that, *I* will return back again.

Nay, Lady, ſaid he, *I* have not the power to let you go back; wherefore pray paſs.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, *I* muſt have this Gentleman along with me.

Even who you pleaſe, ſaid he, *I* can deny you nothing: Angels muſt be obeyed.

When

When they came into the Maſquing-Room, the Houſe was full: Now (ſaid her Unkle) I leave you to ſhift for your ſelf; and he went and crouded himſelf into a Corner at the lower end.

When the Company was called to ſit down, that the Maſque might be repreſented, every one was placed by their Friends, or elſe they placed themſelves. But ſhe, being unaccuſtomed to thoſe Meetings, knew not how to diſpoſe of her ſelf; and obſerving there was much juſtling and thruſting one another to get places, ſhe conſider'd ſhe had not ſtrength to ſcamble amongſt them, and therefore ſhe ſtood ſtill. When they were all ſet, it was as if a Curtain was drawn from before her, and ſhe appeared like a glorious Light; whereat all were ſtruck with ſuch a maze, that they forgot a great while the civility in offering her a place. At laſt, all the Men (which at ſuch times ſit oppoſite to the Women, to view them the better) roſe up, ſtriving every one to ſerve her. But the Vice-Roy bid them all ſit down again, and called for a Chair for her. But few look-ed on the Maſque, for looking on her; eſpecially the Vice-Roy and the Duke, whoſe Eyes were rivetted to her Face.

When the Maſquers were come down to dance, (who were all Women, the chief of them being the Daughter of the Vice-Roy, who was a Widower, and ſhe was his only Child) they took out

ſuch Men as their Fancy pleaſed, and then they ſate down; after which, one of the chief of the Men choſe out a Lady, and ſo began to dance in ſingle Couples; the Duke being the chief that did dance, choſe out this Beauty, not knowing who ſhe was, nor ſhe him: but when ſhe danced, it was ſo becoming! for, ſhe had naturally a Majeſtical Preſence, although her Behaviour was eaſie and free; and a ſevere Countenance, yet modeſt and pleaſing; and great skill in the Art, keeping her Meaſures juſt to the Notes of Muſick; moving ſmoothly, evenly, eaſily; that it made her aſtoniſh all the Company.

The Vice-Roy ſent to enquire who ſhe was, and what ſhe was, and from whence ſhe came, and where ſhe lived; but the Enquirer could learn nothing. But as ſoon as the Maſque was done, ſhe was ſought about for, and enquired after; but ſhe was gone, not to be heard of; whereupon many did think ſhe was a Viſion, or ſome Angel, which appear'd, and then vaniſhed away: for, ſhe had done as her Unkle had commanded her, which was, To convey her ſelf as ſoon away as ſhe could, covering her ſelf cloſe: So home they went, and her Unkle was very much pleaſed to ſee the Sparks of her Beauty had ſet their Tinder-Hearts on fire. But as ſhe went home, ſhe enquired of her Unkle of the Company:

Pray

Pray Sir, ſaid ſhe, was the Duke or Ducheſs there?

I cannot tell, ſaid he; for my Eyes were wholly taken up in obſerving your Behaviour, that I never conſidered or took notice who was there.

Who was he that firſt took me out to dance, ſaid ſhe?

I cannot tell that neither, ſaid he; for I only took the length of your meaſures; and what through a fear you ſhould be out, and dance wrong, and with joy to ſee you dance well, I never conſidered whether the Man you danced with, moved or no, nor what he was: but now I am ſo confident of you, that the next Aſſembly I will look about, and inform you as much as I can: ſo home they went. But her Beauty had left ſuch ſtings behind it, eſpecially in the Breaſt of the Vice-Roy and the Duke, that they could not reſt. Neither was ſhe free; for ſhe had received a Wound, but knew not of it; her Sleeps were unſound, for they indeed were Slumbers rather than Sleeps; her Dreams were many and various: but her Lovers, that could neither ſlumber nor ſleep, began to ſearch, and to make an enquiry; but none could bring tidings where ſhe dwelt, nor who ſhe was. The Vice-Roy caſt about to attain the ſight of her once again. So he made a great Ball, and provided a great Banquet, to draw an Aſſembly of all young Ladies to his Court; which her Unkle underſtanding, told his Neece ſhe muſt

prepare to ſhew her ſelf once again; for I will (ſaid he) the next day after this Ball, remove to our new Houſe.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, I muſt have another new Gown.

As many as thou wilt, ſaid he, and as rich; I will alſo buy you Jewels.

No Sir, ſaid ſhe, pray ſpare that coſt; for they are only to be worn at ſuch times of Aſſemblies, which I ſhall not viſit often, for fear I tire the Courtly Spectators, which delight in new Faces, as they do in new Scenes.

So her Unkle left her to order her ſelf; who dreſſed her ſelf this time all in white Sattin, embroidered all over with Silver.

When her Unkle ſaw her ſo dreſs'd; Now by my troth, thou lookeſt like a Heaven ſtuck with Starrs; but thy Beauty takes off the gloſs of thy Bravery: Now, ſaid he, you ſhall not go veiled; for thy Beauty ſhall make thy way: beſides, we will not go too ſoon, nor while they are in diſorder; but when they are all placed, you will be the more remarkable.

The Cavaliers (eſpecially the Duke, and the Vice-Roy) began to be melancholy, for fear ſhe ſhould not come: their Eyes were always placed at the Doors, like Centinels, to watch her entrance; and when ſhe came to the Court, all the Crouds of People, as in a fright, ſtarted back, as if they were

ſurpriſed

ſurpriſed with ſome Divine Object; making a Lane, in which ſhe paſs'd through; and the Keepers of the Doors were ſtruck mute, there was no reſiſtance, all was open and free to enter. But when ſhe came in, into the preſence of the Lords and Ladies, all the Men roſe up, and bowed themſelves to her, as if they had given her Divine Worſhip; only the Duke, who trembled ſo much (occaſioned by the paſſion of Love) that he could not ſtir; but the Vice-Roy went to her.

Lady, ſaid he, will you give me leave to place you?

Your Highneſs, ſaid ſhe, will do me too much Honour.

So he called for a Chair, and placed her next himſelf; and when ſhe was ſet, ſhe produced the ſame Effects as a Burning-glaſs; for the Beams of all Eyes were drawn together as to one Point, placed in her Face; and by reflection ſhe ſent a burning heat, and fired every Heart. But he could not keep her; for as ſoon as they began to dance, ſhe was taken out, not by the Duke, for he had not recovered as yet Love's ſhaking-fit. The young Gallants choſe her but too often to dance; for every one took it for a Diſgrace not to have the Honour to dance with her; inſomuch that few of the other Ladies danced at all, as being Creatures not worthy to be regarded whilſt ſhe was there.

The Vice-Roy, fearing they ſhould tire her (for ſhe durſt not deny them, by reaſon it would be thought an affront, and rude, or want of Breeding) call'd ſooner for the Banquet than otherwiſe he would have done. Beſides, he perceived the reſt of the Ladies began to be angry, expreſſing it by their Frowns: and knowing nothing will ſo ſoon pacifie that Bitter Humour in Ladies, as Sweet-Meats, he had them brought in. But when the Banquet came in, he preſented her the firſt with ſome of thoſe Sweet-Meats, ſtill filling her Ears with Complements, or rather choſen Words, for no Complement could paſs on her Beauty, it was ſo beyond all expreſſions.

At laſt he asked her where her Lodging was, and whether ſhe would give him leave to wait upon her?

She anſwered him, It would be a great grace and favour to receive a Viſit from him; but, ſaid ſhe, I am not at my own diſpoſing: wherefore I can neither give, nor receive, without leave.

Pray, ſaid he, may I know who is this happy Perſon you ſo humbly obey?

She ſaid, It is my Unkle, with whom I live.

Where doth he live, ſaid he?

Truly, ſaid ſhe, I cannot tell the name of the Street.

Is he not here, Lady, ſaid he?

Yes,

Yes, ſaid ſhe, and pointed to him. And though he was loath, yet he was forced to leave her ſo long, as to ſpeak with her Unkle: but the whilſt he was from her, all the young Gallants, which were gathered round about her, preſented her with Sweet-Meats, as Offerings to a Goddeſs; and ſhe, making them Curt'ſies, return'd them thanks for that ſhe was not able to receive, as being too great a Burthen; for ſhe was offer'd more Sweet-Meats than one of the Vice-Roy's Guard could carry.

But all the while the Duke ſtood as a Statue, his Eyes were fix'd only upon her; nor had he power to ſpeak; and ſhe perceiving where he was (for her Eyes had ſecretly hunted him out), did as often look upon him, as her Modeſty would give her leave; and deſired much to know who he was, but was aſhamed to ask.

At laſt the Duke, being a little encouraged by her Eye, came to her.

Lady, ſaid he, I am afraid to ſpeak, leſt I ſhould ſeem rude by my harſh Diſcourſe: for there is not in the Alphabet, words gentle nor ſmooth enough for your ſoft Ears, but what your Tongue doth poliſh; yet I hope you will do as the reſt of the Gods and Goddeſſes, deſcend to Mortals, ſince they cannot reach to you.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, but that I know it is the Courtly-Cuſtom for Men to expreſs their Civilities to our

Sex in the higheſt Words, otherwiſe I ſhould take it as an affront, and ſcorn to be called by thoſe Names I underſtand not, and to be likened to that which cannot be comprehended.

The Duke ſaid, You cannot be comprehended; nor do your Lovers know what Deſtiny you have decreed them.

The Vice-Roy came back with her Unkle, who deſired to have his Neece home, the Banquet being ended.

But when the Duke ſaw her Unkle, he then apprehending who ſhe was, was ſo ſtruck, that what with guilt of Conſcience, and with repenting-ſorrow, he was ready to fall down dead.

Her Unkle, ſeeing him talking to her, ſpoke thus to the Duke:

Sir, ſaid he, you may ſpare your Words, for you cannot juſtifie your unworthy Deeds.

Whereat ſhe turned as pale as Death, her Spirits being gathered to guard the Heart, being in diſtreſs, as overwhelmed with Paſſion. But the Buſsle of the Croud helped to obſcure her Change, as well as it did ſmuther her Unkle's Words, which pierced none but the Duke's Ears, and hers.

The Vice-Roy taking her by the Hand, led her to the Coach, and all the Gallants attended; whereat the Ladies, that were left behind in the Room, were ſo angry, that they ſhoot forth Words like Bullets, with

with the Fire of Anger, wounding every Man with Reproach; and at the Vice-Roy they ſent out whole Volleys, which battered his Reputation. But as for the young Lady, they did appoint a place of purpoſe to diſſect her, reading Satyrical Lectures upon every part, with the hard terms of Diſpraiſes. So all being diſperſed, the Vice-Roy long'd for that ſeaſonable hour to viſit her.

But the Duke wiſh'd there were neither Time nor Life: I cannot hope (ſaid he) for Mercy, my Fault is too great; nor can I live or dye in quiet, without it; and the Miſeries and Torments of deſpairing-Lovers, will be my Puniſhment.

The old Gentleman was ſo pleaſed to ſee his Neece admired, that as he went home, he did nothing but ſing after a humming way; and was ſo frolick, as if he were returned to twenty years of age: and after he came home, he began to examine his Neece:

How do you like the Duke, ſaid he? For that was he that was ſpeaking to you when I came.

She anſwered, That ſhe ſaw nothing to be diſliked in his Perſon.

And how (ſaid he) do you like the Vice-Roy?

As well (ſaid ſhe) as I can like a Thing that Time hath worn out of faſhion.

So, ſaid he, I perceive you deſpiſe Age: but let

me tell you, That what Beauty and Favour Time takes from the Body, he gives double proportions of Knowledg and Underſtanding to the Mind. You uſe to preach to me, The outſide is not to be regarded; and I hope you will not preach that Doctrine to others that you will not follow your ſelf.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall be ruled by your Doctrine, and not by my own.

Then, ſaid he, I take my Text out of Virtue, which is divided into four parts, Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance, and Juſtice. Prudence is to foreſee the worſt, and provide the beſt we can for our ſelves, by ſhunning the dangerous ways, and chuſing the beſt. And my Application is, That you muſt ſhun the dangerous ways of Beauty, and chuſe Riches and Honour, as the beſt for your ſelf.

Fortitude is to arm our ſelves againſt Misfortunes, and to ſtrengthen our Forts with Patience, and to fight with Induſtry. My Application of this part is, You muſt Barricado your Ears, and not ſuffer, by liſtning, the enticing perſwaſions of Rhetorick to enter: for if it once get into the Brain, it will eaſily make a paſſage to the Heart, or blow up the Tower of Reaſon, vvith the Fire of Fooliſh Love.

Temperance is to moderate the Appetites, and qualifie the unruly Paſſions. My third Application

is

is, you muſt marry a diſcreet and ſober Man, a wiſe and underſtanding Man, a rich and honourable Man, a grave and aged Man; and not be led by your Appetites, to marry a vain fantaſtical Man, a proud conceited Man, a wild debauched Man, a fooliſh Prodigal, a poor Shark, or a young unconſtant Man.

Fourthly and laſtly, Is Juſtice, which is to be divided according to Right and Truth, to reward and puniſh according to deſert, to deal with others as we would be dealt unto. And my laſt Application is, That you ſhould take ſuch counſel, and follow ſuch advice from your Friends, as you would honeſtly give to a faithful Friend, as the beſt for him, without any ends to your ſelf; and ſo Good-night, for you cannot chuſe but be very ſleepy.

When he was gone, Lord! ſaid ſhe, this Doctrine, although it was full of Morality, yet in this Melancholy Humour I am in, it ſounds like a Funeral-Sermon to me: I am ſure it is a Preamble to ſome Deſign he hath; pray God it be not to marry me to the Vice-Roy: of all the Men I ever ſaw, I could not affect him; I ſhould more willingly wed Death than him; he is an Antipathy to my Nature. Good *Jupiter*, ſaid ſhe, deliver me from him. So ſhe went to Bed, not to ſleep, for ſhe could take little reſt; for her Thoughts worked as faſt as a Feveriſh Pulſe.

But the Vice-Roy came the next day; and

treated with her Unkle, deſiring her for his Wife.

Her Unkle told him, It would be a great Fortune for his Neece, but he could not force her Affection: but, ſaid he, you ſhall have all the aſſiſtance that the Power and Authority of an Unkle, and the Perſwaſions as a Friend, can give, to get her conſent to marry you.

Pray, ſaid the Vice-Roy, let me ſee her, and diſcourſe with her.

He deſired to excuſe him, if he ſuffered him not to viſit her: for, ſaid he, young Women that are diſpoſed by their Friends, muſt wed without wooing. But he was very loth to go without a ſight of her: yet pacifying himſelf with the hopes of having her to his Wife, he preſented his Service to her, and took his leave.

Then her Unkle ſate in counſel with his Thoughts, how he ſhould work her Affection, and draw her conſent to marry this Vice-Roy; for he found ſhe had no ſtomack towards him. At laſt he thought it beſt to let her alone for a Week, or ſuch a time, that the ſmooth Faces of the young Gallants that ſhe ſaw at the Maſque and Ball, might be worn out of her Mind. In the mean time ſhe grew melancholy, her Countenance was ſad, her Spirits ſeemed dejected, her Colour faded; for ſhe could eat no Meat, nor take any reſt; neither could ſhe ſtudy nor practiſe her Exerciſes, Dancing and Muſick was laid by; and

ſhe

ſhe could do nothing, but walk'd from one end of the Room to the other; where her Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, ſhe would ſigh and weep, and knew not for what; but at laſt ſpoke thus to her ſelf: Surely an Evil Fate hangs over me; for I am ſo dull, as if I were a piece of Earth, without ſenſe; yet I am not ſick, I do not find my Body diſtempered: then ſurely it is in my Mind; and what ſhould diſturb that? My Unkle loves me, and is as fond of me as ever he was: I live in Plenty; I have as much Pleaſure and Delight as my Mind can deſire. O but the Vice-Roy affrights it! there is the Cauſe: and yet methinks that cannot be, becauſe I do verily believe my Unkle will not force me to marry againſt my Affections: beſides, the remembrance of him ſeldom comes into my Mind; for my Mind is ſo full of Thoughts of the Duke, that there is no other room left for any other: my Fancy orders, places, and dreſſes him a thouſand ſeveral ways. And thus have I thouſand ſeveral Figures of him in my Head; Heaven grant I be not in love; I dare not ask any one that hath been in love, what Humours that Paſſion hath. But why ſhould I be in love with him? I have ſeen as handſome Men as he, that I would not take the pains to look on twice: and yet when I call him better to mind, he is the handſomeſt I ever ſaw. But what is a handſome Body, unleſs he hath a noble Soul? He is per-

jured and inconſtant; alas, it was the fault of his Father to force him to ſwear againſt his Affections. Whilſt ſhe was reaſoning thus to her ſelf, in came her Unkle, who told her, He had provided her a good Husband.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, Are you weary of me? or, Am I become a Burthen, you ſo deſire to part with me, in giving me to a Husband?

Nay, ſaid he, I will never part; for I will end the few remainder of my days with thee.

She ſaid, You give your Power, Authority, and Commands, with my Obedience, away: for, if my Husband and your Commands are contrary, I can obey but one, which muſt be my Husband.

Good reaſon, ſaid he; and for thy ſake I will be commanded too: but, in the mean time, I hope you will be ruled by me; and here is a great Match propounded to me for you, the like I could not have hoped for, which is the Vice-Roy; he is rich.

Yet, ſaid ſhe, he may be a Fool.

O he is Wiſe and Diſcreet, ſaid he.

I have heard, ſaid ſhe, he is ill-natured and froward.

Her Unkle anſwered, He is in great Power and Authority.

He may be (ſaid ſhe) never the Honeſter for that.

He is (ſaid he) in great Favour with the King.

Sir,

Sir, ſaid ſhe, Princes and Monarchs do not always favour the moſt deſerving; nor do they always advance Men for Merit; but moſt commonly otherwiſe, the unworthieſt are advanced higheſt: beſides, Bribery, Partiality, and Flattery, rule Princes and States.

Her Unkle ſaid, Let me adviſe you not to uſe Rhetorick againſt your ſelf, and overthrow a good Fortune, in refuſing ſuch a Husband as ſhall advance your place above that falſe Duke's Ducheſs; and his Eſtate, with yours joined to it, will be greater than his; with which you ſhall be ſerved nobly, attended with numbers of Servants, live plentifully, adorned richly, have all the Delights and Pleaſures your Soul can deſire; and he, being in years, will dote on you: beſides, he having had experience of vain Debaucheries, is become ſtaid and ſage.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, His Age will be the means to barr me of all theſe Braveries, Pleaſures, and Delights, you propound; for he, being old, and I young, will become ſo jealous, that I ſhall be in reſtraint, like a Priſoner; nay, he will be jealous of the Light, and of my own Thoughts, and will encloſe me in Darkneſs, and diſturb the Peace of my Mind, with his Diſcontents: for Jealouſie, I have heard, is never at quiet with it ſelf, nor to thoſe that live near it.

Come, come, ſaid he, you talk you know not what: I perceive you would marry ſome young, fan-

taſtical, prodigal Fellow, who will give you only Diſeaſes, and ſpend your Eſtate, and his own too, amongſt his Whores, Bawds, and Sycophants: whilſt you ſit mourning at home, he will be revelling abroad; and then diſturb your reſt, coming home at unſeaſonable times: and if you muſt ſuffer, you had better ſuffer by thoſe that love, than thoſe that care not for you: for, Jealouſie is only an overflow of Love. Wherefore be ruled, and let not all my Pains, Care, and Coſt, and the Comfort of my Labour, be loſt through your diſobedience.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, I am bound in Gratitude and Duty to obey your Will, were it to ſacrifice my Life, or the Tranquillity of my Mind, on the Altar of your Commands.

In the mean time, the Duke was ſo diſcontented and melancholy, that he excluded himſelf from all Company, ſuffering neither his Ducheſs, nor any Friend, to viſit him, nor come near him; only one old Servant to wait upon him: all former Delights, Pleaſures, and Recreations, were hateful to him, even in the remembrance, as if his Soul and Body had taken a Surfeit thereof. At laſt, he reſolved ſhe ſhould know what Torment he ſuffered for her ſake; and ſince he could not ſee, nor ſpeak to her, he would ſend her a Letter. He called for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and wrote after this manner:

Madam,

Madam,

THE Wrath of the Gods is not only pacified, and they do not only pardon the greateſt ſins that can be committed againſt them, taking to mercy the Contrite Heart; but give Bleſſings for Repentant tears; and I hope you will not be more ſevere than they: Let not your Juſtice be too rigid, leſt you become cruel. I confeſs, the ſins committed againſt you, were great, and deſerve great puniſhment: but if all your Mercies did flye from me, yet if you did but know the Torments I ſuffer, you could not chuſe but pity me; and my Sorrows are of that weight, that they will preſs away my Life, unleſs your Favours take off the heavy Burthen. But howſoever, pray let your Charity give me a Line or two of your own writing, though they ſtrangle me with Death; then will my Soul lye quiet in the Grave, becauſe I dyed by your hand; and when I am dead, let not the worſt of my Actions live in your Memory, but caſt them into Oblivion, where I wiſh they may for ever remain. The Gods protect you.

Sealing this Letter, he gave it to his Man to carry with all the ſecreſie he could; bidding him to enquire which of her Women was moſt in her favour, and to pray her to deliver it to her Miſtreſs when ſhe was all alone, and to tell the Maid, He would be in the Street to wait her Command.

The Man found ſuch acceſs as he could wiſh; and

the Letter was delivered to the Lady; which when ſhe had read, and found from whom it came, her Paſſions were ſo mix'd, that ſhe knew not whether to joy or grieve; ſhe joy'd to live in his Thoughts, yet griev'd to live without him; having no hopes to make him lawfully hers, nor ſo much as to ſee or ſpeak to him, her Unkle was ſo averſe againſt him; and the greateſt grief was, to think ſhe muſt be forced to become anothers, when ſhe had rather be his, though once forſaken by him, than to be beloved by another with Conſtancy. Then muſing with her ſelf for ſome time, conſidering whether it was fit to anſwer his Letter or no; If my Unkle ſhould come to know (ſaid ſhe) I write to him without his leave (which leave I am ſure he will never give), I ſhall utterly loſe his Affection; and I had rather loſe my Life, than loſe his Love: but if I do not write, I ſhall ſeem as if I were of a malicious nature, which will beget an evil conſtruction of my Diſpoſition in that Mind, in whoſe good Opinion I deſire to live. If I believe, as Charity and Love perſwades me, that he ſpeaks truth, I ſhall endanger his Life; and I would be loth to murther him with nice ſcruples, when I am neither forbid by Honour nor Modeſty, Religion nor Laws, to ſave him. Well, I will adventure, and ask my Unkle pardon when I have done. My Unkle is not of a Tyger's nature, he is gentle, and a Pardon may

be

be gotten: but Life, when once it is gone, will return no more. Then taking Pen, Ink, and Paper, writ to him after this manner:

SIR,

I Am obedient, as being once tied to you, until you did cut me off, and throw me away as a worthleſs piece, only fit to be trodden under the feet of Diſgrace; and certainly had periſhed with ſhame, and been left deſtitute, had not my Unkle own'd me. And though you are pleaſed to caſt ſome thoughts back upon me, yet it is difficult for me to believe, that you that did once ſcorn me, ſhould humbly come to ſue to me: and I fear you do this for ſport, angling with the Bait of Deceit, to catch my innocent youth. But I am not the firſt of my Sex, nor I fear ſhall not be the laſt, that has been, and will be deceived by Men, who glory in their treacherous Victories; and if you beſet me with Stratagems, kill me outright, and lead me not a Priſoner, to ſet out your Triumph. If you have Warrs with your Conſcience, or Fancy, or both, interrupting the peace of your Mind, as your Letter expreſſes; I ſhould willingly return to your ſide, and be your Advocate: but the Fates have deſtin'd it otherwiſe. And yet what unhappy Fortune ſoever befalls me, I wiſh yours may be good. Heavens keep you.

Here, ſaid ſhe, give the Man that brought me the Letter, this.

The Man returning to his Lord ſo ſoon, made him believe he had not delivered her his Letter.

Well, ſaid the Duke, you have not delivered my Letter?

Yes, but I have, ſaid he, and brought you an Anſwer.

Why, ſaid the Duke, it is impoſſible, you ſtaid ſo ſhort a time!

Then, ſaid he, I have wrought a Miracle, or you did lengthen my Journey in your Conceits with the foul ways of Difficulties.

I hope, ſaid the Duke, thou art ſo bleſſed, as to make as proſperous a Journey, as a quick Diſpatch. Leave me a while, ſaid he, till I call you. But when he went to open the Letter, Time brings not more weakneſs, ſaid he, than Fear doth to me; for my Hands ſhake as if I had the Palſie; and my Eyes are ſo dim, that Spectacles will hardly enlarge my ſight. But when he had read the Letter, Joy gave him a new Life. Here, ſaid he, ſhe plainly tells me, She would be mine: She ſaith, She would return to my ſide, if the Fates had not deſtin'd againſt it; by which ſhe means, her Unkle is againſt me. Well, if I can but once get acceſs, I ſhall be happy for ever. So after he had bleſſed himſelf in reading the Letter many times over, I will (ſaid he) ſtrengthen my ſelf to be able to go abroad, for as yet I am but weak; and calling to his Man, he bid him get him ſomething to eat.

Did

Did your Grace, ſaid the Man, talk of Eating?

Yes, anſwered the Duke, for I am hungry.

By my troth, ſaid the Man, I had thought your Hands, Mouth, Appetite, and Stomack, had made a Bargain; the one, That it never would deſire Meat nor Drink: The other, That it would digeſt none: The third, That it would receive none: and the fourth, That it would offer none: for on my Conſcience you have not eat the quantity of the Peſtle of a Lark this week; and you are become ſo weak, that if a Boy ſhould wreſtle with you, he would have the better.

You are deceived, ſaid the Duke; I am ſo ſtrong, and my Spirits ſo active, that I would beat two or three ſuch old Fellows as thou art; and to prove it, I will beat thee with one hand.

No pray, ſaid he, I will believe your Grace, and leave your active Grace for a time to fetch you ſome Food.

When his Man came in with the Meat, he found the Duke a dancing.

I believe, ſaid he, you carry your Body very light, having no heavy Burthens of Meat in your Stomack.

I am ſo Airy, ſaid the Duke, as I will caper over thy Head.

By my troth, ſaid he, then I ſhall let fall your Meat out of my hands, for fear of your heels.

Whilſt the Duke was at his Meat, he talkt to his Man: Why haſt thou lived an old Batchelor, and never married?

O Sir, ſaid he, Wives are too chargeable.

Why, ſaid the Duke, are you ſo poor?

No, Sir, anſwered he, Women are ſo vain; and do not only ſpend their Husbands Eſtates, but make his Eſtate a Bawd to procure Love-ſervants; ſo as his Wealth ſerves only to buy him a pair of Horns.

Prithee let me perſwade thee to marry, and I will direct thee to whom thou ſhalt go a wooing.

Troth Sir, I would venture, if there had been any Example to encourage me.

Why, what do you think of my Marriage? Do not I live happily?

Yes, ſaid he, when your Ducheſs and you are aſunder; but when you meet, it is like *Jupiter* and *Juno*; you make ſuch a thundring noiſe, as it frights your Mortal Servants, thinking you will diſſolve our World (your Family); conſuming your Hoſpitality by the Fire of your Wrath; rouling up the Clouds of ſmoaky Vapour from Boil'd-Beef, as a Sheet of Parchment. When you were a Batchelor, we lived in the Golden Age; but now it is the Iron Age, and Doomſday draws near.

I hope, ſaith the Duke, thou art a Prophet; but when Doomſday is paſt, you ſhall live in Paradice.

In

In my Conſcience, Sir, ſaid he, Fortune hath miſmatch'd you; for ſurely Nature did never intend to join you as Man and Wife, you are of ſuch different humours.

Well, ſaid the Duke, for all your railing againſt Women, you ſhall go a wooing, if not for your ſelf, yet for me.

Sir, ſaid he, I ſhall refuſe no Office that your Grace ſhall employ me in.

Go your ways, ſaid the Duke, to that Lady's Maid you gave the Letter to, and preſent her with a Hundred pounds, and tell her, If ſhe can help me to the ſpeech of her Lady, you will bring her a Hundred pounds more; and if you find her nice, and that ſhe ſays, She dares not; offer her Five hundred pounds, or more; and ſo much, until you have out-bribed her cautious Fears.

Sir, ſaid the Man, If you ſend her many of theſe Preſents, I will woo for my ſelf, as well as for your Grace: Wherefore, by your Grace's leave, I will ſpruce up my ſelf before I go, and trim my Beard, and waſh my Face; and who knows but I may ſpeed? For I perceive it is a fortunate year for old Men to win young Maids Affections; for they ſay, The Vice-Roy is to be married to the ſweeteſt young beautifulleſt Lady in the World; and he is very old, and (in my Opinion) not ſo handſome as I am.

With that, the Duke turned pale.

Nay, ſaid the Man, Your Grace hath no cauſe to be troubled, for 'tis a Lady you have refuſed: wherefore he hath but your leavings.

With that the Duke up with his hand, and gave him a box on the Ear; Thou lyeſt, ſaid he, he muſt not marry her.

Nay, ſaid the Man, that is as your Grace can order the buſineſs: But your Grace is a juſt performer of your Word; for you have tried your ſtrength, and have beaten me with one hand.

The Duke walked about the Room; and after he had pacified himſelf, at laſt ſpoke to his Man: Well (ſaid he), if you be proſperous, and can win the Maid to direct me the way to ſpeak to her Lady, I will cure the Blow with Crowns.

Sir, ſaid he, I will turn you my other Cheek, to box that, if you pleaſe.

Go away, ſaid the Duke, and return as ſoon as you can.

Sir, ſaid he, I will return as ſoon as my buſineſs is done, or elſe I ſhall loſe both Pains and Gains: Good Fortune be my Guide, ſaid he, and then I am ſure of the World's Favour: for they that are proſperous, ſhall never want Friends. Although he were a Coward, a Knave, or a Fool; the World ſhall call, nay, think him, Valiant, Honeſt, and Wiſe.

Sir,

Sir, ſaid he to the Duke, Pray flatter Fortune, and offer ſome Prayers and Praiſes to her Deity in my behalf, though it be but for your own ſake; for he that hath not a feeling intereſt in the buſineſs, can never pray with a ſtrong devotion for a good ſucceſs; but their Prayers will be ſo ſickly and weak, that they can never travel up far, but fall back, as it were, in a ſwoun, without ſenſe.

In the mean time the Vice-Roy and the Unkle had drawn up Articles, and had concluded of the Match, without the young Lady's conſent: but the Unkle told her afterwards, She muſt prepare her ſelf to be the Vice-Roy's Bride: and, ſaid he, if you conſent not, never come near me more, for I will diſclaim all the intereſt of an Unkle, and become your Enemy.

His words were like ſo many Daggers, that were ſtruck to her heart; for her grief was too great for tears. But her Maid, who had ventured her Lady's Anger for Gold, had conveyed the Duke into ſuch a place, as to go into her Chamber when he pleaſed. He ſeeing her ſtand, as it were, without life or ſenſe, but as a Statue carved in Stone, went to her; which Object brought her out of a muſe, but ſtruck her with ſuch a maze, as ſhe fixt her Eyes upon him as on ſome Wonder; and ſtanding both ſilent for a time, at laſt ſhe ſpake:

Sir, ſaid ſhe, this is not civilly done, to come

without my leave, or my Unkle's knowledg; nor honourably done, to come (like a Thief in the night) to ſurpriſe me.

Madam (ſaid he), Love, that is in danger to loſe what he moſt adores, will never conſider Perſons, Time, Place, nor Difficulty, but runs to ſtrengthen and ſecure his ſide, fights and aſſaults all that doth oppoſe him: and *I* hear you are to be married to the Vice-Roy; but if you do marry him, *I* will ſtrive to make you a Widow the firſt hour, cutting your Vows aſunder; and your Husband, inſtead of his Bride, ſhall embrace Death; and his Grave ſhall become his Wedding-bed, or *I* will lye there my ſelf, ſhrowded in my Winding-ſheet, from the hated-ſight of ſeeing or knowing you to be anothers. But if Knowledg lives in the Grave, think not your ſelf ſecure when *I* am dead; for if Ghoſts (as ſome imagine) can riſe from the Earth, mine ſhall viſit you, and fright you from delights; and never leave you, until you become a Subject in Death's Kingdom. But if you are cruel, and take delight to have your Bridal-Health drunk in Blood, marry him, where perchance we may be both dead-drunk with that warm red Liquor.

Sir, anſwered ſhe, *It* is an unheard-of malice to me, or an impudent and vain-glorious pride in you, neither to own me your ſelf, nor let another; but would have me wander, that the World may take notice,

notice, and ſay, This is your forſaken Maid; and I live to be ſcorned, and become friendleſs: for my Unkle will never own me; which will prove as a Proclamation to proclaim me a Traitor to Gratitude and Natural Affection, by committing the Treaſon of Diſobedience.

The Duke ſaid, You cannot want an Owner whilſt I live; for I had, nor have, more power to reſign the Intereſt I have in you, than Kings to reſign their Crowns that come by Succeſſion; for the Right lies in the Crown, not in the Man: and though I have played the Tyrant, and deſerved to be uncrowned; yet none ought to take it off my Head, but Death: nor have I power to throw it from my ſelf; Death only muſt make way for a Succeſſor.

Then ſaid ſhe, I muſt dye, that your Ducheſs may have Right, and a free Poſſeſſion.

Nay, ſaid he, You muſt claim your own juſt Intereſt, and place your ſelf where you ſhould be.

What is that, ſaid ſhe? Go to Law for you?

Yes, ſaid he.

If I be caſt, ſaid ſhe, it will be a double ſhame.

You cannot plead, and be condemned, ſaid he, if Juſtice hears your Cauſe: and though moſt of the Actions of my Life have been irregular, yet they were not ſo much corrupted or miſruled by Nature, as for want of good Education, and through the Ignorance of my Youth: But Time hath made

me ſee my Errors. And though your Beauty is very excellent, and is able to enamour the dulleſt Senſe; yet it is not that alone that diſturbs the peace of my Mind, but the being conſcious of my Fault; which unleſs you pardon and reſtore me to your Favour, I ſhall never be at reſt.

I wiſh there were no greater obſtacle (ſaid ſhe) than my Pardon, to your Reſt: for I ſhould abſolve you ſoon; and ſleep ſhould not be more gentle, and ſoft on your Eyes, than Peace to your Mind, if I could give it; but my Unkle's diſlike may prove as fearful Dreams to diſturb it: though indeed, if his Anger were like Dreams, it would vaniſh away; but I doubt it is of too thick a Body for a Viſion.

The Duke ſaid, We will both kneel to your Unkle, and plead at the Barr of either Ear: I will confeſs my Fault at one Ear, whilſt you ask Pardon for me at the other: And though his Heart were Steel, your Words will diſſolve it into compaſſion, whilſt my Tears mix the Ingredients.

My Unkle, ſaid ſhe, hath agreed with the Vice-Roy; and his Word hath ſealed the Bond, which he will never break.

The Duke ſaid, I will make the Vice-Roy to break the Bargain himſelf, and then your Unkle is ſet free: beſides, you are mine, and not your Unkle's; unleſs you will prove my Enemy to deny me; and *I* will plead for my Right. Heaven

Heaven direct you for the beſt, ſaid ſhe; it is late, Good-night.

You will give me leave, ſaid he, to kiſs your Hand?

I cannot deny my Hand, ſaid ſhe, to him that hath my Heart.

The next day the Duke went to the Vice-Roy, and deſired to have a private hearing, about a buſineſs that concerned him: And when he had him alone, he ſhut the door, and drew his Sword; which when the Vice-Roy ſaw, he began to call for help.

Call not, nor make a noiſe; if you do, Hell take me, ſaid the Duke, I'le run you through.

What mean you, ſaid the Vice-Roy, to give me ſuch a dreadful Viſit?

I come, ſaid the Duke, to ask you a Queſtion, to forbid you an Act, and to have you grant me my Demand.

The Vice-Roy ſaid, The Queſtion muſt be reſolvable, the Act juſt, the Demand poſſible.

They are ſo, ſaid the Duke: My Queſtion is, Whether you reſolve to be married to the Lady *Delicia*.

Yes, anſwered he.

The Act forbidden is, You muſt not marry her.

Why, ſaid the Vice-Roy?

Because (said he) she is my Wife; and I have been married to her almost nine years.

Why, said he, you cannot have two Wives?

No, said he, I will have but one, and that shall be she.

And what is your Demand?

My Demand is, That you will never marry her.

How, says the Vice-Roy? Put the case you should die, you will then give me leave to marrie her?

No, said the Duke; I love her too well, to leave a possibility of her marrying you.

I will sooner die, than set my hand to this, said the Vice-Roy.

If you do not, you shall die a violent death, by Heaven, answered he; and more than that, you shall set your hand never to complain against me to the King: Will you do it? or will you not? for *I* am desperate, said the Duke.

The Vice-Roy said, You strike the King in striking me.

No disputing, says he; set your hand presently, or *I* will kill you.

Do you say, You are desperate?

Yes, answered he.

Then *I* must do a desperate Act, to set my hand to a Bond *I* mean to break.

Use

Uſe your own diſcretion, to that.

Come, ſaid he, I will ſet my hand before I read it; for whatſoever it is, it muſt be done. After he ſet his hand, he read.

Here I do vow to Heaven, Never to woo the Lady Delicia, *nor to take her to Wife: Whereunto I ſet my hand.*

To this Paper too, ſaid the Duke.

Here I do vow to Heaven, Never to take Revenge, nor to complain of the Duke to the King my Maſter: Whereunto I ſet my hand.

The Duke ſaid, I take my leave; reſt you in peace, Sir.

And the Devil torment you, ſaid the Vice-Roy! O Fortune! I could curſe thee, with thy Companions, the Fates; not only in cutting off my Happineſs, in the enjoying of ſo rare a Beauty; but in ſtopping the paſſages to a ſweet Revenge. And though I were ſure there were both Gods and Devils, yet I would break my Vow; for the one are pacified by Prayers and Praiſes, and the other terrified with Threats. But O! the Diſgrace from our Fellow-Creatures (Mankind), ſets cloſer to the Life, than the Skin to the Fleſh: for, if the Skin be

flea'd off, a new one will grow again, making the Body appear younger than before: But if a Man be flea'd once of his Reputation, he ſhall never regain it; and his Life will be always bare and raw, and Malice and Envy will torment it, with the Stings of ill Tongues; which to avoid, I muſt cloſe with this Duke in a ſeeming-friendſhip, and not defie him as an open Enemy, leſt he ſhould divulge my baſe Acts done by my Cowardly Fear: but they are Fools that would not venture their Reputations, to ſave their Life, rather than to dye an Honourable Death, as they call it; which is, to dye to gain a good Opinion; and what ſhall it avail them? A few Praiſes; it will be ſaid, He was a Valiant Man: And what doth the Valiant get? Is he ever the better? No, he is tumbled into the Grave, and his Body rots, and turns to duſt; all the clear diſtinguiſhing Senſes, the bright flaming Appetites, are quenched out: but if they were not, there is no Fuel in the Grave to feed their Fire; for Death is cold, and the Grave barren: beſides, there is no remembrance in the Grave, all is forgotten; they cannot rejoice at their paſt gallant Actions, or remember their glorious Triumphs; but the only happineſs is, that as there is no Pleaſure in the Grave, ſo there is no Pain: but, to give up Life before Nature requires it, is to pay a Subſidy before we are tax'd; or to yeeld up our Liberties before

we

we are Priſoners: and who are wiſe that ſhall do ſo? No, let Fools run head-long to Death, I will live as long as I can; and not only live, but live eaſily, freely, and as pleaſantly as I can. Wherefore, to avoid this Man's Miſchiefs (which lyes to entrap my Life), I will agree with him; and I had rather loſe the Pleaſures of one Woman, than all other Pleaſures, with my Life: but from a ſecret Miſchief he ſhall not eſcape, if I can prevail: for I perceive this Duke, ſince he can have but one Wife, intends to ſet up a Seraglio of young Wenches; and, by my troth, he begins with a fair one; and whilſt he courts his Miſtreſs, I mean to woo his Wife; for he hath not ſworn me from that: So that my Revenge ſhall be, To make him a Cuckold.

So the Vice-Roy went to the Ducheſs; and after he had made his Complemental-Addreſſes, they began to talk more ſeriouſly.

Madam, ſaid he, How do you like the rare Beauty, which your Husband doth admire ſo much, that he is jealous of all that look on her, and would extinguiſh the ſight of all Mens Eyes, but his own; and challenges all that make Love to her; and threatens Ruin and Murther to thoſe that pretend to marry her?

She anſwered, If he be ſo enamoured, I ſhall not wonder now that my Beauty is thought dead,

my Embraces cold, my Diſcourſe dull, my Company troubleſome to him, ſince his Delight is abroad. But, ſaid ſhe, I am well ſerved; I was weary of my old Husband, and wiſhed him dead, that I might marry a young one: I abhorred his old Age, that was wiſe and experienced; deſpiſed his gray Hairs, that ſhould have been reverenced with reſpect. O what happineſs I rejected, that I might have enjoyed! For he admired my Beauty, praiſed my Wit, gave me my Will, obſerved my Humour, ſought me Pleaſures, took care of my Health, deſired my Love, proud of my Favours; my Mirth was his Muſick, my Smiles were his Heaven, my Frowns were his Hell: whenas this Man thinks me a Chain that enſlaves him; a Shipwrack, wherein all his Happineſs is drown'd; a Famine to his Hopes, a Plague to his Deſires, a Hell to his Deſigns, and a Devil to damn his Fruitions.

Nay certainly, ſaid he, that Woman is the happieſt that marries an ancient Man; for he adores her Virtue, more than her Beauty; and his Love continues, though her Beauty be gone; he ſets a price of Worth upon the Honour and Reputation of his Wife; uſes her civilly, and gives her Reſpect, as Gallant Men ought to do to a tender Sex; which makes others to do the like: when a Young Man thinks it a Gallantry, and a Manly

Action,

Action, to uſe his Wife rudely, and worſe than his Lacquey; to command imperiouſly, to neglect deſpiſingly, making her the Drudg in his Family, flinging words of diſgrace upon her; making her, with ſcorn, the mirth and paſtime, in his idle and fooliſh diſcourſe amongſt his vain and baſe Companions; when an ancient Man makes his Wife the Queen of his Family, his Miſtreſs in his Courtſhip, his Goddeſs in his Diſcourſe; giving her Praiſe, applauding her Actions, magnifying her Nature; her Safety is the God of his Courage; her Honour the World to his Ambition; her Pleaſure his only Induſtry; her Maintenance the Mark for his Prudence; her Delights are the Compaſs by which he ſails; her Love his Voyage; her Advice his Oracle: And doing this, he doth Honour to himſelf, by ſetting a conſiderable value upon what is his own: when Youth regards not the temper of her Diſpotion, ſlights her Noble Nature, grows weary of her Perſon, condemns her Counſels, and is afraid his Neighbour ſhould think his Wife wiſer than himſelf; which is the Mark of a Fool, and a Diſeaſe moſt Men have (being married young). But a Man in years is ſolid in his Counſels, ſober in his Actions, graceful in his Behaviour, wiſe in his Diſcourſe, temperate in his Life, and appears (as Nature hath made him) Maſculine. Whereas a young Man is raſh in his Counſels, deſperate in his Actions, wild

in his Behaviour, vain in his Diſcourſes, debauch'd in his Life; and appears not like his Sex, but Effeminate.

A fair Forehead, and a ſmooth Skin; a roſie Cheek, and a ruby Lip; wanton Eyes, and a flattering Tongue, are unmanly; appearing like Women or Boys, let them be never ſo Valiant; and as if they would ſooner ſuffer the Whip, than handle the Sword.

In an ancient Man, every Wrinkle is a Trench made by Time, wherein lies Experience to ſecure the Life from Errors; and their Eyes are like active Soldiers, who bow and ſink down by the over-heavy Burthens of their Spoils, which are ſeveral Objects that the Sight carries into the Brain, and delivers to the Underſtanding, as Trophies, to hang up in the Magazine of the Memory. His white Hairs are the Flags of Peace, that Time hangs out on the Walls of Wiſdom, that Advice and Counſel may come to and fro ſafely. Nay, the very Infirmities of Age, ſeem manly; his feeble Legs look as if they had been over-tired with long Marches, in ſeeking out his Foes; and his Palſey-Hands, or Head, the one ſeems as if they had been often uſed in beating of their Enemies; and the other in watching, as if they knew not what Reſt meant.

Sir, ſaid the Ducheſs, you commend Aged Huſbands, and diſpraiſe young ones, with ſuch Rhetorick,

torick, as I wiſh the one, and hate the other; and in purſuit of my Hate, I will croſs my Husband's Amours as much as I can.

In the mean time, the Duke was gone to the old Gentleman, the young Lady's Unkle; who when he ſaw him enter, he ſtarted, as if he had ſeen an Evil he deſired to ſhun.

Sir, ſaid he, What unlucky occaſion brought you into my Houſe?

Firſt, Repentance (anſwered the Duke), and then Love; and laſtly, my Reſpect, which I owe as a Duty. My Repentance begs a Forgiveneſs: My Love offers you my Advice and good Counſel: My Reſpect forewarns you of Dangers and Troubles, that may come by the Marriage of your Neece to the Vice-Roy.

Why, what danger (ſaid he) can come in marrying my Neece to a Wiſe, Honourable, Rich, and Powerful Man, and a Man that loves and admires her, that honours and reſpects me?

But, ſaid the Duke, put the caſe he be a Covetous, Jealous, Froward, Ill-natured, and Baſe Cowardly Man, Shall ſhe be happy with him?

But he is not ſo, ſaid he.

But, anſwered the Duke, if I can prove him ſo, Will you marry her to him?

Pray, ſaid he, ſpare your Proofs of him, ſince you cannot prove your ſelf an Honeſt Man.

Sir, ſaid the Duke, Love makes me endure a Reproach patiently, when it concerns the Beloved: but though it endures a Reproach, it cannot endure a Rival.

Why, ſaid the old Gentleman, I hope you do not challenge an Intereſt in my Neece.

Yes, ſaid the Duke, but I do; and will maintain that Intereſt with the power of my Life, and never will quit it, till Death; and if my Ghoſt could fight for her, it ſhould.

Heaven bleſs my Neece, ſaid the old Gentleman! What is your Deſign againſt her? Is it not enough to fling a Diſgrace of Neglect on her, but you muſt ruin all her good Fortunes? Is your Malice ſo inveterate againſt my Family, that you ſtrive to pull it up by the Roots, to caſt it into the Ditch of Oblivion, or to fling it on the Dunghill of Scorn?

The Duke ſaid, My Deſign is, To make her happy, if I can; and will oppoſe all thoſe that hinder her Felicity, diſturbing the content and peace of her Mind: for, ſhe cannot love this Man; beſides, he diſclaims her, and vows never to marry her.

Sir, ſaid the Gentleman, I deſire you to depart from my Houſe, for you are a Plague to me, and bring an evil Infection.

Sir, ſaid the Duke, I will not go out of your Houſe, nor depart from you, until you have granted my Requeſt. Why

Why, ſaid the Gentleman, you will not threaten me.

No, ſaid the Duke, I do petition you.

The Gentleman ſaid, If you have any Quarrel to me, I ſhall anſwer it with my Sword in my hand: for, though I have loſt ſome ſtrength with my years, yet I have not loſt my Courage; and when my Limbs can fight no longer, the heat of my Spirits ſhall conſume you: beſides, an Honourable Death I far prefer before a baffled Life.

Sir, ſaid he, I come not to move your Anger, but your Pity; the Sorrows I am in (for the Injuries I have done you) being extream great; and if you will be pleaſed to take me into your Favour, and aſſiſt me, by giving my Wife (your Neece) leave to claim the Laws of Marriage and Right to me, all my Life ſhall be ſtudious to return Gratitude, Duty, and Service, to you.

Yes, anſwered he, to divulge her Diſgrace, declaring your neglect in an open Court, and to make my ſelf a Knave to break my Promiſe.

Sir, ſaid the Duke, your Diſgrace by me, is not ſo much as you apprehend: but it will be a great Diſgrace, when it is known the Vice-Roy refuſes her, as I can ſhew you his hand to it; and if he deſerts your Neece, you are abſolved of your Promiſe made to him; and to let you know this is a Truth, here is his Hand.

The whilſt the old Gentleman was reading the Papers, the Vice-Roy comes in.

O Sir, ſaid he, you are timely come! Is this your Hand, ſays he?

Yes, anſwered the Vice-Roy.

And do you think it is honourably done, ſaid the Gentleman?

Why, ſaid the Vice-Roy, Would you have me marry another Man's Wife?

Well, ſaid the old Gentleman, when your Vice-Roy-ſhip is out (as it is almoſt), I will give you my Anſwer; till then, fare you well.

But the Duke went to the young Lady, and told her the progreſs he had had with her Unkle, and his Anger to the Vice-Roy.

After the old Gentleman's Paſſion was abated towards the Duke, by his humble ſubmiſſion, and the Paſſion enflamed towards the Vice-Roy, he hearkned to the Law Suit, being moſt perſwaded by his Neece's Affection, which he perceived was unalterably placed upon the Duke. And at laſt, adviſing all three together, they thought it fit (ſince the Parties muſt plead their own Cauſe) to conceal their Agreements, and to cover it by the Duke's ſeeming diſſent, leſt he ſhould be convicted as a Breaker of the known Laws, and ſo be liable to puniſhment, either by the hazzard of his Life, or the price of a great Fine.

Being

Being thus agreed of all ſides, the Law-ſuit was declared; which was a buſineſs of diſcourſe to all the Kingdom; and the place of Judicature, a meeting for all curious, inquiſitive, and idle People.

When the day of hearing was come, there was a Barr ſet out, where the Duke and the two Ladies ſtood; and after all the Judges were ſet, the young Lady thus ſpake:

Grave Fathers, and moſt Equal Judges,

I Come here to plead for Right, undeck'd with Eloquence; but Truth needs no Rhetorick; ſo that my Cauſe will juſtifie it ſelf: But if my Cauſe were foul, it were not pencil'd words could make it ſeem ſo fair, as to delude your underſtanding Eyes.

Beſides, your Juſtice is ſo wiſe, as to fortifie her Forts with Fortitude, to fill her Magazine with Temperance, to victual it with Patience, to ſet Centinels of Prudence, that Falſhood might not ſurpriſe it, nor Bribery corrupt it, nor Fear ſtarve it, nor Pity undermine it, nor Partiality blow it up; ſo that all all right Cauſes, here, are ſafe, and ſecured from their Enemies, Injury and Wrong. Wherefore, moſt Reverend Fathers, if you will but hear my Cauſe, you cannot but grant my Suit.

Whereupon the Judges bid her declare her Cauſe.

I was married to this Prince, 'tis true; I was but young in years when I did knit that Wedlock-knot; and though a Child, yet ſince my Vows were holy, which I made by Virtue and Religion, I am bound to ſeal that Sacred Bond with Conſtancy, now I am come to years of knowing good from evil.

I am not only bound, moſt Pious Judges, to keep my Vow, in being chaſtly his as long as he ſhall live, but to require him by the Law, as a Right of Inheritance belonging to me, and only me, ſo long as I ſhall live, without a Sharer or Co-partner: ſo that this Lady, who lays a Claim, and challenges him as being hers, can have no right to him, and therefore no Law can plead for her: for, ſhould you caſt aſide your Canon Law (moſt Pious Judges), and judg it by the Common-Law, my Suit muſt needs be granted, if Juſtice deals rightly, and gives to Truth her own: for, ſhould an Heir, young, before he comes to years, run on the Lenders ſcore; though the Lender had no Law to plead againſt Non-age; yet if his nature be ſo juſt to ſeal the Bonds he made in Non-age, when he comes to full years, he makes his former Act good, and fixes the Law to a juſt Grant, giving no room for Cozenage to play a part, nor Falſhood to appear. The like is my Cauſe, moſt

Grave

Grave Fathers; for my Friends choſe me a Husband, made a Bond of Matrimony, ſealed it with the Ceremony of the Church; only they wanted my years of Conſent, which I give now freely and heartily.

The Judges asked, What ſays the Duke? Then the Duke thus ſpake:

I Confeſs, I was contracted to this Lady by all the Sacred and moſt binding Ceremonies of the Church, but not with a free conſent of Mind: for, being forced by the Duty to my Father, who did not only command, but threatned me with his Curſe, he being then upon his Death-bed, and I being afraid of a dying-Father's Curſes, yeelded to thoſe Actions which my Affections and free-will renounced: and after my Father was dead, placing my Affections upon another Lady, married her, thinking my ſelf not liable to the former Contract, by reaſon the Lady was but Six years of age, whoſe Non-age I thought was a warrantable Cancel from the Engagement.

Moſt Upright Judges,

MY Non-age is not a ſufficient Reaſon to ſet him free, he being then of full Age; nor can his fear of offending his Parents, or his loving-Duty towards them, be a Caſting-Plea againſt me: his Duty will not diſcharge his Perjury; nor his Fear could be no

warrant to do a Wrong: And if a Fool by Promiſe binds his Life to Inconveniences, the Laws that Wiſe Men have made, muſt force him to keep it. And if a Knave, by private and ſelf-ends, doth make a Promiſe, Juſt Laws muſt make him keep it.

If a Coward makes a Promiſe through diſtracted Fear, Laws (that carry more Terrors, than the broken Promiſe, Profit) will make him keep it.

A Wiſe, Juſt, Generous Spirit, will make no Promiſe but what he can, and durſt, and will perform.

But ſay, a Promiſe ſhould paſs through an ignorant Zeal, and ſeeming Good; yet a right Honourable and Noble Mind will ſtick ſo faſt to its Engagements, that nothing ſhall hew them aſunder: for, a Promiſe muſt neither be broken upon Suſpition, nor falſe Conſtruction, nor upon enticing Perſwaſions, nor threatning Ruins; but it muſt be maintained with Life, and kept by Death, unleſs the Promiſe carry more malignity in the keeping, than the breaking of it.

I ſay not this to condemn the Duke, though I cannot applaud his ſecond Action concerning Marriage: I know he is too Noble to cancel that Bond his Conſcience ſealed before high Heaven, where Angels ſtood as Witneſſes: Nor can he make another Contract, until he is free from me: ſo that his Vows to his Lady were rather Complemental, and Love's Feignings, than really true, or ſo Authentical as to laſt. He built Affections on a wrong Foundation, or rather Caſtles in the Air, as Lo-

vers

vers uſe to do, which vaniſh ſoon away: for, where Right is not, Truth cannot be. Wherefore, ſhe can claim no lawful Marriage, unleſs he were a Free-man, not bound before; and he cannot be free, unleſs he hath my Conſent, which I will never give.

Then the other Lady ſpake.

Noble Judges,

THIS Crafty, Flattering, Diſſembling Child, lays a Claim to my Husband, who no way deſerves him, ſhe being of a low Birth, and of too mean a Breeding to be his Wife: Neither hath ſhe any right to him in the Law, ſhe being too young to make a free Choice, and to give a free Conſent. Beſides, he doth diſavow the Act, by confeſſing the diſagreeing thereto in his Mind; and if ſhe was to give a Lawful Conſent, and his Conſent was ſeeming, not real, as being forced, it could not be a firm Contract. Wherefore, I beſeech you, caſt her Suit from the Barr, ſince it is of no validity.

Juſt Judges, anſwered ſhe:

WHAT though he ſecretly diſliked of that Act he made? Yet Human Juſtice ſentences not the Thoughts, but Acts: Wherefore thoſe Words that plead his Thoughts, ought to be waved as uſeleſs, and from the Barr of Juſtice caſt aſide.

And now, moſt Upright Judges, I muſt entreat your Favour and your Leave to anſwer this Lady, whoſe Paſſions have flung Diſgraces on me; which I, without the breach of Incivility, may throw them off with ſcorn, if you allow me ſo to do.

The Judges ſaid, We ſhall not countenance any Diſgrace, unleſs we knew it were a puniſhment for Crimes: Wherefore ſpeak freely.

Well then, to anſwer this Lady, who ſays, That I am meanly born: 'Tis true, I came not from Nobility, but I can draw a Line of Pedigree Five hundred years in length, from the Root of Merit, from whence Gentility doth ſpring. This Honour cannot be degraded by the Diſpleaſure of Princes; it holds not in Fee-ſimple from the Crown, for Time is the Patron of Gentility, and the older it groweth, the more beautiful it appears; and having ſuch a Father and Mother, as Merit and Time, Gentry is a fit and equal Match for any, were they the Rulers of the whole World.

And

And whereas ſhe ſays, Moſt Patient Judges, I am a falſe Diſſembling Child.

I anſwer, As to my Childhood, it is true, I am young, and unexperienced; a Child in Underſtanding, as in years: but to be Young, I hope, is no Crime; but if it be, 'twas made by Nature, not by me. And for Diſſembling, I have not had time enough to practice much Deceit; my Youth will witneſs for me. It is an Art, not an In-bred Nature, and muſt be ſtudied with Pains, and watch'd with Obſervation, before any can be Maſters thereof. And I hope this Aſſembly is ſo juſt, as not to impute my Innocent Simplicity to a Subtil, Crafty, or a Deceiving Glaſs, to ſhow the Mind's falſe Face, making that fair, which in it ſelf is foul.

And whereas ſhe ſays, I have been meanly bred; 'tis true, Honoured Judges, I have been humbly bred, taught to obey Superiors, and to reverence old Age; to receive Reproofs with thanks, to liſten to wiſe Inſtructions, to learn honeſt Principles, to Huſwife Time, making uſe of every minute; to be thrifty of my Words, to be careful of my Actions, to be modeſt in my Behaviour, to be chaſt in my Thoughts, to be pious in my Devotions, to be charitable to the Diſtreſſed, to be courteous to Inferiors, and to be civil to Strangers: for the truth is, I was not bred with ſplendid Vanities, nor learnt the Pomp and Pride of Courts; I am ignorant of their Factions, Envies, and Back-bitings; I know not the ſound of their flattering Tongues; I am unacquainted

with their ſmiling Faces; I have not Wit to perceive their falſe Hearts; my Judgment is too young, and too weak, to fathom their deep and dangerous Deſigns.

Neither have I lived ſo long in populous Cities, as to ſhare of their Luxurioufneſs: I never have frequented their private nor publick Meetings; nor turned the Day into Night by Diſorders: I can play at none of their Games; nor can I tread their Meaſures. But I was bred a private Countrey-Life, where the Crowing of the Cocks ſerved as Waights of the Town; and the Bleating of the Sheep, and Lowing of the Cows, are the Minſtrels we dance after; and the Singing of the Birds are the Harmonious Notes by which we ſet our Innocent Thoughts, playing upon the Heart-ſtrings of Content, where Nature there preſents us a Maſque with various Scenes of the ſeveral Seaſons of the Year.

But, neither low Birth, nor mean Breeding, nor bad Qualities; nay, were I as Wicked as I am Young, yet it will not take away the Truth of my Cauſe, nor the Juſtneſs of my Plea: Wherefore I deſire you to give my Suit a p ntient Trial, and not to caſt me from the Barr, as ſhe deſires; for I hope you will not caſt out my Suit by unjuſt Partiality; nor miſtake the right Meaſure, and ſo cut the Truth of my Cauſe too ſhort: but I beſeech you to give it length by your ſerious Conſiderations, and make it fit by your juſt Favour: for, though Truth it ſelf goeth naked, yet her Servants muſt be clothed with Right, and dreſs'd by Propriety, or they

will

will dye with the Cold of Uſurpation, and then be flung into the Ditch of Sorrow, there to be eaten up with the Ravens of Scorn, having no Burial of Reſpect, nor Tomb of Tranquility, nor Pyramids of Felicity, which your Juſtice may raiſe as high as Heaven, when your Injuſtice may caſt them as low as Hell. Thus you become, to Truth, Gods or Devils.

Madam, ſaid the Judges to the young Lady, The Juſtice of your Cauſe judges it ſelf: for, the ſevereſt Judg, or ſtricteſt Rules in Law, can admit of no Debate.

And truly, Madam, it is happy for us that ſit upon the Bench, that your Cauſe is ſo clear and good; otherwiſe your Beauty and your Wit might have proved Bribes to our Vote: But yet there will be a Fine on the Duke, for the breach of the Laws.

With that the Duke ſpake:

Moſt Careful, Learned, and Juſt Judges, and Fathers of the Common-wealth:

I Confeſs my Fault, and yeeld my ſelf a Priſoner to Juſtice, which may either uſe Puniſhment or Mercy: But, had I known the Laws of Cuſtom, Religion, or Honour, then (as well as I do now) I had not run ſo faſt, nor plunged my ſelf ſo deep in the foul ways of Error: But wild Youth, ſurrounded with Eaſe, and

fed with Plenty; born up with Freedom, and led by Self will, ſought Pleaſure more than Virtue; and Experience hath learn'd me ſtricter Rules, and nobler Principles; inſomuch as the reflection of my former Actions, clouds all my future Happineſs, wounds my Conſcience, and torments my Life. But I ſhall ſubmit to what your wiſe Judgments ſhall think fit.

My Lord, anſwered the Judges, Your Grace being a great Peer of the Realm, we are not to condemn you to any Fine, it muſt be the King: only we judg the Lady to be your lawful Wife, and forbid you the Company of the other.

The Duke ſaid, *I ſhall willingly ſubmit.*

With that the young Lady ſpake: *Heaven* (ſaid ſhe) *ſend you juſt Rewards for your upright Actions: But I deſire this Aſſembly to excuſe the Faults of the Duke in this, ſince he was forced, by Tyrant Love, to run in uncouth ways; and do not wound him with ſharp Cenſures:*

For, Where is he, or ſhe, though ne're ſo cold,(bold?
But ſometimes Love doth take, and faſt in Fetters

The Vice-Roy being by, ſaid to the other Lady, *Madam, Since the Law hath given away your Huſband,*

band, I will ſupply his Place, if you think me ſo worthy, with whom perchance you may be more happy than you were with him.

I accept of your Love, ſaid ſhe, *and make no queſtion but Fortune hath favoured me in the Change.*

With that the Court roſe, and much Rejoicings there were of all ſides.

The Ambitious TRAITOR.

THERE was a Noble-man in *Fairy-Land,* which was in great favour with King *Oberon;* but the Favour of the King made him ſo proud and haughty, that he ſought to uſurp the Crown to himſelf. His Deſign was, To kill the King, and then to marry Queen *Mabb*; and to bring his Evil Deſigns to paſs, he feaſted the Nobility, deviſed ſports for the Commonalty, preſented the old Ladies with Gifts, flattered the young ones, in praiſing their Beauties; made Balls, Plays, Maſques, to entertain them; bribed the Courtiers, corrupted the Soldiers with Promiſes of Donatives; fired the Youth with Thoughts of Chivalry, and expectations of Honours; and was induſtrious to preſent the Petitions of Suitors, and to follow the Cauſes of the Diſtreſſed, and to plead for his Clients; and all to get a popular eſteem and love. But there is

none ſo wiſe and crafty, that can keep out Envy from ſearching into their ways with the Eyes of Spight. His Popular Applauſe begot in him private Enemies, which advertiſed the King to look to himſelf, and to cut off his growing-Power; not out of Loyalty to the King, but out of hate to the Favourite: and Kings being jealous, are apt to ſuſpect the worſt; which made him obſerve with a ſtricter Eye, ſetting Spies and Watches on all his Actions, until he catcht him in the Trap of his Rebellion: for, ſpeaking ſome dangerous and ſeditious words, he was caſt into Priſon until further trial. A day being appointed for his hearing, a Council was called of all the Peers of the Land, which were his Judges; and the Witneſſes being brought, he was caſt, and condemned to dye. Great Preparations were made againſt the Day of Execution, Scaffolds were ſet up, Windows were pulled down, that People might behold him: Guards were ſet at each corner of the Streets, and the multitude did ſo throng, that when this Noble-man paſſed along, every Eye ſtrove to out-ſtare each other; and every Neck ſtretch'd to out-reach his fore-ſtanders head; and every Ear liſtned to hear if he did ſpeak; and every Tongue moved with Enquiries; every Mind was filled with expectation of the Event; and every one as buſie as a Judg, to condemn him, or a Hang-man to execute him; and thoſe that profeſt

moſt

moſt Friendſhip to him in his Proſperity, were his greateſt Enemies, upbraiding him with the Name of Traytor, though truly, yet not ſeemly, from former profeſt Friends: But he (with a ſlow pace, and a ſad countenance, habited in Black) went on, until he came to the Scaffold: Then turning his Face to the People, he thus ſpake:

'I do not wonder to ſee ſo great a Multitude ga-'thered together, to view the Death of a ſingle 'Perſon; although Death is common to every one, 'and that there is as many ſeveral ways to dye, as 'Eyes to look on: yet Beaſts do not gather in 'Troops to ſee the Execution of their Kind. But 'I wonder Men ſhould change their Opinion with 'the change of Fortune, as if they did applaud her 'Inconſtancy, hating what ſhe ſeemed to hate, and 'loving what ſhe ſeemed to love; calling them Fools 'which ſhe caſts down, and thoſe Wiſe which ſhe 'raiſes up, although it be without Deſert: for, had 'I been proſperous in my evil Intention, I ſhould 'have had as many Acclamations, as now I have 'Accuſations; had been called Wiſe, Valiant, Ge-'nerous, Juſt, and all the Names that Praiſe could 'honour me with: and not only they would have 'called me ſo, but have thought me to have been ſo. 'But, O odd Man! how art thou made! To have 'ſo much Ambition as to deſire the Power of Gods,

'and yet to be more fooliſh than Beaſts, and as ill-
'natur'd as Devils of Hell! For, Beaſts follow the
'Laws of Nature, but Men follow their own Laws,
'which make them more miſerable than Nature in-
'tended them to be. Beaſts do not dēſtroy them-
'ſelves; nor make they Laws to entangle themſelves
'in the Nets of long and ſtrong Suits; but follow
'that which pleaſeth them moſt. Unleſs Men vex
'them, they weary not themſelves in unprofitable
'Labours, nor vex their Brain with vain Phantaſms;
'they have no ſuperſtitious Fear, nor vain Curio-
'ſity, to ſeek after that which (being found) they
'are never the better: nor ſtrange Opinions, to
'carry them from the Truth; nor Rhetorick, to
'perſwade them out of the right way. And when
'Beaſts prey upon one another, it is out of meer
'Hunger; not to make Spoil, as Man, who is ſo diſ-
'orderly, as that he ſtrives to deſtroy Nature her
'ſelf, and (if he could) pull *Jupiter* out of Hea-
'ven: But when we come near to be deſtroyed by
'Death, then we have a ſeeming-Repentance, and
'flatter the Gods to have pity on us. And though
'my Nature is ſo bad (as being of Mankind) that I
'may diſſemble ſo nicely, as not to perceive it in my
'ſelf; yet I hope the Gods will have as much mercy
'on me, as I think I am truly ſorrowful for my
'Fault: and then kneeling, thus ſaid:

'O *Jupiter*! how ſhould weak and frail Men

agree

'agree amongſt themſelves, when there have been 'Quarrels in thy Heavenly Manſions, envying thy 'glory, and being ambitious of thy Power, conſpi-'ring againſt thee? And ſince Ambition hath been 'in Heaven, pardon it on Earth: for it was not 'againſt thee, my Maker, but againſt my Fellow-'Creature.

'O *Jupiter*! check thy Vice-gerent Nature for 'making me of ſuch an aſpiring quality, coveting 'to be the chiefeſt on Earth: for ſhe might have 'made me Humble and Lowly, and not of ſo 'proud and haughty a Diſpoſition; for it was in 'her power to have made me in what temper ſhe had 'pleaſed. I do not expoſtulate this out of a Mur-'muring-diſcontent, but to draw down thy pity 'for my unhappy Nature, which (in a manner) en-'forced me thereunto. But I ſubmit, as thou haſt 'commanded me, and am content to obey thy will 'and either to undergo *Pluto*'s Puniſhments, or to be 'annihilated: But if thy Judgment may be divert-'ed, ſend me to the bleſſed *Elyzium.*

Then turning to the Block, he was executed.

No ſooner was his Head off, but all his Acquaintants, Friends, and Kindred, forgot him, as the living uſually do any that dye. And although moſt rejoyce at the fall of thoſe that are moſt Eminent (as if the chiefeſt Ingredient of Man were

Malice and Spight, which produceth Cruelty); yet when the Multitude ſaw all was done, and that their greedy Appetite was ſatisfied with Blood, then a lazy and ſleepy Pity ſeized on them; and with yawning wiſhes, would have had him alive again.

But King *Oberon* and Queen *Mabb*, after the Execution, having given Order for his Quarters to be ſet up on the Gates of the City, rid to their Palaces in State, hoping they ſhould have no more ſuch Traiterous Subjects to diſturb their Peace.

Aſſaulted and Purſued Chaſtity.

PREAMBLE.

IN this following Tale or Diſcourſe, my endeavour was, To ſhew young Women the danger of Travelling without their Parents, Husbands, or particular Friends, to guard them: for, though Virtue is a good Guard, yet it doth not always protect their Perſons, without other Aſſiſtance: for, though Virtue guards, yet Youth and Beauty betrays; and the Treachery of the one, is more than the Safety of the other; for Young, Beautiful, and Virtuous Women, if they wander alone, find but very often rude entertainment from the Maſculine Sex, witneſs Jacob's *Daughter* Dinah, *which*

which Shechem *forced: and others, whoſe Forcement is mentioned in holy Scripture, and in Hiſtories of leſs Authority* (ſans nombre)*: which ſhews, that Heaven doth not always protect the Perſons of Virtuous Souls from rude Violences; neither doth it always leave Virtue deſtitute, but ſometimes ſends a Human Help; yet ſo, as never but where Neceſſity was the Cauſe of their Dangers, and not Ignorance, Indiſcretion, or Curioſity: for, Heaven never helps, but thoſe that could not avoid the Danger; nay, if they do avoid the Danger, they ſeldom avoid a Scandal: for, the World in many Cauſes judges according to what may be, and not according to what is: they judg not according to Truth, but Shew; nor by the Heart, but by the Countenance; which is the cauſe that many a Chaſt Woman hath a ſpotted Reputation. But to conclude, I ſay, Thoſe are in particular favoured by Heaven, that are protected from Violence and Scandal, in a Wandring-life, or a Travelling-condition.*

IN the Kingdom of Riches, after a long and ſleepy Peace, over-grown with Plenty and Eaſe, Luxury broke out into Factious Sores; and Feveriſh Ambition, into a Plaguy Rebellion, killing numbers with the Sword of Unjuſt Warr; which made many flye from that Peſtilent Deſtruction, into other Countreys; and thoſe that ſtayed, ſent their Daughters and Wives from the Fury of the Inhu-

man Multitude; chuſing to venture their Lives with the hazzards of Travels, rather than their Honours and Chaſtities, by ſtaying at home amongſt rough and rude Soldiers. But in ten years Warrs, the Ignorant-Vulgar, being often (in the Schools of Experience) whipt with Miſery, had learnt the Leſſon of Obedience; and Peace, that laid all that time in a Swound, was revived to life; and Love, the Vital Spirits thereof, being reſtored to their orderly Motions; and Zeal, the Fire of the Publick Heart, flaming a-new, did concoct the undigeſted Multitudes to a pure good Government; and all thoſe that Fear or Care had baniſhed, were invited and called home, by their natural Affections to their Countrey. A Lady, amongſt the reſt, enricht by Nature, with Virtue, Wit, and Beauty; in her returning-voyage, felt the ſpight of Fortune, being caſt by a ſtorm, from the place ſhe ſteered to, upon the Kingdom of Senſuality, a Place and People ſtrange unto her: No ſooner was ſhe landed, but Treachery beſet her; and thoſe ſhe entruſted, left her: Her years, being but few, had not gathered Experience enough to give her the beſt direction. Thus, knowing not how to diſpoſe of her ſelf, wanting means for ſupport, and calling her young and tender Thoughts to counſel; at laſt they did agree, She ſhould ſeek a ſervice: And going to the chief City, which was not far from the Haven-Town, with

with a Skipper, whom ſhe had entreated to go along with her; he left her in a poor and mean houſe, to Chance, Time, and Fortune; where her Hoſteſs, ſeeing her handſome, was tempted (by her Poverty and Covetouſneſs) to conſider her own Profit, more than her Gueſt's Safety, ſelling her to a Bawd which uſed to traffick to the Land of Youth, for the Riches of Beauty. This old Bawd, having commerce with moſt Nations, could ſpeak many Languages, and this Lady's amongſt the reſt; and what with her Languages, and her flattering Words, ſhe inticed this young Lady to live with her; and this old Bawd (her ſuppoſed vertuous Miſtreſs) uſed her kindly, fed her daintily, clothed her finely; inſomuch as ſhe began to think ſhe was become the Darling of Fortune; but yet ſhe keeps her cloſely from the view of any, until her beſt Cuſtomers came to the Town, who were at that time in the Countrey.

In the mean time her Miſtreſs began to read her Lectures of Nature, telling her, She ſhould uſe her Beauty while ſhe had it, and not to waſte her Youth idly, but to make the beſt profit of both, to purchaſe Pleaſure and Delight: beſides, ſaid ſhe, Nature hath made nothing in vain, but to ſome uſeful End; and nothing meerly for its ſelf, but for a common Benefit, and general Good; as you ſee by the Earth, Water, Air, and Fire; Sun, Moon,

Starrs, Light, Heat, Cold, and the like. So is Beauty (with Strength and Appetites) either to delight her Creatures that are in being, or to procure more by Procreation; for Nature only lives by Survivers; and that cannot be, without Communication and Society. Wherefore, it is a ſin againſt Nature, to be reſerved and coy; and take heed, ſaid ſhe, of offending Nature; for ſhe is a great and powerful Goddeſs, transforming all things out of one ſhape into another; and thoſe that ſerve her faithfully, and according as ſhe commands, ſhe puts them in an eaſie and delightful Form; but thoſe that diſpleaſe her, ſhe makes them to be a trouble and torment to themſelves: wherefore ſerve Nature, for ſhe is the only and true Goddeſs, and not thoſe that men call upon, as *Jupiter*, *Juno*, and a hundred more, that living-men vainly offer unto, being only Men and Women which were Deified for Invention, and Heroick Actions: for unto theſe dead, though not forgotten Gods and Goddeſſes (as they are called through a Superſtitious Fear, and an Idolatrous Love to Ceremony, and an Ignorant Zeal to Antiquity), Men fruitleſly pray: But Nature is the only true Goddeſs, and no other; wherefore follow her Directions, and you ſhall never do amiſs: for, we that are old, ſaid ſhe, are Nature's Prieſts, and being long acquainted with her Laws and Cuſtoms, do teach Youth the beſt ways to ſerve her in.

The

The young Lady, being of a quick apprehenſion, began to ſuſpect ſome Deſign and Treachery againſt her: and though her Doubts begot great Fears, yet her confidence of the Gods protection of Virtue, gave her Courage; and, diſſembling her diſcovery as well as ſhe could for the preſent, gave her thanks for her Counſel: But when ſhe was gone, conſidering in what a dangerous condition ſhe ſtood, and that the Gods would not hear her if ſhe lazily called for help, and watch'd for Miracles, neglecting Natural Means: whereupon ſhe thought the beſt way was, ſecretly to convey her ſelf out of that place, and truſt her ſelf again to Chance, by reaſon there could not be more danger, than where ſhe was. But thoſe thoughts being quickly cut off, becauſe ſhe could find no poſſibility of an eſcape, being ſtrictly kept by the care of the old Bawd, for fear ſhe ſhould give away that by enticement, which ſhe meant to ſell at a high rate: Wherefore ſhe was forced to content her ſelf, and to ſatisfie her Fears, with hopes of finding ſome means to be delivered from thoſe dangers; praying to the Gods for their aſſiſtance, to guard her from cruel Invaders of Chaſtity. But after two or three days, a Subject-Prince of that Countrey, which was a grand Monopolizer of young Virgins, came to the Town (which was the Metropolitan City of that Countrey); where as ſoon as he came, he ſent for his chief

Officer, the old Bawd, to know of her how his Cuſtomers encreaſed; who told him, ſhe had a rich Prize, which ſhe had ſeized on, and kept only for his uſe; telling him, She was the rareſt Piece of Nature's Works, only (ſaith ſhe) ſhe wants mature confidence; but Time, and heat of Affection, would ripen her to the height of Boldneſs. So home ſhe went to prepare for his coming, adorning her Houſe with coſtly Furniture, ſetting up a rich Bed, as an Altar to *Venus*; burning pleaſant and ſweet Perfumes, as Incenſe to her Deity, before the Sacrifice of Chaſtity, Youth, and Beauty; and inſtead of Garlands, dreſs'd her with coſtly and rich Jewels: But the fair Aſpect of her Beauty, her lovely Features, exact Proportion, graceful Behaviour, with a ſweet and modeſt Countenance, was more adorned thus, by Nature's dreſs, than thoſe of Art. But theſe Preparations turned *Miſeriæ*; for ſo ſhe was called from Doubts, to a perfect belief of what ſhe feared before; and not knowing how to avoid the Shipwrack, ſhe grew into a great Paſſion, and great Controverſies ſhe had with her ſelf, whether ſhe ſhould loſe her Honour, and live; or ſave her Honour, and dye: Diſhonour ſhe hated, and Death ſhe feared; the one ſhe bluſht at, the other ſhe trembled at. But at laſt, with much ſtrugling, ſhe got out of that Conflict, reſolving to dye; for in Death (ſaid ſhe) there is no Pain; nor in a diſhonourable

nourable Life, any Content: But though Death (ſays ſhe) is common to all, yet when it comes not in the ordinary ways of Nature, there muſt be uſed violence by Artificial Inſtruments; and in my Condition, there muſt be uſed Expedition. And, conſidering what ways to take, ſhe bethought of a Maid-ſervant that uſed to make clean the Rooms, and ſuch kind of works; to whom ſhe had often talked, as ſhe was about her Employments, and had gotten much of her Affections: Her ſhe called, and told her, that a Wiſe Wizard had adviſed her, That ever on her Birth-day, ſhe ſhould ſhoot off a Piſtol; and in ſo doing, ſhe ſhould be happy, ſo long as ſhe uſed the ſame Cuſtom; but if ſhe neglected, ſhe ſhould be unfortunate; for by the ſhooting thereof (ſaid ſhe), I ſhall kill a whole Year of Evil from doing me hurt: but ſhe told her withall, That it muſt be that day; and it muſt be a ſmall one, for fear of making a great noiſe; and done privately, for fear her Miſtreſs ſhould know of it, or any Body elſe; for it will be of no effect if above one know of it beſides my ſelf.

The ſimple Wench, eaſily believing what ſhe ſaid, was induſtrious to ſupply her wants, and in a ſhort time brought her deſires; which when ſhe had got, her dejected Spirits roſe with an overflowing joy; and ſetting down with a quiet Mind, ſince before ſhe could not ſtand nor ſet ſtill: for her

troubled and rough Thoughts, drove her from one end of the Room to the other, like a Ship at Sea that is not anchored nor ballaſted, or with ſtorm toſt from Point to Point; ſo was ſhe: but now with a conſtant Wind of Reſolution, ſhe ſailed evenly, although ſhe knew not to what Coaſt ſhe ſhould be driven.

But after ſome expectation, in came the old Bawd and the Prince; who was ſo ſtruck with her Beauty, as he ſtood ſome time to behold her: At laſt coming near her, earneſtly viewing her, and asking her ſome leight Queſtions, to which ſhe anſwered briefly and wittily; which took him ſo much, as he had ſcarce patience to bargain with the old Bawd for her. But when they were agreed, the wicked Bawd left them to themſelves; where he, turning to the young Lady, told her, That of all the Women that ever he met with, his Senſes were never ſo much delighted; for they had wedded his Soul to Admirations.

She anſwered, That if his Senſes, or his Perſon, did betray her to his Luſt, ſhe wiſhed them all annihilated, or at leaſt buried in Duſt: but I hope (ſaid ſhe) by your Noble and Civil Uſage, you will give me cauſe to pray for you, and not to wiſh you Evil: for, Why ſhould you rob me of that, which Nature freely gave? And it is an Injuſtice to take the Goods from the right Owners, without

their

their conſents; and an Injuſtice is an Act that all Noble Minds hate; and all Noble Minds uſually dwell in Honourable Perſons, ſuch as you ſeem to be; and none but baſe or cruel Tyrants, will lay unreaſonable Commands, or require wicked things, from the Powerleſs, or Vertuous.

Wherefore, moſt Noble Sir, ſaid ſhe, Shew your ſelf a Maſter of Paſſion, a King of Clemency, a God of Pity and Compaſſion; and prove not your ſelf a Beaſt to Appetite, a Tyrant to Innocents; a Devil to Chaſtity, Virtue, and Piety; and with that, Tears did flow from her Eyes, as humble Petitioners, to beg her releaſe from his Barbarous Intention.

But he by thoſe Tears (like Drink to thoſe that are poyſon'd) grows more dry, and his Paſſions more violent: He told her, No Rhetorick could alter his Affections. Which when ſhe heard, and he ready to ſeize on her, ſhe drew forth the Piſtol which ſhe had concealed, bending her Brows, with a reſolute Spirit told him, She would ſtand upon her Guard: for why, ſaid ſhe, it is no ſin to defend my ſelf againſt an Obſtinate and Cruel Enemy; and know, ſaid ſhe, I am no ways to be found by wicked Perſons, but in Death: for whilſt I live, I will live in Honour; or when I kill or be kill'd, I will kill or dye for ſecurity.

He for a time ſtood in a maze to ſee her in that

poſture, and to hear her high defiance: but conſidering with himſelf, that her words might be more than her intentions, and that it was a ſhame to be out-dared by a Woman; with a ſmiling-countenance ſaid, You threaten more Evil than you dare perform; beſides, Honour will be buried with you in the Grave, when by your Life you may build Palaces of Pleaſure and Felicity.

With that he went towards her, to take away the Piſtol from her: Stay, ſtay, ſaid ſhe; I will firſt build me a Temple of Fame upon your Grave, where all young Virgins ſhall come and offer at my Shrine; and, in the midſt of theſe words, ſhot him. With that, he fell to the ground; and the old Bawd, hearing a Piſtol, came running in: where, ſeeing the Prince lye all ſmeared in blood, and the yonng Lady (as a Marble Statue) ſtanding by, as if ſhe had been fixt to that place, looking ſtedfaſtly upon her own Act; ſhe, running about the Room, called out, Murther, Murther, Help, Help; not knowing what to do, fear had ſo poſſeſt her. At laſt ſhe drew her Knife, thinking to ſtab her; but the Prince forbid her, ſaying, He hoped he ſhould live to give her her due deſert; which if the Gods grant, ſaid he, I ſhall ask no more. So deſiring to be laid upon the Bed until the Chirurgeons came to dreſs his Wounds, ſtenching the blood as well as they could, the mean time. But after the Chirurgeons

Chirurgeons had ſearch'd his Wounds, he ask'd them, Whether they were mortal? They told him, They were dangerous, and might prove ſo; but their hopes were not quite cut off with deſpair of his recovery. But after his Wounds were dreſt, he gave order for the young Lady to be lockt up cloſe, that none might know there was ſuch a Creature in the Houſe; nor to diſcloſe how or by what means he came hurt. Then being put in his Litter, he was carried into his own Houſe, which was a ſtately Palace in the City. The noiſe of his being wounded, was ſpread abroad, and every one enquiring how he came ſo, making ſeveral Tales and Reports, as they fancied, but none knew the truth thereof. After ſome days, his Wounds began to mend, but his Mind grew more diſtemper'd with the love of the fair Lady; yet loath he was to force that from her, ſhe ſo valiantly had guarded and kept: and to enjoy her lawfully, he could not, becauſe he was a married Man, and had been ſo five years: for at the years of Twenty, by his Parents Perſwaſion (being a younger Brother at that time, although afterwards he was left the firſt of his Family, by the death of his Eldeſt Brother), he married a Widow, being Noble and Rich, but well ſtricken in years, never bearing Child. And thus being wedded more to Intereſt than Love, was the cauſe of his ſeeking thoſe Societies which beſt pleaſed him.

But after long Conflicts and Doubts, Fears, Hopes, and Jealouſies, he reſolved to remove her from that Houſe, and to try to win her by Gifts and Perſwaſions: And ſending for a reverent Lady, his Aunt (whom he knew loved him), he told her the paſſage of all that had hapned, and alſo his affection, praying her to take her privately from that place, and to conceal her ſecretly, until he was well recovered; entreating her alſo, to uſe her with all the Civility and Reſpect that could be.

Going from him, ſhe did all that he had deſired her; removing her to a Houſe of hers a Mile from the City, and there kept her.

The young Lady, in the mean time, expecting nothing leſs than Death, was reſolved to ſuffer as valiantly as ſhe had acted. So, caſting off all care, ſhe was only troubled ſhe lived ſo idly. But the old Lady coming to ſee her, ſhe prayed her to give her ſomething to employ her time on: for, ſaid ſhe, my Brain hath not a ſufficient ſtock to work upon it ſelf.

Whereupon the old Lady asked her, If ſhe would have ſome Books to read in?

She anſwered, Yes, if they were good ones; or elſe, ſaid ſhe, they are like impertinent perſons, that diſpleaſe more by their vain talk, than they delight with their Company.

Will you have Romances, ſaid the old Lady?

She

She anſwered, No; for they extol Virtue ſo much, as begets an Envy in thoſe that have it not, and know they cannot attain unto that perfection; and they beat Infirmities ſo cruelly, as it begets pity, and by that a kind of love. Beſides, their Impoſſibilities makes them ridiculous to Reaſon; and in Youth they beget Wanton Deſires, and Amorous Affections.

What ſay you to Natural Philoſophy, ſaid ſhe?

She anſwered, They were meer Opinions; and if there be any Truths, ſaid ſhe, they are ſo buried under Falſhood, as they cannot be found out.

Will you have Moral Philoſophy?

No, ſaid ſhe; for they divide the Paſſions ſo nicely, and command with ſuch ſeverity, as it is againſt Nature to follow them, and impoſſible to perform them.

What think you of Logick?

She anſwered, It is nothing but Sophiſtry, making Factious Diſputes, but concludes nothing.

Will you have Hiſtory?

No, ſaid ſhe; for they are ſeldom writ in the time of Action; but a long time after, when Truth is forgotten; but if they be writ at preſent, Partiality, Ambition, or Fear, bears too much ſway?

Will you have Divine Books?

No, ſaid ſhe; they raiſe up ſuch Controverſies that cannot be allayed again, tormenting the Mind

about that, they cannot know whilſt they live; and frights their Conſciences ſo, that it makes men afraid to dye. But, ſaid the young Lady, Pray give me Play-Books, or Mathematical ones; the firſt, ſaid ſhe, diſcovers and expreſſes the Humours and Manners of Men, by which I ſhall know my ſelf and others the better, and in ſhorter time than Experience can teach me. And in the latter, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall learn to demonſtrate Truth, by Reaſon; and to meaſure out my Life by the Rule of good Actions; to ſet Marks and Figures on thoſe Perſons to whom I ought to be grateful; to number my days by Pious Devotions, that I may be found weighty when I am put in the Scales of God's Juſtice. Beſides, ſaid ſhe, I may learn all Arts uſeful and pleaſant for the Life of Man, as Muſick, Architecture, Navigation, Fortification, Water-works, Fire-works; all Engines, Inſtruments, Wheels, and many ſuch like, which are uſeful: beſides, I ſhall learn to meaſure the Earth, to reach the Heavens, to number the Starrs, to know the Motions of the Planets, to divide Time, and to compaſs the whole World. The Mathematicks is a Candle of Truth, whereby I may peep into the Works of Nature, to imitate her in little: It compriſes all that Truth can challenge: All other Books diſturb the Life of Man; this only ſettles it, and compoſes it in ſweet Delight.

The

The old Lady ſaid, By your Beauty and Diſcourſe, you ſeem to be of greater Birth, and better Breeding, than uſually ordinary young Maids have; and, if it may not be offenſive to you, pray give me leave to ask you, From whence you came? and, What you are? and, How you came here?

She (ſighing) ſaid, I was, by an unfortunate Warr, ſent out of my Countrey, with my Mother, for ſafety, being very young, and the only Child my Parents had: My Father (who was one of the Greateſt and Nobleſt Subjects in the Kingdom, and being employed in the Chief Command in that Warr) ſent my Mother (not knowing what the Iſſue would be) to the Kingdom of Security, where he had been formerly ſent Embaſſador. So my Mother and I went to remain there, until the troubles were over. But, my Father being killed in the Warrs, my Mother dyed for grief, and left me deſtitute of Friends, in a ſtrange Countrey, only with ſome few Servants. I hearing a Peace was concluded in the Kingdom, was reſolved to return to my own Native Soil, to ſeek after the Eſtate which my Father left me as his only Heir. When I embarked, I only took two Servants, a Maid and a Man; but, by an unfortunate Storm, I was caſt upon a Shore belonging to this Kingdom; where, after I was landed, my two Servants moſt treacherouſly robb'd me of all my Jewels, and thoſe Mo-

neys I had, and then moſt barbarouſly left me alone; where afterwards my Hoſt ſold me to an old Bawd, and ſhe to one of her Cuſtomers, who ſought to force me; whereas I, to defend my ſelf, ſhot him; but whether he be dead, or alive, I know not: afterwards I was brought hither, but by whoſe directions, you (I ſuppoſe) can give a better account to your ſelf, than I; yet I cannot ſay, but that ſince I came hither, I have been civilly uſed, and courteouſly entertained by your ſelf, who ſeem to be a Perſon of Worth, which makes my fears leſs; for I hope you will ſecure me from Injuries, though not from Death. And ſince you are pleaſed to enquire what I am, and from whence I came, I ſhall entreat the ſame return, to inſtruct me in the knowledg of your ſelf, and why I was brought hither, and by whoſe Order?

The old Lady ſaid, She was Siſter to the Prince's Mother, and a tender lover of her Nephew; and to comply with his deſires, ſhe was brought there to be kept until he ſhould diſpoſe of her. Then ſhe told her what he was, but never mentioned the affection he had for her, but rather ſpoke as if her Life were in danger. So, taking her leave, ſhe left her, telling her, She would ſend her ſuch Books as ſhe deſired.

Thus paſſing ſome Weeks, in the mean time the Prince recovered, reſolving to viſit this young Lady,

Lady, having heard by his Aunt the relation of what ſhe was; whoſe Birth made him doubt ſhe would not be ſo eaſily corrupted as he hoped before: and ſhe knowing his Birth, had more hopes of honourable uſage: Yet ſitting in a ſtudious poſture, with a ſad Countenance, and heavy fixt Eyes, accompanied with melancholy Thoughts, contemplating of her Misfortunes paſt, with a ſerious conſideration of the condition ſhe ſtood in, adviſing with her Judgment for the future; in comes the Prince, whom ſhe no ſooner ſaw, but ſhe trembled for fear, remembring her paſt danger, and fore-ſeeing the trouble ſhe was like to run through: But he, with an humble Behaviour, and civil Reſpect, craved pardon for his former Faults, promiſing her, That if ſhe would be pleaſed to allow him her Converſation, he would never force that from her, which ſhe was not willing to grant: for there was nothing in this World he held dearer than her Company; and, ſitting down by her, began to queſtion her of Love; as, Whether ſhe had engaged her Affection to any perſon of her own Countrey, or any where elſe?

She told him, No.

By which Anſwer (he being jealous before, imagining ſhe might be ſo valiant as to wound him more for the ſake of her Lover, than out of a love to Honour or Reputation) received great content

and joy; eſteeming it the next happineſs, that ſince ſhe loved not him, ſhe loved no other.

I wonder at your Courage, ſaid he; for uſually your Sex are ſo tender and fearful, and ſo far from uſing Inſtruments of Death, as Swords, Guns, or the like, that they dare not look at them, but turn their Head aſide.

She anſwered, That Neceſſity was a great Commandreſs.

And thus diſcourſing ſome time, at laſt he took his leave until the next day. But when he was gone, how glad ſhe was.

O what a torment will this be, ſaid ſhe, to be affrighted every day with this ravenous Lyon! But (ſaid ſhe) I muſt get a ſpell againſt his Fury, and not only againſt him, but againſt all ſuch like; and (by her induſtry) ſhe got a ſubtil Poyſon, which (being put in a very ſmall Bladder) ſhe faſtned to her Arm, that when any occaſion ſerved, ſhe might have it ready to put in her mouth, which in great extremity ſhe might uſe, and cruſhing it but betwixt her teeth, ſhe was ſure it would expel Life ſuddenly.

The next Morning the Prince ſent her a Preſent of all kinds of rich *Perſian* Silks and Tiſſues, fine Linnen and Laces, and all manner of Toys, wherewith young Ladies uſe to make themſelves fine and gay. But ſhe returned them with great thanks, bidding

bidding the Bringer tell the Prince, That ſhe did never receive a Preſent, but what ſhe was able to return with advantage, unleſs it were from thoſe to whom ſhe had a near relation, as Parents and Kindred, or the like. But he, when he ſaw them returned, thought it was becauſe they were not rich enough; and ſent her another Preſent of Jewels of great value: which when ſhe had viewed, ſhe ſaid, They were very rich and coſtly: but returning them back, ſhe ſaid, I dare not truſt my Youth with the Riches and Vanities of the World, leſt they may prove Bribes to corrupt my free and honeſt Mind: wherefore tell the Prince, I am not to be catch'd with glorious Baits; and ſo returned them back.

The Prince, when he ſaw he could faſten no Gifts on her, was much troubled; yet hoped, that Time might work her to his deſires: ſo went to viſit her; and when he ſaw her, he told her, He was very unfortunate, that not only Himſelf, but even his Preſents, were hateful; for he could gueſs at no other reaſon why ſhe ſhould refuſe them, ſince they were neither unlawful, nor diſhonourable to receive.

She anſwered, That the Principles that ſhe was taught, were, That Gifts were both dangerous to give, and to take, from Deſigning or Covetous Perſons.

He ſaid, He was unhappy; for by that he ſaw ſhe would neither receive Love, nor give Love.

Thus he daily viſited her, and hourly courted her, ſtriving to inſinuate himſelf into her favour, by his Perſon and Services; uſed Powdering, Perfuming, and rich Clothing; though he was ſo perſonable and well-favoured, and had ſuch ſtore of Eloquence, as might have perſwaded both Ears and Eyes to have been Advocates to a young Heart, and an unexperienced Brain. His Service was, in obſerving her Humour; his Courtſhip, in praiſing her Diſpoſition, admiring her Beauty, applauding her Wit, and approving her Judgment; inſomuch that at the laſt ſhe did not diſlike his Company, and grew to that paſs, as to be melancholy when he was gone, bluſh when he was named, ſtart at his approaching; ſigh, weep, and grow pale and diſtempered, yet perceived not, nor knew her Diſeaſe. Beſides, ſhe would look often in the Glaſs, curl heir Hair finely, waſh her Face cleanly, ſet her Clothes handſomely, mask her ſelf from the Sun; not conſidering why ſhe did ſo: But he (as all Lovers have watchful Eyes) obſerved, ſhe regarded her ſelf more than ſhe uſed to do; which made him more earneſt, for fear her Paſſion ſhould cool; proteſting his Love, vowing his Fidelity and Secreſie, and ſwearing his Conſtancy to death.

She ſaid, That he might make all that good, but

but not the Lawfulneſs: Can you (ſaid ſhe) make it no ſin to God, no diſhonour to my Family, no infamy to my Sex, no breach to Virtue, no wrong to Honeſty, no Immodeſty to my ſelf?

He anſwered, It was lawful by Nature.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, It is as impoſſible to corrupt me, as to corrupt Heaven. But, were you free, I ſhould willingly embrace your Love in lawful Marriage.

He told her, They were both young; and his Wife old, almoſt ripe enough for Death, and a little time more would cut her down: Wherefore, ſaid he, let us enjoy our ſelves in the mean time; and when ſhe is dead, we will marry.

No, ſaid ſhe, I will not buy a Husband at that deer rate; nor am I ſo evil, as to wiſh the death of the living for any advantage, unleſs they were Enemies to Virtue, Innocency, or Religion.

But he was ſo importunate, as ſhe ſeemed diſpleaſed; which he perceiving, left off perſiſting, leſt he might nip off the young and tender Buds of her Affection.

But it chanced, not long after, there was a Meeting of many Nobles at a Feaſt, where Healths to their Miſtreſſes were drank round; and the Prince (who thought it a ſin to Love, to neglect that Inſtitution) offered, with great Ceremony and Devotion, for his Miſtreſs's Health, ſprinkling the Altar of the Brain with Fume, and burning the Incenſe

of Reaſon therein. After the Feaſt was ended, he went to ſee his Miſtreſs, whoſe Beauty (like Oyl) ſet his Spirits in a flame; which made his Affection grow to an intemperate Heat. Whereat ſhe became ſo afraid, as ſhe puts the Poyſon into her Mouth (the Antidote of all Evil, as ſhe thought), and then told him her intention. But he, having more Paſſion then Doubt, would not believe her. Which ſhe perceiving, broke the Bladder aſunder betwixt her Teeth, and immediately fell down as dead. Whereat he was ſo amazed, as he had not power to ſtir for a time. But at laſt, calling for help, the old Lady came to them, he telling her what ſhe had done, as well as his Fear would give him leave. The Lady having skill in Phyſick (as moſt Ladies have, reading in Herbals, and ſuch kind of Books) gave her ſomething to make her vomit up the Poyſon, wherewith ſhe weakly revived to life again. But ſhe was ſo very ſick, as almoſt cut off all hopes of keeping that Life. Whereat he lamented, tearing his Hair, beating his Breaſt, curſing himſelf, praying and imploring his Pardon, and her Forgiveneſs; promiſing and proteſting, Never to do the like again. She returning no anſwer, but Groans and Sighs. But he, being a diligent Servant, and much afflicted, watch'd by her, until ſhe mended by the Lady's Care and Skill. When ſhe was indifferently well recovered, ſhe began to lament her ill condition,

and

and the danger ſhe was in, employing her Thoughts how ſhe might eſcape the Snares of Spightful Fortune, and gain her Friendſhip; where, ſoon after, finding opportunity to take Time by the fore-lock, the Prince being ſent for to Court, and the old Lady being not well, whereby ſhe had more liberty; and ſearching about the Room, found a Suit of Clothes of the old Lady's Page; which Suit ſhe carried into her Chamber, and privately hid it; then taking Pen and Ink, writ two Letters, the one to the Prince, the other to the old Lady: So, ſealing the Letters up, and ſubſcribing them, left them upon the Table. Then ſhe ſtraight ſtripped her ſelf of her own Clothes, which ſhe flung in a dark place, with her hair that ſhe had cut off, and putting the Page's Clothes on, in this diſguiſe ſhe went towards the chief City, to which came up an Arm of the Sea, making a large Haven for many Ships to lye at Anchor in: But as ſoon as ſhe came to the Sea-ſide, there was a Ship juſt going off; which ſhe ſeeing, got into it; her Fears being ſo great, as not to conſider nor examine, whither they were bound; and they were ſo employed, hoiſting their Sails, and fitting their Tacklings, that they took no notice when ſhe came in. But being gone three or four Leagues from the Shore, and all quiet, and free from labour; the Maſter, walking upon the Deck, ſeeing a handſome Youth ſtand there in Page's

Clothes, ask'd him, Who he was? and, How he came there?

She ſaid, I do ſuppoſe you are bound for the Kingdom of Riches, where I deſire to go; but coming late, ſeeing every one buſily employed, I had no time to bargain for my Paſſage; but I ſhall content you with what in reaſon you can require.

The Maſter ſaid, We are not bound to that Kingdom, but are ſent for new Diſcoveries towards the South; neither have we Proviſion for any more than thoſe that are appointed to go.

Which when ſhe heard, the Tears flowed from her Eyes, becoming her ſo well, that they moved the Maſter to pity and affection.

Then asking him, What he was?

She anſwered him, That ſhe was a Gentleman's Son, who (by the reaſon of Civil-Warrs) was carried out of his own Countrey very young, by his Mother; and ſo related the very truth of his being caſt into that Kingdom; only ſhe feigned, that ſhe was a Boy that had ſerved a Lady as her Page; but (deſiring to return into his own Countrey) had miſtaken, and put himſelf into a wrong Veſſel; but (ſaid ſhe) I perceive the Fates are not willing I ſhould ſee my Native Countrey, and Friends, and (being young) Travel may better my knowledg; and I ſhall not neglect any ſervice I am able to do, or you are pleaſed to employ me in, if you will accept of it.

At

At laſt, her graceful and humble Demeanour, her modeſt Countenance, and her well-favoured Face, preferr'd her to this Maſter's Service, who was a grave and a diſcreet Man, and told her (as ſuppoſing her a Boy), That, ſince he was there, he would not caſt him out; and although it will be hard for me to keep you, yet you ſhall parrake of what I have allowed for my ſelf.

She giving him many thanks, ſaid, She would ſtrive to deſerve it.

But after ſome Weeks, the Maſter fell very ſick; in which ſickneſs ſhe was ſo induſtrious to recover his health, by her diligent attendance and care, that it begot ſuch affection in the old Man, that he adopted him his Son, having no Children of his own, nor none like to have, he being in years. They ſailed five or ſix Months, without any tempeſtuous Winds, yet not without danger of Rocks and Shelves of Sand, which they avoided by their skill, and many times refreſhed themſelves in thoſe Harbours they met with in their way; which made them hope a pleaſant and proſperous Voyage.

But Fortune playing her uſual tricks, to ſet Men on high hopes, and then to caſt them down to ruin; irritated the Gods againſt them, for their Curioſity, in ſearching too far into their Works; which cauſed them to raiſe a great Storm, making the Clouds and Seas to meet, Showers to beat them, Winds

to toſs them, Thunder to affright them, Lightning to amaze them; inſomuch as they had neither ſtrength to help, nor ſight to guide, nor memory to direct, nor courage to ſupport themſelves; the Anchor was loſt, the Rudder was broke, the Maſts were ſplit, the Sails all torn, the Ship did leak, their hopes were gone:

Nothing was left but black Deſpair,
And grim Death on their Face to ſtare:
For every guſt of Wind blew Death into their Face,
And every Billow digg'd their burial-place.

In this time of Confuſion, the Traveller (for ſo now ſhe calleth her ſelf) followed cloſe her old new Father, who had as many careful Thoughts, and as great a regard for her ſafety, as ſhe of her ſelf; and giving order to the Pilate, that had loſt his ſteerage, to caſt over the Cock-Boat; which no ſooner done, but a guſt of Wind drave them on a Rock that ſplit the Ship; and as ſoon as he perceived it, he took his beloved and ſuppoſed Boy, and put him (with himſelf and the Pilate) into the Boat, cutting the Cable, emploring the favour of the Gods, committing themſelves to the Fates, and ſetting up a little Sail for the Wind to carry them which way it pleaſed. No ſooner put off, but the Ship (and all therein) ſunk: But the Gods, favouring the young Lady

Lady for her Virtue, tied up the ſtrong Winds again into their ſeveral corners; after which, ſailing ſix days, at laſt they were thruſt through a Point into a large River, which for the greatneſs might be called a large Sea: for, though it was freſh water, yet it was of that longitude and latitude, that they could not perceive Land for four days together: but at the laſt, they eſpied Land; and coming nigh, they perceived a Multitude of People, which when they came to the ſhore, were affrighted, having never ſeen any Bark (or the like) ſwim upon the water, for they had themſelves the propriety to ſwim naturally like Fiſhes: Nor had they in the Boat ever ſeen ſuch Complexion'd Men; for they were not Black, like Negroes; nor Tauny, nor Olive, nor Aſh-colour'd, as many are; but of a deep Purple, their Hair as white as Milk, and like Wool; their Lips thin, their Ears long, their Noſes flat, yet ſharp; their Teeth and Nails as black as Jet, and as ſhining; their Stature tall, and their Proportion big; their Bodies were all naked, only they had ſomewhat from their Waſte, down to their Twiſt, which was brought through their Legs, up to the Waſte again, and tyed with a knot; 'twas a thin kind of Stuff, which was made of the Barks of Trees, yet looked as fine as Silk, and as ſoft: the Men carried long Darts in their hands, Spear-faſhion, ſo hard and ſmooth, as it ſeemed like Metal,

but made of Whale-bones. But when they landed, the People came ſo thick about them, as almoſt ſmuthered them; and the Grave and Chief of them (which ſeemed like their Prieſts) ſent them ſtraight to the chief Governours of thoſe parts, according to their Cuſtom (as it ſeemed to them afterwards); All that was ſtrange or rare, was uſually preſented to their Chiefs: but they ſtaid not ſo long as to ſee the Ceremony of the Sacrifice they were then offering, only they perceived it was a Sacrifice of Fiſh to ſome Sea-God; then they were ſet on a Creature half Fiſh, half Fleſh; for it was in ſhape like a Calf, but had a Tail like a Fiſh, a Horn like a Unicorn; that lives in the River, but yet would lye upon the Sands in great Herds or Sholes, as Seils do; ſo as they might take them for their uſe at any time, without the trouble of keeping them up, for they were tame and gentle of themſelves.

Thus they rid along the Sands two or three Leagues, to the Governour's Houſe; for all along thoſe Sands only, upon a Bank, were Houſes all in a row, built with Fiſhes Bones, which Bones were laid with great Art, and in fine Works, and as cloſe as Stone or Brick; the tops of theſe Houſes were Scales of Fiſhes laid like Tile or Slat, which gliſtered ſo in the Sun, that they looked ſome ways like Silver, other ways like Rain-bows in all manner of Colours.

When

When the Governour had viewed them, he ſent them (with other Meſſengers, but on the ſame Beaſts) to the next Governour: And thus they rid upon the Sands for ſome days, their Food being Fiſh broiled upon the hot Sands; for there was no other Food but Fiſh and Water-Fowl, whereof they had great ſtore, but yet of ſtrange Kinds to Strangers; for there was no Paſture, nor any thing like green.

At laſt they came to a place which ſeemed like a Foreſt, for there were a number of Bodies of Trees (if one may call them ſo, having no Branches) which were ſo big, as to hold a Family of Twenty, or more, of the Governour's Houſe, as big as four other; and the Bark of thoſe Trees, or indeed the Wood of the Tree quite through, was of all manner of Flowers, both for Colour, Shape, and Scent; painted, and ſet by Nature in the Wood: ſo that the Wood being cut one way, the Flowers were all perfect in ſhape; but cut another way, and they ſeemed like Flowers ſhedded from the Stalks: and this Wood was ſo ſweet, that all the Foreſt ſmelt thereof.

After the Governour of this place had viewed them, he ſet them on other Beaſts, and ſent them by other Meſſengers; ſo leaving there their Fleſhy-Fiſhy Beaſts, they run back again to the place they were taken from. But thoſe they rid after, were like

a Stag in the Body; which was as big as a Horſe, black as a Coal, a Tail like a Dog, Horns like a Ram, tipt with green, like Buds of Trees, and as ſwift as a Roe. And thus they rid until they came to another Foreſt, where all the Trees were very high and broad, whoſe Leaves were ſhadowed with ſeveral Greens, lighter and darker, as if they were painted; and many Birds there were of ſtrange Colours and Shapes; ſome Birds had Wings like Flyes, Beaks, Bodies, and Legs, like other Birds; ſome the Bodies like Squirrels, but had Feather'd Wings: there was one (a very fine kind of Bird in ſhape) both for Beak, Head, Body, and Legs, like a Parrot; but inſtead of Feathers, it was covered with Hair, like Beaſts, which Hairs were of the colour of Parrots Feathers, and the like Batts Wings, ſtreak'd like a Rain-bow; the Eyes looked yellow, and ſent forth a kind of a Light like to ſmall Rays of the Sun: In the midſt of the Forehead it had a ſmall Horn, which grew winding, and ſharp at the end, like a Needle. This Bird did mount like a Hawk, in Circle; and after would flye down at other birds, as they do; but inſtead of Talons, that Horn ſtruck them dead; for it would thruſt its Horn into their bodies, and ſo bear their bodies upon their Horn, and flye ſome certain lengths, as in triumphs, and then would light, and eat them.

There

There were ſome Birds no bigger than the ſmalleſt Flyes, yet all feather'd; beſides, there were many ſorts of Beaſts, ſome had Beaks like Birds, and Feathers inſtead of Hair, but no Wings, and their Bodies like a Sheep. There was one kind of Beaſt in the ſhape of a Camel, and the Neck as white as a Swan, and all the Head and Face white; only a lock of Hair on the top of his Crown, of all manner of Colours; the Hair of his Body was of a perfect Gold-yellow, his Tail like his Fore-top, but it would often turn up like a Pea-cock's Tail, and ſpread abroad; and the Hairs being of all ſeveral Colours, made a moſt glorious ſhew: the Legs and Feet of the colour of the Body, but the Hoofs as black as Jet.

At laſt they were carried to another Governour, who lived in a Town, whoſe Houſe was built with Spices, the Roof and Beams as big as any Houſe need to have, made of Cinnamon; and the Walls were plaiſtered with the flakes of Mace, which flakes were a foot ſquare; the Planks were cut thick, like Bricks, or ſquare Marble pieces, out of Nutmegs; the long Planks out of Ginger (for their Nutmegs and Races of Ginger, were as great as Men could carry): the Houſes were covered on the top, ſome with Pomegranat-rines, others with Oranges and Citrons; but the Pomegranats laſt the longer, and the other ſmelt the ſweeter, and looked the pleaſanter to

the Eye. They never have Rain there, nor in any part of the Kingdom; for the Air is always ſerene and clear: nor no higher Winds than what fanns the Heat: their exerciſe was Hunting; the Women hunted the Females, and the Men the Males.

As they went to the Governour, all the People run about to ſee them, wondering at them, and viewing them round. But the Governour ſeemed to admire the Youth much; yet durſt not keep him, being againſt the Cuſtom; but ſent them ſtraight towards their chief City, where their King was. After ſome days riding, they came out of the Foreſt into great Plains and Champains, which were cover'd with a Sea-green and Willow-colour'd Graſs; and ſome Meadows were cover'd with perfect ſhadows of all manner of ſorts of Greens. As they drew near the City, they ſaw great Quarries of Cryſtal, as we have of Stone; and when they came up to the City, all about without the Walls were Orchards and Root-Gardens, where there grew Roots as ſweet as if they were Preſerved, and ſome all Juicy: moſt of their Fruits grew in Shells like Nuts, moſt delicious to the taſt; but their Shells were like a Net or Caul, that all the Fruit was ſeen through; and ſome kind of Fruits were as big as one's Head; but ſome were no bigger than ours; others, very ſmall. There never fell Rain, but Dews to refreſh them, which fell upon the

the Earth every Night, like flakes of Snow, and being upon the Earth, they melted, and did look and taſt like double-refined Sugar.

At laſt they entred the City, which was walled about with Cryſtal; and ſo were the Houſes, which were built both high and large, and before them were Arched Walks with great Pillars of Cryſtal; through the midſt of the Street ran a Stream of Golden Sands; and croſs the Stream were little Silver Bridges to paſs and re-paſs over to each ſide of the Street; on each ſide of this Stream grew rows of Trees, which were about the height of Cypreſs Trees; but inſtead of green Leaves, upon every Stalk grew a particular Flower, which ſmelt ſo ſweet, that when *Zephyrus* blew (for they never had high Winds), they gave ſo ſtrong a ſcent, that it did almoſt ſuffocate the Spirits of thoſe that were not uſed to them.

The King's Palace ſtood in the midſt of the City, higher than all the other Houſes; the outward Wall was Cryſtal, cut all in Triangles, which preſented Millions of Forms from one Object; and all the ridg of the Wall was all pointed Cryſtals, which Points cut and divided the beams of the Sun ſo ſmall, that the Wall did not only look ſparkling, but like a flaming Hoop, or Ring of Fire, by reaſon the Wall went round. To this Wall were four open Paſſages, Arched like Gates; from thoſe paſſa-

ges went VValks, and on each ſide of theſe VValks were Trees: the Barks thereof were ſhadowed with Hair-colour, and as ſmooth as Glaſs; and the Leaves of a perfect Graſs-green, which is very rare in that Countrey, becauſe Nature hath every where intermix'd ſeveral Colours made by Light on ſeveral grounds or bodies of things; and *Birds* do ſo delight on thoſe Trees, that they are always full of *Birds*, every Tree having a ſeveral Quyer by it ſelf, which ſing ſuch perfect Notes, and keep ſo juſt a time, that they do make a moſt raviſhing Melody: beſides, the variety of their Tunes are ſuch, that one would think Nature did ſet them new every day. Theſe VValks lead to another Court, which was walled about with Agats, carved with all ſorts of Imagery; and upon the ridg of the VVall ſuch were choſe out as moſt reſemble the Eyes; for in ſome Agats their Colours are naturally mix'd, and lye in Circles, as Eyes; theſe ſeem as if ſo many Centinels lay looking and watching round about. From this VVall went a VValk, where on each ſide were *Beaſts* cut artificially, to the life, out of ſeveral-colour'd Stones, according as thoſe *Beaſts* which they were to reſemble. This VValk leads to another Court which was not walled, but rather railed vvith vvhite and red Cornelians, cut Spear-faſhion. From the Rails vvent only a plain VValk paved vvith Gold, vvhich vvent ſtraight to the Palace.

This

this Palace ſtood on a little Mount, whereto went up a pair of Stairs; the Stairs went round about the Houſe, aſcending by degrees on ſteps of Amber, leading up to a large and wide Door; the Frontiſpiece thereof was Turky-ſtones curiouſly carved; the Palace-Walls were all pure Porcelline, and very thick and ſtrong, yet very clear: It was all roofed or covered with Jett, and alſo paved with the ſame; ſo that the black Jett was ſet forth by the white Porcelline; and the white Porcelline ſeemed whiter, by the blackneſs of the Jet. The Windows were only arched holes to let in Air. In the midſt of the Palace was a large Room, like a little encloſed Meadow; in the midſt of which ran a Spring of clear Water, where the King bathed himſelf. Alſo, there were brave Gardens of all ſorts of Flowers; in the midſt of which, was a Rock of *Amethiſts*; and artificial Nymphs, cut out to the life, of Mother-Pearl; and little Brooks, winding and ſtreaming about, of Golden Sands: The wonder was, that although there were many Mines in that Kingdom, yet the Soil was very fertile.

At laſt they were brought to the King's Preſence, who was laid upon a Carpet made of Thiſtle-down, with great attendance about him: He, and all thoſe of the Royal Blood, were of a different colour from the reſt of the people; they were of a perfect Orange-colour, their Hair coal-black,

their Teeth and Nails as white as Milk; of a very great height, yet well ſhaped.

But when the King ſaw them, he wondred at them: firſt, at the old Man's Beard, for they have none: The next, at their Habit, which were Seamens Clothes; but above all, at the Youth, who looked handſome in deſpight of his poor and dirty Garments. The King did command to have their Clothes pull'd off; but no ſooner did they come to execute that Command, but *Travelia* was ſo affrighted, that he fell down in a ſwound: thoſe that touched him, ſtarted back when they ſaw him dead. But the old Man, bending him forward, brought him to life again. Whereupon they ſtraight thought that their touching him, killed him; and that the old Man had power to reſtore Life, which made them afraid to touch them any more; for that Diſeaſe of ſwouning was not known to them. Then their Prieſts and Wizzards were called for, to know from whence they came, and what ſhould be done with them. The Prieſts were only known from the reſt of the people, by a Tuft of Hair growing juſt upon the Crown of the Head, and all the Head elſe had no Hair; whereas other Prieſts are only bald upon the Crown. The King and they fell preſently into great diſpute.

The King pleaded hard to keep the Youth; but at laſt the Prieſts had the better (as moſt commonly they

they have in all Religions), and ſo carried them away, and kept them a Twelve-month; but never dar'd to touch them, for fear they ſhould dye, becauſe *Travelia* ſwouned; but they beckned and pointed to them. They gave them eaſe, not employing them to any labour; and fed them daintily of what they could eat; for ſome Meats they could not eat, as Man's Fleſh: for, they had a Cuſtom in that Countrey, to keep great ſtore of Slaves, both Males and Females, to breed on, as we do breed Flocks of Sheep, and other Cattel; the Children were eaten, as we do Lambs or Veal, for young and tender Meat; the elder for Beef and Mutton, as ſtronger Meat. They kill five Males for one Female, for fear of deſtroying the Breed; although they be ſo fruitful, that they never bear leſs than two at a birth, and many times three; and they ſeldom leave Child-bearing, until they are Threeſcore years old; for they uſually live there until they are Eight ſcore, and ſometimes Two hundred years: but the ordinary Age is a Hundred, unleſs Plagues come; not out of Sluttery, or evil or corrupt Air, but with too much nouriſhment, by reaſon of their delicious Diet, which breeds ſuch a ſuperfluity of Humours, that it corrupts their blood. As for their Houſes, they are kept very cleanly, by reaſon they never eat in them; for their cuſtom was, to eat all together in common Halls, as the *Lacedemonians* did,

only they had better Cheer, and more Liberty. Likewiſe, their Women were common to every one's uſe, unleſs it were thoſe Women of the Royal Blood, which is a ſort by themſelves, as was deſcribed before, and therefore never mixt with the reſt; but if they did, and were known, it was death: Theſe of the Royal Blood, had all their Skins wrought, like the *Britans*. As for their Government, it was Tyrannical; for all the common People were ſlaves to the Royal Race.

But to return to the old Man, obſerving how careful and choice they were kept, he told his Son what he thought was their intention, which vvas, to ſacrifice them; and (ſaid he) there is no vvay to eſcape, unleſs vve had their Language, and could make them believe vve came from the Gods; and that the Gods vvould puniſh them if they put us to death: and you are young (ſaid he), and apt to learn; but I am old, and my Memory decayed; vvherefore, novv or never, ſtudy for your Life.

Well, ſaid he, ſince my Life lyes in my Learning, I vvill learn for my Life: Which he did ſo vvell, that he got (in that Tvvelve-month) their Language ſo perfect, as he underſtood, and could ſpeak moſt of it: In vvhich time he underſtood all that I have delivered in this Relation; and beſides, underſtood that they had many Gods and Goddeſſes.

The

The Sun was their chief God, and the Earth the chief Goddeſs; their next God was the Sea, and their Goddeſs the Moon; and they prayed to the Starrs (as ſome do to Saints) to ſpeak in their behalf, and to preſent their Prayers to the Sun and Moon, which they thought to be as Man and Wife, and the Starrs their Children. To their Gods they offered none but the Males; and thoſe offerings were offered by Men: And the Men pray'd only to the Gods; and to their Goddeſſes none but the Women; nor none but Female-offerings were offered unto them.

At laſt, by their Diſcourſe and Preparation, they perceiv'd they were to be ſacrificed to the Sun, as being both Males (as they thought); and with great Ceremony, as being Strangers, and ſuch Rarities; yet they did not touch *Travelia*, as ſuppoſing (if they ſhould) he would dye before he was brought to the place of Sacrifices. In all this time, he never diſcloſed that he could ſpeak their Language, nor underſtand them. But in this time the old Man had got ſome Salt-peeter and Brimſtone, and burnt Wood into Charcoal, ſo made Gun-powder (for they had the liberty to go where they would about their Temples): and after he had made the Gun-powder, he made two things like Piſtols, although not ſo curious and neat, yet well enough to ſerve his turn; and directed his Son what

he ſhould do and ſay. Againſt that day he made himſelf a Garment of a Graſs, which was like to Green Silk; which he had woven ſo finely, as it look'd like Sattin: He had alſo upon the Calfs of his Legs like Buskins of ſeveral-colour'd Flowers, and a Garland of Flowers on his Head; the Soles of his Sandals were of that Green, but the ſtripes a-top was of Flowers like his Buskins; in each hand he held the two Piſtols; his Hair (which was grown in that time, for he never diſcovered it, keeping it tyed up) untied, and let down, ſpread upon his back: But when the Prieſt (which came to fetch him forth) ſaw him thus dreſt, never ſeeing Hair before (for they had none but Wool, and very ſhort, as *Negroes* have), was amazed at the ſight; and not daring to touch him, went by him, guarding him (as the chief Sacrifice) to the place; where the King and all his Tribe, and all his People, waited for their coming: the King being placed at the head of the Altar, with a Dart in his right hand, the Spear of the Dart being an entire Diamond, cut with a ſharp Point, to ſignifie the piercing beams of the Sun; which Spear he uſually ſtruck into the Heart of the Sacrificed; which Heart the Prieſt uſed to cut out, and give the King to eat raw; the whilſt the Prieſt ſung Songs in the praiſe of the Sun, as the Father of all things.

Thus, after ſome expectation, the Prieſts came with

with their Sacrifices; which when the King and People ſaw, they were all amazed, as well they might; for the Youth appear'd moſt beautiful. But at laſt they all ſhouted, and cryed out, Their Gods had beautified and adorned their Sacrifices, as being well pleaſed therewith; making great ſhouts and noiſes of Joy. But when he came to the Altar, he call'd to them in their own Language; at which they grew mute with wonder: and, being ſilent, he thus ſpake:

O KING, and you Spectators! Why do you offend the Gods, in deſtroying their Meſſengers which come to bring you life, and to make you happy? Had I brought you Plagues, then you might have ſacrificed me to your God of Lights, as coming from Death and Darkneſs, his Enemies: but for this your falſe Devotion, the great Sun (ſaith he) *will deſtroy you with one of his ſmall Thunder-bolts, killing firſt your Prieſts, and then the reſt.*

With that, ſhot off his Piſtol into the breaſt of the Chief Prieſt, wherewith he ſtraight fell down dead.

The noiſe of the Piſtol, and the flaſh of the Fire, which they never ſaw before, and the effect of it upon the Prieſt, ſtruck them with ſuch a horror, and did ſo terrifie them, as they all kneeled down,

imploring Mercy and Forgiveneſs, with trembling Limbs, and weeping Eyes.

Whereupon he told them, There was no way to avoid Puniſhment, but firſt, To faſt two days from any kind of Nouriſhment: Next, Not to open their Lips to ſpeak: And then, To obey whatſoever he ſhall teach them, as being ſent from the Gods; bidding them go home, until their time of Faſting were out, and then to return to the Temple again; commanding none to remain there, but to leave it to the old Man, and himſelf.

The Temple was moſt rich and curiouſly built, having (in that Countrey) great Art and Skill in Architecture.

After which, the King and all the People, riſing up, bowed their Heads down low, as in humble obedience to the Commands he had receiv'd; praying to him, as a God, to divert the Puniſhments intended to them; and in ſorrow lamenting their Fault, went home, each to his Houſe, ſealing up their Lips (for ſuch a time) from receiving Meat, or ſending forth Words: In the mean time, the old Man and he had leiſure to bethink themſelves what to do, having at that time the Temple, as a Palace, to live in; none to diſturb them, nor to hinder their Thoughts from working out their advantage; and, ſitting in Counſel a long time, diſputing with each other what was beſt to do, at laſt reſolved, That the old Man

ſhould

ſhould go to the King, as ſent from the Gods, to bid him ſend a Command to all his People, to eat ſuch Herbs for Sallads, and drink their Water without mixture, juſt before they came: for elſe (ſaid the old Man) their Hunger will make them impatient, or ſo dull, as it may ſtop their Ears by the faintneſs of their Spirits, cauſed by their empty Stomacks; and too much (ſaid he) makes them furious, ſending up Malignant Vapours to their Brains, which may cauſe our Ruins.

But after he had been with the King, he returned back to the Temple again, and the King obeyed his Deſire, as a Command from the Gods; and brought the People all to the Temple: where, after they were all gathered together, *Travelia* advanced himſelf ſo much higher than the reſt, as they might hear him round about.

Then thus ſpake:

'PIOUS Friends, for ſo I may call you, be-'ing willing to pleaſe the Gods; though your 'Ignorance hath led you wrong ways: But the Gods 'ſeeing your Zeal, though through a falſe Devotion, 'pitying your Ignorance, have by their Wiſdom 'found means to appeaſe the Wrath of their Ju-'ſtice; for every Attribute of the Gods muſt have 'a ſatisfaction: for, Right is their Kingdom, and

'Truth is their Scepter, wherewith they govern all 'their Works: but the Gods have ſtrowed Lots 'amongſt Mankind, of movable things, which 'Chance gathers up; and Chance, being blind, mi- 'ſtakes both in the gathering and diſtributing. Now 'the Gods made this Chance by their Providence, 'when they made Man: for, Man hath no more 'knowledg of the tranſitory things of the World, 'than what Fortune gives them, who is an unjuſt 'Diſtributer: for, all External Gifts come from her 'hand; and, for want of ſight, ſhe gives oft-times 'the Beggar's Lot to the King, the Servants to the 'Maſter, the Maſter's to the Servant: and for the 'Internal Gifts which the Gods have beſtowed on 'Men, they are different, as the External are tran- 'ſitory; for ſome are nearer to perfection, ſome far- 'ther off; yet none have perfect knowledg: for, 'the Gods mix Man's nature with ſuch an aſpiring 'Ambition, that if they had a perfect knowledg of 'the glory of the Gods, and a perfect knowledg of 'the firſt Cauſe, and of the Effects produced there- 'from, they would have warr'd with the Gods, and 'have ſtrove to uſurp their Authority: So buſie 'and vain-glorious hath the Gods made the Minds 'of Men! Wherefore, the Gods govern the World 'by Ignorance; and though the goodneſs of the 'Gods is great, yet it is bound in with their Juſtice, 'which is attended with Terrors, to puniſh the

Crimes

'Crimes of Men, and even to puniſh the innocent 'Errors that proceed from that Ignorance which 'they have muzled Man withall. But as their Power 'made the World, their Wiſdom rules the World, 'their Juſtice puniſhes the World; ſo their Mercy 'keeps the World from deſtruction; and their Love 'not only ſaves Man, but preferrs Man to a glori-'ous Happineſs. And ſome of this Love the Gods 'have ſent to you, although by your Ignorance you 'had almoſt caſt it from you. And ſince the Gods 'have ſent you Knowledg by us, take hold of it, 'and do not wilfully fall in your ſuperſtitious Errors; 'although it is a difficult pains, even for the Gods 'themſelves, to perſwade Man, who is of a croſs, 'ſuſpitious, inquiſitive, and murmuring nature, ac-'cuſing the Gods of Partiality; ſaying, They pre-'fer or caſt out whom they pleaſe, not as Man de-'ſerves. Thus they judg of the Gods by their own 'Paſſions; but the Gods, by Variation, are pleaſed 'to continue the World; and by Contradiction to 'govern it; by Sympathy delight it: for, Delight 'lives not altogether in the power of Chance, be-'ing created in the Eſſence and Soul of Man: for, 'though Chance can preſent thoſe things (with An-'tipathies or Sympathies) to the Senſes, which pre-'ſent them to the Soul; yet it hath not the power 'to rule it: for, the Soul is a kind of God in it ſelf, 'to direct and guide thoſe things that are inferior to

'it; to perceive and deſcry into thoſe things that 'are far above it; to create by Invention, and to 'delight in Contemplations: and though it hath 'not an abſolute power over it ſelf, yet it is a har- 'monious and abſolute thing in it ſelf: and though 'it is not a *God* from all Eternity, yet it is a kind 'of Deity to all Eternity, for it ſhall never dye: 'and though the Body hath a relation to it, yet no 'otherwiſe than the Manſion of *Jove* hath unto '*Jove:* The Body is only the reſiding-place, and 'the Senſitive Spirits are as the Soul's Angels or 'Meſſengers, and Intelligencers: So the Souls of 'Men are to the *Gods*, as the Senſitive Spirits to 'the Soul: And will you diſlodg the Senſitive Spi- 'rits of the *Gods*, by deſtroying and unbuilding 'each other's Body by violent Deaths, before it be 'the *Gods* Pleaſure to diſſolve that Body, and ſo re- 'move the Soul to a new Manſion? And though 'it is not every Creature that hath that Soul, but 'only *Man* (for Beaſts have none, nor every *Man*, 'for moſt *Men* are Beaſts; only the Senſitive Spi- 'rits, and the Shape may be, but not the Soul); yet 'none know when the Soul is out or in, but the '*Gods*; and not only other Bodies may not know 'it, but the ſame Body is ignorant thereof.

'The Soul is as inviſible to the Senſitive Spirits, 'as the *Gods* to men: for, though the Soul knows, 'and hath intelligence by the Senſitive Spirits, yet

'the

'the Senſitive have none from the Soul: for, as 'Gods know Men, but Men know not Gods; ſo 'the Soul knoweth the Senſes, but the Senſes know 'not the Soul: Wherefore, you muſt ſeek all the 'ways to preſerve one another, as Temples of the 'Gods, not to deſtroy and pull them down; for 'whoſoever doth ſo, commits Sacriledg againſt the 'Gods: Wherefore, none muſt dye, but thoſe that 'kill, or would kill others; Death muſt be repaid 'with Death, ſaith *Jove*; and only Death is in the 'power of Man to call when they pleaſe; but Life 'is in the power of the Gods; and thoſe that diſ-'pleaſe the Gods, ſhall have a miſerable Life, not 'only in the bodily part, which is ſenſible of pain, 'and may be tormented out of one ſhape into ano-'ther, and be perpetually dying, or killing, with all 'manner of Torments, and yet never dye; in the 'ſhape of a Man, feels ſtabs in the Sides; in the 'ſhape of a Bull, knocks on his Head; in the 'ſhape of a Hart, Arrows in the Haunch; in the 'ſhape of a Fiſh, Hooks tearing the Jaws; beſides 'all manner of Diſeaſes and Infirmities; it may be, 'Burning, Hanging, Drowning, Smuthering, Preſ-'ſing, Freezing, Rotting, and thouſands of theſe 'kinds; nay, more than can be reckoned. Thus ſe-'veral Bodies, though but one Mind, may be trou-'bled in every Shape.

'But thoſe that pleaſe the Gods, live eaſie in

'every Shape, and dye quietly and peaceably; or 'when the *Gods* do change their Shapes, or Manſi-'ons, 'tis for the better, either for Eaſe or New-'neſs.

'Thus have the *Gods* ſent us to inſtruct you, and 'to ſtay ſo long amongſt you, as you can learn and 'know their Commands, and then to return unto 'them.

With that, the King and People bowed their Faces to the ground, adoring him as a *God*, and would have built Altars, and offered Sacrifices unto him: But he forbad them; telling them, They muſt build Altars in their Hearts of Repenting, Humbling, and Amending-Thoughts, and offer Sacrifices of Prayer and Thanksgiving, to the great and incomprehenſible *Jove*, and not Altars built with hands unto Men; nor to offer Inhuman Sacrifices to *Gods*, of their own making.

Thus Preaching every day for ſome time, forbidding Vain and Barbarous Cuſtoms, and Inhuman Ceremonies; teaching and perſwading them to believe, The *Gods* were not to be known nor comprehended; and, that all that they have diſcovered of themſelves to their Creatures, was only by their Works, in which they ſhould praiſe them. By which Doctrine they were brought to be a Civilized People, and approved of their Teacher ſo well, that they would do nothing concerning Religion, or any

any other Affairs of Government, without him: and being diſmiſt for that time, departed, leaving them to themſelves in the Temple; where, at certain and ſet-times, the King and People repaired to hear him Preach; who taught them according to his Belief: and whenſoever they moved out of the Temple, all the People flocked about them with Acclamations of Joy; and whenſoever the King ſent for them (as he often did for their Counſels), all the Princes attended, and People waited upon them. And thus they lived with great Splendor, Love, and Admiration, amongſt them; their Perſons were thought Divine, their Words were Laws, and their Actions Examples, which the People followed.

Thus for a while we leave them, and return to the old Lady, and the Prince.

The old Lady ſending into *Affectionata*'s Chamber (as then called, for ſo ſhe named her ſelf there) to entreat her Company, for therein ſhe took great delight, ſhe being witty in her Converſation, and pleaſing in her Humour. But the Meſſenger miſs'd of the Mark; for looking about, and calling aloud, he could neither hear nor ſee her. So returning, told the old Lady, She was not to be found. Whereat ſhe grew into a great Paſſion, not only

for her loſs (which ſhe thought great, ſince her love to her, and eſteem of her, was not ſmall); but that ſhe apprehended the Prince would think that ſhe had neglected that Charge he had entruſted her with.

Whilſt ſhe was in this Paſſion, the Prince came in, who had been in the young Lady's Chamber, but miſſing her, thought ſhe had been there; but ſeeing her not, and the old Lady weeping, ſtraight asked her for his Miſtreſs; but ſhe through Tears and Sobs could not anſwer. Whereupon ſome about her anſwered, She was gone none could tell where. At whoſe Words the Prince's Countenance and Complexion expreſt his grief, the one being ſad, the other pale; ſtanding in a fix'd Poſture, his Body ſeeming like a Statue without Soul, which was gone to ſeek after her. But at laſt, as if it had returned in deſpair, grew frantick with grief, tearing himſelf, curſing his Misfortunes; at length, goeth into her Chamber again, looking in every corner, even where ſhe could not be, as much as where ſhe might be: for, Lovers leave no place nor means unſought, or untried. At laſt he eſpied a Letter upon the Table, directed to the Lady, which he opened, conſidering not the Incivility of breaking up the Seal without the Lady's leave (for Jealous Lovers break all ſuch Ceremonies): and thus read:

Madam,

Madam,

PRAY think me not ungrateful, after all your Noble Favours, that I go away without your leave or knowledg: for, could I have ſtaid with ſecurity, nothing but your Commands could have forced me from you; or could my Life have ſerved you, I would have offered it as a Sacrifice to Obligation. But, Madam, it is too dangerous for a Lamb to live near a Lion: for, your Nephew is of ſo hungry an Appetite, that I dare not ſtay, which makes me ſeek ſafety in ſome other place. But when my Thoughts forget your Honourable Memory, let them ceaſe to think. The Gods protect your Virtue, and ſend you Health. Fare you well.

Affectionata.

When he had read this Letter, and went to lay it on the Table again, he perceived another Letter directed to him, which he opened and read.

SIR,

YOU cannot condemn me for going away, ſince my ſtay might prove my Ruin, you having not power over your Paſſions. But had my Life been only in danger, I ſhould have ventured it: not that I am ſo fond of Death, as to give my Life willingly away; but I am ſo true a Votreſs to Chaſtity, that I will never for-

ſake her Order, but will carry her Habit to my Grave: Nor will I give Virtue an occaſion to weep over my Follies, nor Truth to revile me with Falſhood; but Honour, as a Garland, ſhall crown my Hearſe, whilſt Innocency enſhrines my Corps, that Fame may build me a Monument in Noble Minds. Had you been Maſter of your Paſſion, or had the temperance of your Affections been equal to your other Virtues, I ſhould have joyed to live near you, as Saints do to the Gods; and though my hard Fortune have driven me into many Dangers (and more I am like to run through, by the unknown ways you have forced me into), yet the bleſſing of Jupiter *fall upon you, whatſoever Chance befalls me. Farewell.*

Affectionata.

When he had read his Letter, he ſits down muſing with himſelf a long time; then roſe, and without ſpeaking any words, departed to his Houſe in the City.

The old Lady, his Princeſs, ſeeing him ſo ſad, asked him what was the Cauſe?

He anſwered, He was ſick, and went to bed.

The next day, calling his Steward, he ſetled his Eſtate, and ordered every thing according to his Mind, and bid him provide ſo much Moneys: which done, he ſent for his Wife, telling her, She muſt not take it ill, if he left her for a ſhort time, for he was reſol-

reſolved to travel: for, ſaid he, I have a quarrel to one that is ſtoln out of the Kingdom, and I cannot be at quiet until I have found the Party out, to be revenged for the Injury done me; which he bid her to conceal.

She, with Tears, entreated his ſtay; but no Perſwaſions could prevail to alter his intention, or rather reſolution: for, Love is obſtinate; and if it finds not a like return, but a neglect, grows ſpightful, rather wiſhing evil to what they love, than another ſhould enjoy what they would have; and hate themſelves, out of a diſpleaſure, in not having what they deſire: So did he, and was impatient until he was ſhipt and gone; who ſteered his courſe towards the Kingdom of Riches, as believing ſhe was ſailed towards her own Countrey; and reſolved he was to find her out, or to end his days in the ſearch; his Life being a burthen to him without her company.

Thus Love, ſailing in the Ship of Imagination, on the Ocean of the Mind, toſs'd on the troubled Waves of diſcontented Thoughts, whilſt his Body ſailed in the Ship on the Sea, cutting the ſalt Waves, they were ſet on by Pyrates, and taken Priſoners; ſo that he was doubly captivated, his Soul before, & now his Body. At firſt they uſed him but roughly, according to their barbarous natures; but, by degrees, his noble Diſpoſition, and affable Behaviour, got indifferent entertainment.

It chanced ſome time after, in the ſharing of thoſe Prizes they got with him, and ſome others they had got before, they fell out, and from rude words they fell to ruder blows: The Prince apprehending the danger that might befall to himſelf, ſtrove to pacifie them; giving them ſuch Reaſons in elegant words, that it charmed their Ears, and ſoftned their Hearts, and ended the ſtrife amongſt them; and begot from them ſuch love and reſpect, that they made him their Arbitrator, and Divider of the Spoils; which he performed with that Juſtice and Diſcretion to each one, that they made him their Governour, and chief Ruler over them; which Power he uſed with that Clemency and Wiſdom, that he was eſteemed rather as their God, than their Captain, giving him all Ceremonious Obedience.

And thus reigning in his Watry Kingdom with his three-forked Trident, we leave him for a time, and viſit the old Man and adopted Son, who now began to grow weary of their Divine Honours, and (like wiſe Men, that ſeek a retired and ſecured life from the Pomp of dangerous Glories) bethought themſelves how they might get away, and to return into their own Countreys again: for, an humble and mean Cottage is better beloved by the Owner, than the braveſt and ſtatelieſt Palace, if it be another's.

Thus, putting their Deſigns in execution, they invited

invited the King and People to a ſolemn Meeting in the Temple; where *Travelia*, ſtanding in his uſual place, thus ſpake:

THE Gods (ſaid he) *will have us to return from whence we came; and to you (Great King) their Command is, To love your People, and to diſtribute Juſtice amongſt them; guarding the Innocent, puniſhing the Offendor; and not to uſe any cruel Ceremony to deſtroy your own Kind; but to inſtruct them in the Right, and to lead them into the ways of Truth, as being their High-Prieſt amongſt them: Alſo, To make no Warrs againſt your Neighbouring Kingdoms, but as a defence and guard to your own: for, in Peace lives Happineſs, when Warrs bring Ruin and Deſtruction; and in doing this, Tranquillity ſhall be as a Bed of Eaſe for Life to ſleep on; and Length of Days as a Chariot for Life to ride in to Heaven, where your Souls ſhall dwell in the height of Bliſs: And, in this World, Fame ſhall Crown your Deeds, and your Poſterity ſhall glory in your Name.*

And to you, beloved People, the Gods command Piety in your Devotion, Obedience to your King, Love to your Neighbour, Mercy to your Enemies, Conſtancy to your Friends, Liberty to your Slaves, Care and Induſtry for your Children, Duty to your Parents: and in doing this, Plenty ſhall flow in amongſt you, Mirth ſhall dance about you, Pleaſures ſhall invite you, De-

light ſhall entertain you, Peace ſhall keep you ſafe, till the Gods call you to partake of the Glories of Heaven; and my Prayers ſhall always be, That Jove *may preſerve you all.*

Then going off from the place where he ſtood, they went to the King to take their leaves: whereat the King and People wept, and wiſh'd the Gods had given them leave to dwell amongſt them. But ſince they could not have their deſire therein, they travelled to the River-ſide in attendance on them, offering them great Riches to carry with them: But they deſired, nor took they any more with them, than they thought would defray their charges in a time of neceſſity: Neither did they build a new Ship to ſail in, but went in the ſame Boat they came, which had been kept, as a Relick, ſafe: for the old Man conſidered with himſelf, that a bigger Veſſel would be more dangerous, without Sea-men, than the ſmall Boat, which they could manage themſelves. And ſo with great ſorrow of either ſide, the one to loſe their Angels (as they thought them to be), the others for the dangers they were to run through.

And thus they parted from the Kingdom of *Fancy*, putting forth their Boat from the ſhore; the old Man (who was very skilful at Sea) obſerving what Angle they came in, returned the ſame way: where,

where, after ſix days, they were upon the Main Sea, the Winds being fair, and the Waters ſmooth, the Boat went as ſwift as an Arrow out of a *Parthian's* Bow; and as even, as if it meant to hit a Mark; but if by a freſh Gale the Waves did chance to riſe, the Boat would as nimbly skip each ridg, as a young Kid over a green Hillock; being as leight as *Mercury's* winged Heels: So Joy filled their Hearts with Hopes, as Winds filled their Sails.

But various Fortune, cauſing ſeveral changes in the World, did raiſe ſuch Storms of Fears, as drowned all their Joys: for a Ship fraughted with Pyrates, like a great Whale, ſeized on them. Pyrates let nothing eſcape which they can get to make advantage of; ſo ravenous is their covetous Appetite: But finding not ſuch a Prize as they did expect, but ſuch as might rather prove a burthen, conſulted to put the old Man into the Boat again, and to keep only the young Youth, whom (being very handſom) they might ſell for a Slave, and get a Sum of Money. But when the old Man was to depart, *Travelia* claſped about him ſo cloſe, that his Tears, and the Tears of the old Man, mix'd and joined, and flowed as Waters through a Channel, ſwell'd with ſeveral Brooks. But when he was forced to leave his hold, down on his knees he fell, begging he might go, or keep his Father there: Pity, ſaid he, my Father's Age: Caſt him not out alone

to ſail on the wide and dangerous Sea; for though my Help is weak, yet I am a Stay and Staff for his decayed Life to lean upon; and I hope the Gods have deſtin'd me to that end; but if no pity can move your Hearts for Him, O let it do it for Me:

Cut me not from the Root, though old and dry;
For then, poor Branch, I wither ſhall, and dye.

Nay, ſaid he, I will dye when I can no longer help him; for Death is in my power, though Life is not.

But the Prince, who was their Commander, hearing a noiſe, came on the Deck; who no ſooner ſaw him, but was ſtruck with Compaſſion, raiſed by a reſemblance of his Miſtreſs appearing in the Face of the Youth; and going to him, bid him dry his Eyes, and ceaſe his Sorrow, for they both ſhould live together ſo long as he could keep them.

Heaven bleſs you, ſaid he, and may you never part from that you moſt do love.

But when *Travelia*'s Tears were ſtopped, and ſight got a paſſage through her Eyes again, and looking up to view that Man from whom his Obligations came, no ſooner ſaw his Face, but Terror ſtruck his Heart, and trembling ſeized her Limbs, as if ſhe had ſeen ſome hideous and prodigious thing.

The

The Prince obſerving her in that Agony, asking him (as ſuppoſing her a Boy), What made him ſhake and tremble ſo?

In quivering Words ſhe anſwered, As Fear before had ſhrunk his Sinews ſhort, ſo now Joy had extended them too far.

The Prince then ſtroaking his Head, promiſed they ſhould both be well uſed; and ſo returned into his Cabin.

Thus travelling on the Sea, as on a great Champain; the Ship, like a Horſe, went ſeveral paces, according as the Waves did riſe and fall.

But at laſt this Ship became like a Horſe diſeaſed with Spavins, which broke out, and ſprung a leak, which they ſtopt as well as they could for the time; but doubting it could not long hold out, grew very ſad, ſome weeping, ſome praying, ſome murmuring, ſome raving, according as their Fear and Hopes were. But the Prince, who was valiant by nature, expected Death with as much patience, as they with fear did apprehend it; neither was he ſtruck with terror, but yeelded to the Fates, and was willing to dye. But, in the midſt of their Afflictions, at laſt they eſpied an Iſland; at which ſight they all ſhouted for joy.

Thus, in the life of Man, many ſeveral accidents paſs about; and it chances, many times, that out of the midſt of Grief and Sorrow, riſes up Objects of

Comfort; ſo was it here: and ſetting up all their Sails, made haſte to it; but before they could come cloſe to it, although they were not far from it, the Leak broke out again, and likewiſe their Fears; for the Ship grew ſick of a lingring Diſeaſe, that it could ſwim no farther, but periſhed by little and little; which perceiving, they hoiſt out their Boat, where the Prince gave order, That thoſe which were moſt afraid, ſhould go firſt; he himſelf was the laſt that went therein, though the Boat did go and unload, and return'd many times; inſomuch, that not only the Paſſengers were ſaved, but all their Goods, which no ſooner were out, but the Ship ſunk, and dyed of that Incurable Dropſie.

But in theſe Dangers the Prince forgot not *Travelia*; for why, the Prince was more fond of him, than *Travelia* was of himſelf; for her fears of being known, gave her no reſt. But being all ſafely arrived in the Iſland, they began to conſider what to do; the Prince counſelled them to chuſe out ſome of the Company to build up Hutts to lay their Goods in; and alſo to cut down ſome Trees, there being great ſtore of Wood, chuſing that which was moſt proper and fit to build a new Ship; whilſt the reſt of the Company went to ſeek Food, and to diſcover the place.

This being agreed upon, they divided themſelves; and thoſe that travelled up into the Iſland, found it very

very ſmall, as being not above thirty miles long, and twenty broad, and unpeopled; but great ſtore of Fiſh and Fowl; few Beaſts; but thoſe that were, were of a gentle Kind; fine Meadows full of Graſs and ſweet Flowers; refreſhing and ſhady Woods, wherein ran clear Springs, and bubling Brooks. Thus, though it were little, it was very pleaſant; the greateſt Inconvenience they found there, was want of Houſes; for they found the ground ſomewhat damp with Dews, which (being an Iſland) it was ſubject to: but the Air was ſerene and clear, the Climate a little more than temperately hot. But the time that the Ship was a building, the Prince had a little Houſe, or thing like an Arbour, built in the midſt of the Iſland, to lodg in; and the reſt made Hutts for themſelves; and ſeveral Recreations they found to paſs away the time.

Being in ſo ſolitary a place, the Prince (who was melancholy for the loſs of his Miſtreſs) grew full of Thoughts; and having her Picture in his Mind drawn to the life, comparing it to *Travelia*'s Face, which he often looked upon, began to reaſon with himſelf why that might not be ſhe, conſidering her private eſcape, and the little acquaintance ſhe had in that Countrey; and ſeeming of a better breeding than a Ship-Maſter's Son could have, it did almoſt confirm his hopes. But diſcourſing one day with the old Man of ſeveral accidents, telling their Mis-

fortunes and good hap of both ſides, and being both of one Countrey; the old Man, thinking no harm, diſcovered by his talking, that *Travelia* was none of his Son, begotten from his Loins, but adopted through Compaſſion and Affection; and then telling the Story how he came into his Ship unknown, or without his leave; by the circumſtances of Time, Place, and Manner, found that it was ſhe; whereat, being tranſported with joy, he could ſcarce conceal his Paſſion, but diſſembled his knowledg as well as he could for the preſent, yet after that time ſought an occaſion to get her alone; where he did uſually go a Birding, and did command *Travelia* to carry his Bags of Shot after him (who loved the Service, though ſhe feared the Lord); and when they were gone ſome diſtance from the reſt of the Company, and being in a ſhady Wood, the Prince feigned himſelf weary; and ſetting down to reſt, commanded him to do the like; and at laſt diſcovered to him how he came to know her.

She finding her ſelf diſcovered, turned as pale as Death; and in that paſſion of Fear, prayed him to kill her, or otherwiſe ſhe ſhould find a way to do it her ſelf.

But the Prince told her, He would ſatisfie himſelf firſt, unleſs ſhe would conſent to live with him as his Wife, in that Iſland, wherein (ſaid he) we may live free and ſecure, without any Diſturbance.

She

She muſing with her ſelf what to do, believing he was not grown the Chaſter, with living amongſt rude and barbarous People, thought it beſt to diſſemble, and give a ſeeming-conſent.

Whereat the Prince's Thoughts being more elevated, than if he had been Maſter of the whole World, they return'd to the reſt of the Company; the one with an over-joyed Mind, the other ſad, and full of perplexed Thoughts. But when ſhe came to a place where ſhe might be alone, ſitting down in a melancholy poſture, without uttering Words, or ſhedding Tears; for Grief and Amazement had congealed the one, and ſtopt the other: yet at laſt her ſmuthered ſorrow broke out into Complaint.

You Gods (ſaid ſhe)*! Who will offer Sacrifice to your Deities, ſince you give Innocency no protection, nor let Chaſtity live undefiled? Cruel Fates! to ſpin my Thread of Life, to make me up a Web of Miſery! Accurſt Fortune, that brake not that Thread with an untimely Death! And you unjuſt Powers, to torment poor Virtue, making it a ſin to free it ſelf: for, had I leave to dye, I would not live in ſhame: for to dwell here, committing Acts diſhonourable, although I am forced, yet ſhall I ſeem a Party guilty; and though no outward Accuſers, yet my Conſcience will condemn me. But, O you Gods of Light! ſince you regard me not, nor*

will not hear me; You Powers of Darkneſs, hearken unto me, and wrap me up in your dark Mantles of perpetual Night, that no Eye may ſee me; and caſt me into black Oblivion, where no remembrance is.

The old Man her Father (who was come from the Water-ſide, where he had been for the directing and ordering the building of a new Ship) came to her in the midſt of her Complaints, and asked her, What ſhe lacked? or, If ſhe were ſick?

I would I were, ſaid ſhe; then might I hope Death would reprieve me: But I am worſe; for I am miſerable, having Torment (like to thoſe of Hell) within my Mind: My Thoughts are Vultures, eating on my Carrion-Infamy; or like the reſtleſs Stone, that cannot get up to the Hill of Peace, but rolleth back with fear and ſad remembrance. Then ſhe told him what ſhe was, which he did never know before; and what had paſs'd ſince the firſt of her Misfortunes, to that preſent; and how he had ignorantly diſcovered her.

Which, when he heard, he curſed his Tongue for telling how, and where he found her.

Father, ſaid ſhe, What is paſt, cannot be recalled; wherefore, I muſt ſtrive to help my ſelf in what's to come: and ſince I have been dutiful, and you ſo loving and kind, as to ſave me from the Jaws of Death; help me now to protect my Honour;

nour; convey me hence; let me not live here to pleaſe his Appetite, but caſt me to ſome unknown place, where (like an Anchoret) I may live from all the World, and never more to ſee the face of Man; for, in that Name, all Horror ſtrikes my Senſes, and makes my Soul like to ſome furious thing; ſo much affrighted it hath been.

Her Father ſaid, Heaven give you quiet, and me aid to help your Deſigns. But you muſt (ſaid he) diſſemble, to compaſs them: wherefore riſe, and put on a ſmooth and pleaſant face, and let your Diſcourſe be ſo compliant, that you may have a free liberty; for if a Doubt ſhould croſs his Thoughts, you may chance to be reſtrained and kept by force, which will break that aſſiſtance I may give you.

Whilſt they were thus diſcourſing, the Prince came to them (who had not patience to be long from her; for her Abſence was his Hell, and her Preſence his Heaven), flattering the old Man: My Father, ſaid he, (for ſo I may call you now) let me entreat you I may be your Son, and ſhe your Daughter; ſince ſhe, you thought a Boy, is proved a Girl: and ſince Fortune hath brought us ſo happily to meet, let us not deſpiſe her Favours, but make the beſt uſe of them, to our advantage.

Then telling the old Man, how that Iſland might be made a Paradice, and in what felicity they might live there, if their peeviſh Humours did not over-

throw their Pleaſures. The old Man ſeemed to approve of all the Prince ſaid; whereupon the Prince took him to be his dear Friend, and ſecret Councellor: for the old Man did not omit to give him Counſel concerning the ſetling and advancing of his new and ſmall Monarchy; becauſe he thought, in doing ſo, he might the better work out his own Deſign, by taking away thoſe ſuſpitions that otherwiſe he thought might be had of him.

Then the Prince bid the old Man to have a care, and to order his Maritime Affairs, in over-ſeeing his Ships and Boats built (for, ſaid he, our chief Maintenance will be from the Sea); the whilſt I will perſwade theſe Men I have here, to make this place the Staple and Port of their Prizes, and Dwelling.

Then taking *Travelia* along with him (the old Man and he parted for that time), and going to the reſt of the Company, he perſwaded ſo well with his Rhetorick, that they reſolved to ſtay, and build them Houſes there to live, and alſo Ware-houſes to lay their Prizes in, and from thence to traffick with them into ſafe and free places. Whereupon every one put himſelf in order thereunto; ſome cut down Wood, others digg'd up Stones; ſome carried Burthens, and ſome builded. Thus, like Bees, ſome gathered the Honey and Wax, whilſt others made and wrought the Combs.

The

The mean time the old Man made himſelf buſie, at the Coaſt ſide, about Ships and Boats, as being the chief Maſter employed in that Work. But oft-times he would go out a fiſhing in a Fiſher-boat all alone, bringing ſeveral Draughts of Fiſh; and when he thought he ſhould be leaſt miſtruſted, conveyed Victuals therein, and then gave *Travelia* notice to ſteal to the Water-ſide; who, watching her opportunity when the Prince was buſie in ſurveying, and in drawing the Platforms of the City he would have built, ſtole away; and as ſoon as ſhe came, her old Father went as if he meant to go a fiſhing, carrying his Nets (and the like) with him to the Boat, his ſuppoſed Son buſie in helping him; and ſo both being put out to Sea, and not gone very far, were taken by the Sympathetical Merchants, who trafficking into the Kingdom of *Amity*, ſold them there to other Merchants; who carrying them to the chief City, the Queen of that Countrey (who was an Abſolute Princeſs in the Rule and Government thereof) ſeeing *Travelia*, who was brought to her as a Rarity, took ſuch a liking to him, that ſhe received him into her Family, as alſo to attend near her Perſon; wherein he behaved himſelf ſo well, that he became her Favourite, and the old Man was treated very well for his Son's ſake.

In the mean time, the Prince was in a ſad condition for the loſs of his Miſtreſs, who ſearched about

all the Iſland for her; but could hear nothing of her, until he ſent to the Sea-ſide for the old Man, to enquire for her; and had anſwer back, That the old Man and the Youth went out a fiſhing, but were not as yet returned. Which he no ſooner heard, but gueſſed a-right that they were fled away. Whereupon he grew ſo enraged, that he loſt all Patience; ſwearing, tearing, ſtamping, as if he had been diſtracted.

But when his Fury was abated, his Melancholy encreaſed, walking ſolitary, accompanied only with his ſad Thoughts, caſting about which way to leave that hated place (for all places ſeemed ſo to him where his Miſtreſs was not): yet he knew not very well what to do, becauſe he had perſwaded the reſt of the Company to abide there, and make it their home; and in order thereunto he knew they had taken great pains: beſides, he thought they might deſpiſe him, as ſeeming unconſtant; yet ſtay he could not: wherefore calling them together, he ſpake in this manner:

My Friends, ſaid he, We have here a pleaſant Iſland, altogether unhabited, but what is poſſeſt by our ſelves; and certainly, we might become a famous People, had we Women to get Poſterity, and make a Commonwealth: but as we are all men, we can only build us Houſes to live and dye in, but not have Children to ſurvive us.

Where-

Wherefore my Counſel is, That ſome of us that are moſt employed, may take the new Ship, and go a Pyracing for Women, making ſome adventure on the next Kingdom, which may be done by a ſudden ſurpriſal; which Prizes, if we get any, will bring us more comfort, pleaſure, and profit, than any other Goods: for, what contentment can Riches bring us, if we have not Poſterity to leave it to?

They all applauded ſo well of his Advice, that they were impatient of ſtay, ſtriving who ſhould go along with him; and ſo pleaſed they were with the imagination of the Female Sex, that thoſe whoſe Lot was to ſtay (who ſeldom or never pray'd before) prayed for the others good ſucceſs. But the Prince's intention was, only to find that Female he loſt; caring not to ſeek for thoſe he never ſaw. But ſetting out with great expedition, and hopes of a good return, ſailed with a fair Wind three or four days, at laſt ſaw Land, part of the Kingdom of *Amity*. No ſooner landed, but they were beſet with Multitudes of Countrey-people, who flocked together, being affrighted with the arrival of ſtrangers; and being more in numbers than they were, over-power'd them, and took them Priſoners. They were examined, for what they came? They anſwered, For freſh Water. But they believed them not: for, ſaid they, it is not likely you would come

in a Troop ſo armed, for freſh Water. So they bound them, and ſent them to the King, to examine them farther: And being carried to the chief City, where the King was, who was advertiſed of all; ſent for them into his Preſence to view them: And being brought unto them, the Prince, who was of a comely and graceful Preſence, and a handſome man, bowing his Head down low, in a ſubmiſſive ſtile thus ſpake:

Great King, We poor Watry-Pilgrims, travelling through the vaſt Ocean to ſearch the Curioſities of Nature, that we may offer our Prayers of Admiration, on her Altar of New Diſcoveries; have met with cruel Fortune, who always ſtrives to perſecute, and hath forced us to your Coaſt for the relief of freſh Water: for we came not here to rob, nor to ſurpriſe; but to relieve our feeble Strength, that was almoſt loſt with thirſt; not that we were afraid to dye, but loath to live in Pain: nor would we willingly yeeld up our Lives, unleſs great Honour lay at ſtake: but if the Fates decree our death, what way ſoever it comes, with patience we will ſubmit.

But if, great King, your Generoſity dares truſt our Faiths, ſo far as to employ us in your Service, we may prove ſuch by our Courage, that our Acts may beg a Pardon for thoſe neceſſitated Faults we have committed; and if we dye in Warrs, we dye like Gallant Men;

but

but to dye ſhackled Priſoners, we dye like Slaves, which all Noble Natures abhor.

The King, when he had heard him ſpeak, thus anſwered the Prince (as their accuſtomed manner was) in Verſe:

Your Faith I'le truſt, and Courages will try:
Then let us ſee how bravely you dare dye.

The Prince Poetically anſwered again, as he perceived it an uſual Cuſtom to ſpeak:

Our Lives, ſaid he, wee'l quit, before we yeeld:
Wee'l win your Battels, or dye in the field.

For the King, at that time, was newly entred into a Warr with the Queen of *Amity*; the chief cauſe was, for denying him Marriage, he being a Batchelor, and ſhe a Maid, and their Kingdoms joining both together; but he nearer to her by his Affection, being much in Love with her: But ſhe was averſe and deaf to his Suit; and beſides, her People was loath, for fear of being made a ſubordinate Kingdom. Wherefore, he ſought to get her by force. And the King, liking the Prince's Demeanour, demanded who he was, and from whence he came. The Prince told him truly, who he was,

from whence he came; how he was taken by the Pyrates; and how long he had lived with them (concealing the cauſe of his journey): But by his Diſcourſe and Behaviour, he inſinuated himſelf ſo far into the King's Favour, and got ſuch Affections in his Court, that he became very powerful, inſomuch as he was choſen the Chief Commander to lead out the Army; believing him (as he was) nobly born, and obſerving him to be honourably bred; and they (being a People given to eaſe, and delighting in Effeminate Pleaſures) ſhunned the Warrs, ſending out only the moſt Vulgar People, who were rather Slaves than Subjects: All meeting together, produced the chuſing of the Prince, who ordered and directed their ſetting out, ſo well, and prudently, as gave them great hopes of a good Succeſs.

In the mean while, the Queen was not ignorant of their Intentions, nor ſlack in her Preparations, ſending forth an Army to meet them: But the Queen her ſelf had a Warr in her Mind, as great as that in the Field; where Love, as the General, lead her Thoughts; but fear and doubt of Times, made great diſorder, and eſpecially at that time; for *Travelia*, on whom ſhe doted, was then ſick; in which Sickneſs, ſhe took more care to recover him, than to guard her ſelf and Kingdom. But the Army ſhe ſent out, was led by one of her Chief Noble Men,

Men, who marched on until he had a view of the other Army; and, being both met, they ſet their Armies in Battel-array.

When they were ready to fight, the Prince thus ſpake in the moſt general Language:

Noble Friends,

YOU being all Strangers to me, makes me ignorant both of your Natures and Cuſtoms; and I, being a Stranger to you, may cauſe a miſtruſt both of my Fidelity and Conduct. As for my Experience, I am not altogether ignorant of the Diſcipline of Warr, having been a Commander in my own Countrey. Neither need you doubt of my Zeal and Loyalty to your King's Service, by reaſon I owe my Life to him; for it was in his power to have taken it away: Neither can I have more Honour beſtowed on me from any Nation, than from this, were I never ſo ambitious, or baſely covetous, to bribe out my Fidelity: Wherefore, if I loſe (as I am perſwaded I ſhall win the Day), yet it will not be out of my Neglect, Falſhood, or want of Skill; but either it muſt be through Fortune's Diſpleaſure, or by your Diſtracted Fears; which I cannot believe will poſſeſs any Spirit here, being ſo full of Alacrity, Chearfulneſs, and Readineſs to meet the Enemy; and may the Thoughts of Honour maintain that Heat and Fire, not only until it hath conſumed this Army you ſee, but all that ſhall ever oppoſe you.

After he had thus ſpoke to them, they began the Onſet: Long was the Diſpute; but at laſt, by the Prince's Courage, which animated the reſt by his Example, and by his wiſe Conduct and diligent Care in rectifying the diſordered Ranks, and ſupplying their broken Files by freſh Men, he got the day, and put the Enemy to a rout, killing many, and taking ſtore of Priſoners.

The Prince, when he ſaw that Fortune was his Friend at that time, though at other times ſhe had frown'd; yet now he thought to make his advantage whilſt ſhe was in a good Humour: wherefore he called to the Soldiers to follow their purſuit; but they were ſo buſie in the dividing of the Spoils, as they were deaf to all Commands or Entreaties, giving their Enemies leave to rally their ſcattered Forces, and ſo to march away; and by that means they got ſo far before them, as they had time to get up their Spirits, and ſtrengthen their Towns by Fortification; to Man their Forts, and to entrench themſelves; whereas, if they had followed their Victory, they might have taken a great part of the Countrey: for, all Towns, Forts, and the like, ſeldom ſtand out, but yeeld to a Victorious Army; yet it muſt be whilſt the terror and fright of their Loſſes, hath wholly poſſeſt their Minds, leaving no place for Hope. But when the Prince thought they had loſt their opportunity, through the Covetouſ-

neſs

neſs of the Soldiers, he ſent a Meſſenger to the King, of the Victory, and with the Reaſons why he could not follow the ſame; but, if his Majeſty would give permiſſion, he would march on, and try out his Fortune. In the mean time, the Queen hearing of the loſs of her Army, was much perplexed; Then muſing with her ſelf what way ſhe were beſt to take, ſhe ſtraight went to *Travelia*, who was indifferently well recovered; to him ſhe related the ſad News; then asked his Counſel what ſhe were beſt to do.

He told her, His Opinion was for her to call a Council of the Graveſt and Nobleſt of her Subjects, and thoſe whoſe Age had brought Experience: for, if Worldly Wiſdom dwells any where, it is in Aged Brains, which have been ploughed by various Accidents, and ſowed with the Seed of Obſervation, which Time hath ripened to a perfection; theſe are moſt likely, ſaid he, to produce a plentiful and good Crop of Advice; but young Brains, ſaid he, want both Manuring and Maturity, which makes their Counſels green and unwholſome. Whereupon they called a Council; where, after they had diſputed long, at laſt they all agree in one conſent, That the beſt was, For her to go her ſelf in Perſon, to animate her Soldiers, and to give a new Life to their dejected Spirits.

Whereat ſhe was much troubled, by reaſon *Tra-*

velia was not ſo well as to travel with her; and to leave him, ſeemed worſe to her than Death.

But after her Council was broken up, ſhe returned to him, and told him what her Council had decreed. And this (ſaid ſhe angerly to him) was by your Advice: For, had I not called a Council, but had ſent a General of my own choice, it would not have been put to a Vote for me to have gone in Perſon. But had you had that love for me, as I have for you, I ſhould have had better Advice; and with that wept. Heaven knows, ſaid ſhe, the greateſt Blow Fortune can give me, is to go and leave you behind me.

He ſeeing her weep, thus ſpake:

BEAUTY of your Sex, and Nature's rareſt Piece; Why ſhould you caſt your Love ſo low upon a Slave ſo poor as I, when Kings hazzard their Kingdoms for your ſake? And if your People knew, or did ſuſpect your Love to me, they would rebel, and turn unto your Enemy; and beſides, Conquerors are feared and followed; whereas Loſing is a way to be deſpiſed, and trod into the Earth with ſcorn. Alas! I am a Creature mean and poor, not worthy ſuch a Queen as you; and 'twere not wiſe to hazzard all for me. Wherefore, go on great Queen; and may you ſhine as glorious in your Victories, as the brighteſt Starrs in Heaven: May Pallas *be your Guide, and* Mars *the God of Warr*

fight

fight your Battels out: May Cupid *give you eaſe, and* Venus *give delight. May* Hymen *give ſuch Nuptials as beſt befits your Dignity. May* Fortune *always ſmile, and Peace dwell in your Kingdom.*

And in each Heart ſuch Loyal Love may grow:
No Diſobedience may this Kingdom know:
Age Crown your Life, and Honour cloſe your Days:
Fame's Trumpet loud may blow about your Praiſe.

She, weeping, ſaid:

No Sound will pierce my Ear, or pleaſe my Mind,
Like to thoſe Words you utter, when they're kind.

But at laſt by his Perſwaſions, more than by her Councellor's Advice, ſhe conſented to go, upon that condion he would take upon him the Government of her Kingdom, until ſuch time as ſhe returned again; and, ſaid ſhe, if I dye, be you Heir to my Crown, and Ruler of my People. And may the Gods keep you from all Oppoſers.

The People knowing her Commands and Pleaſure by her Proclamation, fell a murmuring, not only in that ſhe left a Stranger, but a poor Slave, who was taken Priſoner and ſold, and a Perſon who was of no higher Birth than a Ship-Maſter's Son, to govern the Kingdom, and rule the People. Where-

upon they began to deſign his death, which was thought beſt to be put in execution when ſhe was gone.

But he behaved himſelf with ſuch an affable demeanour, accompanied with ſuch ſmooth, civil, and pleaſing words, expreſſing alſo the ſweetneſs of his Nature by his Actions of Clemency; diſtributing Juſtice with ſuch even Weights; ordering every thing with that Prudence; governing with that Wiſdom, that it begot ſuch Love in every Heart, that their Mouths ran over with Praiſes, ringing out the Sound with the Clappers of their Tongues, into every Ear; and by their Obedience ſhewed their Duty and Zeal to all his Commands, or rather to his Perſwaſions, ſo gently did he govern.

Thus whilſt he ruled in Peace at home, the Armies met abroad; and being ſet ready to fight, the Trumpets ſounded to Charge, and every one prepared to encounter his Enemy, ſtriving for the honour of Reputation, which is got by the ruin of one Side: So equally hath Nature diſtributed her Gifts, that every one would have a juſt Proportion, did not Fortune diſorder and miſplace her Works by its ſeveral Accidents.

But the terror of the former Blow was not quite extinguiſhed in the Queen's Army, nor the inſulting Spirits of the other Army laid, but rather a new Courage added to their old Victory, which did help them

them now to win that day, and with ſuch victorious Fortune, that they took the Queen a Priſoner, and did deſtroy the whole Army.

The Prince thinking the Kingdom won, in having the Queen's Perſon, made him divide his Army into two parts; the one half he ſent to take poſſeſſion of the Towns, Caſtles, and Forts; the other part he led himſelf to conduct the Queen, being much pleaſed that he had ſuch a Gift to preſent to the King; which Preſent he knew his Royal Maſter would prize above all the World, which made him chuſe to go with it: for had the Spoils been leſs, he had ſent them with ſome Meſſengers; but being ſo Rich, he durſt truſt none to guard it but himſelf.

The King hearing of their coming, made all the Preparations of State that could be, ſending the Prince a Triumphant Chariot, and his own Robes to wear; which Chariot coming as they were ready to enter the City, the Prince ſets the Queen thereon, and walks on foot by the Chariot-ſide, as being Miſtreſs to the King his Maſter.

And the King, being attended by all his Nobles of the Kingdom, met the Queen, and with great reſpect led her to his Palace; where, when ſhe came, the King kiſſed her Hand, and ſmiling, ſaid,

The Gods had brought her thither: for certainly, ſaid he, the Gods by their Fates have decreed and

deſtin'd you to be my Queen; in which Gift the Gods have made me like themſelves, to enjoy all Felicity.

She with a Face clothed in a ſad Countenance, anſwered, Fortune was his Goddeſs; and if he were like her, he might prove unconſtant; and then, ſaid ſhe, you may change from Love to Diſlike; if ſo, I may chance to have liberty, either by Death, or to be ſent into my own Kingdom again.

If you will accept of me, ſaid he, you ſhall not only have your own Kingdom, but mine, wherein you ſhall be adored and worſhipped as the only She in the World.

She anſwered, I had rather have what I adore, than to be adored my ſelf.

Then was ſhe conducted to a ſtrong and ſafe, but a pleaſant place, to be kept in, where the King viſited her often, treated her civilly, courted her earneſtly, loving her with an extraordinary Paſſion.

The Prince, in the mean time, was in high favour with the King, who asked and took his Counſel in every thing: And ſending for him one day, when he came, hung about his Neck, as was his Cuſtom ſo to do; ſaying to him,

O my *Friend*! (for that was his uſual Name he gave him) my Cruel Priſoner (ſaid he) you brought me, deſpiſes my Affection, ſlights my Addreſſes, con-

condemns my Suit, ſcorns my Proffers, hates my Perſon: What ſhall I do to gain her Love?

Alas! ſaid the Prince, I have had ſo ill ſucceſs in Love, that what I doted on moſt, did hate me worſt; which is the cauſe I have left my Countrey, Friends, and Eſtate, and loſt the peace of Mind, the joy of Mirth, the ſweets of Pleaſures, the comfort of Life, hating my ſelf becauſe ſhe doth not like nor love me: Jealous I am of Light, Darkneſs, Heat, Cold, becauſe they come ſo near as to touch her. I wiſh her dead, becauſe none ſhould enjoy her but my ſelf: yet I cannot live without her, and loath I am to dye and leave her here behind. Thus hang I on a tortur'd Life, and bear my Hell about me.

Whilſt they were thus lamenting their hard Fortunes in Love, a Meſſenger brought News that their Forces were beaten that were ſent into *Amity*.

How can that be, ſaid the Prince? Moſt of the Nobles being here, and none but Peaſants left behind, who have no skill in Warrs, and only fight like Beaſts?

But the Alarms came ſo thick one after another, to tell that they had not only beat their Forces, but were entred into their Kingdom.

With that the King in haſte diſpatched the Prince with a freſh Supply added to thoſe Forces he brought the Queen with, ſo march'd out to meet

the Enemy. For *Travelia* hearing the Queen was taken Priſoner, was highly enraged; which Choler begot a Maſculine and Couragious Spirit in her: for though ſhe could not have thoſe Affections in her for the Queen, as a Man; yet ſhe admired her Heroick Virtues, and loved her as a kind and gracious Princeſs to her; which Obligations made her impatient of Revenge: Then calling all the chief of the Kingdom together, thus ſpake unto them:

Honourable, and moſt Noble,

YOU have heard the ſad News of the Queen's being taken Priſoner, which cannot chuſe but ſtrike your Hearts through your Ears, and make them burn in flames of high Revenge; and may thoſe Flames be never quenched, until you fetch her back, and ſet her in her Throne again. She went to keep you ſafe; and nothing can be more ungrateful, than to let her live amongſt her Enemies. Nor can you here be free, whilſt ſhe is made a Slave; your Wives and Children will be bought and ſold, and you be forced to do their Servile Work: What Goods you now poſſeſs, your Enemies will enjoy. Then let your Hands and Strength redeem your Countrey's Loſs; or ſacrifice your Lives in the Service.

After ſhe had ſpoke, they proclaimed her with one Voice General; raiſing new Forces, making Vows they would never forſake their Queen; but dye, or be Conquerors. Then

Then fitting themſelves in order thereunto, *Travelia* (as their General and chief Governour) cauſed a ſolemn Faſt and Proceſſion, ſacrificing to the Gods for good Succeſs.

After that, ſhe took a view of her Arms and Ammunition, ſelecting out the ableſt and youngeſt Men to fight, making the better ſort Commanders, that Envy might not breed Diſobedience: The Aged ſhe choſe for her Councellors, her old Father being made one; the moſt Mechanicks, as Smiths, Farriers, Pioneers, Cannoneers, Sumpter-men, Wagoners, Cooks, Women, and the like, went with the Bag and Baggage. Neither did ſhe omit to take good Chyrurgeons, Doctors, Apothecaries, and Druggiſts, to help the Sick and Wounded. At the Army's going out, ſhe cauſed a Proclamation to be read, That all the Women and Children, and infirm perſons, which were left behind, not being fit to go, ſhould pray inceſſantly to the Gods for Victory and ſafe return: for, ſaid ſhe, Women and Children, and the Infirm, are the beſt Advocates, even to the Gods themſelves, being the moſt ſhiftleſs Creatures they have made, wherefore the moſt apteſt to move Compaſſion.

Thus ſetling the Kingdom in a devout and orderly poſture, they marched on, re-taking their Towns, Forts, and Caſtles, loſt; beating the Enemy out of every place; inſomuch as they did not only clear

their own Kingdom of their Enemies, but entred into theirs: And being gone ſome days journey, their Scouts brought them word there was an Army coming to meet them; and, after a ſhort time, the Armies were in view of each other: Whereupon ſhe drew up her Forces; the right and left Wings ſhe gave to be commanded by two of the Valianteſt and Experienced Commanders; the Rear unto another; the Van ſhe led her ſelf; the Reſerve ſhe gave her old Father in charge to bring in, as he ſaw occaſion; praying him he would not ſtand with it ſo far off, but that he might come ſoon enough to their aid; nor yet to ſtand ſo near, as to be annoy'd with their preſent Fight: Father, ſaid ſhe, I give you this part to command, becauſe I dare truſt your Faith, as well as your Judgment, Courage, and Skill.

Then ſhe commanded every Captain of a Company ſhould place himſelf in the midſt of their ſecond Ranks; for if the chief Commander (ſaid ſhe) in a Company, be kill'd, the Spirits of the common Soldiers ſoon dye, and their Nerves grow ſlack with fear; and all their ſtrength will fail, unleſs it be to run away.

The Lieutenants, ſhe ordered them to place themſelves in their laſt Ranks, to keep the Soldiers from flying: for, ſaid ſhe, ſhame will cauſe Obedience, to ſubmit to Authority: wherefore, his Eyes will

will be as a Fort, and his Breaſt as a Bulwark, to keep them in. Then ſhe gave order, that every Squadron ſhould be but five Ranks deep, and fifty on a breaſt; which number, ſaid ſhe, is enough to knit into a proportionable Body; more makes it unweildy, and is like a man over-grown with Fat, whoſe bulk makes him unactive either to aſſault, or to defend himſelf: and Ranks of Ten deep, ſaid ſhe, are not only unuſeful and troubleſome, but ſo many men are loſt as to employment; for the hindermoſt Ranks come ſeldom or never to the Charge. In every Troop of Horſe ſhe placed ſome Foot, both Pikes and Muskets, to gall and hurt their Enemy's Horſe when they came to encounter: for, if once the Horſe fails, the Man is down. After that, ſhe commanded her Army to march in ſuch a ſlow pace, as not to break or looſen their Ranks, but commanded them to join ſo cloſe, as if there were no *Vacuum* in their Troops, and ſo to move as one entire Body or Piece. Laſtly, She commanded all the Cuiraſiers ſhould ſtand in the fore-front, to bear the ſhock, or break the Ranks. And thus ſhe ſet the Battalia in order, form, and figure, as the ground and places would permit to their beſt advantage.

The Prince ordered his Battalia as he was uſed to do, making it thick, as believing it to be the ſtronger; which is queſtionleſs the beſt way, if it were only to ſtand ſtill for a defence, but not to

aſſault: for in Action, the half of thoſe thick Bodies ſerve only as Cyphers without a Figure; but never help to multiply the Numeration of Blows. But the Armies, being both ready to joyn, the young General thus ſpake to his Soldiers:

Noble Friends, Brave Soldiers, and Wiſe Councellors,

WHO knows but this our meeting may produce good and great Effects, and bring Peace to your Countrey, which is moleſted with Warrs, and Ruin to your Enemies, that have almoſt ruined you; Comfort to your ſad Friends we have left behind, Liberty to your impriſoned Friends? We fight for Fame hereafter, for Honour and Profit now preſently: but if we let our Enemies become our Maſters, they will give us reſtleſs Fears, unreaſonable Taxes, unconſcionable Oaths, whereby we ſhall loſe the Peace of our Mind, the Converſation of our Friends, the Traffick with our Neighbours, the Plenty of our Land, the Form of our Cuſtoms, the Order of our Ceremonies, the Liberty of the Subjects, the Royalty of your Government, and the Company and Rule of our Gracious, Vertuous, and Beautiful Queen. And ſhall they have Courage to ſpoil, and we none to right our Wrongs? Shall they live by our hard Labour? And ſhall we live by their hard Laws? All Noble Spirits hate Bondage, and will rather dye than endure Slavery. Wherefore, my Friends, be you conſtant to your juſt Reſolutions, circumſpect in your

your ways, patient in your Labours, Heroick in your Actions: for, What Man can remember ſuch Injuries, and let their Courages be cold? Wherefore, for your own ſakes, your Countrey's ſake, your Royal Queen's ſake, go on with valiant Hearts, and active Strengths; and may Apollo *be your Friend, ſhooting his Darts, dazling your Enemies Eyes. May* Mars, *the God of Warr, direct you in your fight. May* Fortune *give you aid, and* Pallas *give you victory.*

After ſhe had thus ſpoke, the Trumpets ſounded to Charge, and the young General ſent ſome flying Horſe to give the onſet, and then ſeem to run away; which the other Army ſeeing, thought it was out of fear, and followed them as in purſuit, which diſordered and broke all their Ranks: but the Queen's Army marched in good order to meet them; at which the Enemy, viewing their unexpected poſture, was ſo daunted, as they neither had Spirits to fight, nor power to run away; and ſo a great number being killed and taken Priſoners, the Queen's Army became abſolute Maſters of the Field.

The Prince with much difficulty retreated back about a days march, with ſome few, but with the prime of his Horſe; where he heard of a freſh Army coming to aſſiſt them: for the King, fearing they were not ſtrong enough, being forced ſuddenly

away, cauſed new men to be raiſed to follow them. The news of this Army rejoiced the Prince much, being at that time very melancholy for the great loſs he received, and for the diſgrace, as he thought, by reaſon he deſpiſed the Enemies to the King; and to be overcome by thoſe he ſcorned, did wrack his Soul. But taking up freſh hopes with his new-come Army, returned back to the Queen's Army again; who, when they heard of a new Supply, were much amazed and dejected, by reaſon they were weary and tired with three Fights, and diſordered with gathering up, and carrying away their Spoils. But the young General, perceiving them to hang down their Heads, thus ſpake:

Noble Friends,

I Perceive ſuch a ſadneſs in your Faces, as if fear had taken poſſeſſion of your hearts; which if it hath, except Courage beats it out, it will betray your Lives unto your Enemies; and to be taken by a timorous thought, before your Strength hath grapled with your Foes, were baſe; and if Right and Truth be on your ſide, as ſure it is; and Reaſon rules your Judgment, as I hope it doth; you have no cauſe to doubt: but if you fear the Conduct of my Youth, as wanting Experience to judg or direct the beſt, then here are Aged men who with Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor *may compare; their Counſel is your aid. Let no vain ſuſpition therefore quench your hopes,*

hopes, but Courage ſet your Spirits on fire, and with their heat conſume your Enemies to Aſhes.

With that they all aloud did ſay, Go on, we will dye or conquer.

In the mean while the Prince was encouraging his new-come Army, who was ſtruck with the news of the laſt Battel, hearing nothing of it until they met the Prince; the ſudden Report (like Thunder) ſhook their Spirits; which to appeaſe, the Prince thus ſpake:

Noble Friends,

YOU that have Humility to obey, Love to unite, Charity to redreſs, have Hopes to obtain: for, Hope is the Ground on which Courage is built. Let not the Enemy of Miſtruſt, vanquiſh your Faith; but perform your Loyalty through your Induſtry: for obedient Thoughts are not ſufficient, without obedient Actions. Wherefore take Courage to fight. Let not your Enemies kill your Spirits. Weep not, nor condole at our Loſſes; but let us regain our Honours either by Victory, or Death. And they that are ſloathful or cowardly in this Army, may they neither enjoy the Lawrel, Olive, or Cypreſs; but go to the Grave unregarded, or forgotten; or live in ſhame, deſpiſed. But thoſe that are induſtrious and valiant, may they ſit high in Honour's Throne;

and Fame blow their Praiſes ſo loud, and far, that no time can ſtop the Sound.

Then the two Armies being ſet in Battel-array, the Prince (to ſave the effuſion of blood) finding his Army not full of alacrity, ſent the young Geral a Challenge; who, although he knew himſelf unfit for a ſingle Duel, accepted it, being afraid of the diſhonour of denying it: but the two Armies would not conſent to look on whilſt they fought; for, in the Encounter, both Armies joined in cruel fight.

But ſhe having no skill in the art and uſe of the Sword, nor ſtrength either to aſſault or reſiſt, was wounded; and her Wound bled ſo faſt, that ſhe fainted and fell down to the ground. But the Prince, who was of a Noble nature, perceiving by her ſhape that ſhe was but a Stripling, run to unty her Headpiece; and viewing her Face, ſtraight knew her; and was ſo aſtoniſhed thereat, that he had not power to ſtir for the preſent; but ſtopping the Wound as well as he could, brought life again; yet ſo faint ſhe was, that ſhe could not ſpeak; neither had he power to go away, but ſate by until he was found in that poſture.

In the mean time, the Army being left to chance, having not their General to direct them, Fortune play'd a part of Civility and Courtſhip, giving Victory

victory to the Ladies; ſo the Queen's Army had the day; and ſome of the common Soldiers, ſeeking for Spoil, found them, he ſitting by, holding her in his Arms; from whence they took her, and put her in a Litter, and he alſo in the ſame, as a Priſoner, to carry them to the body of the Army; and as ſhe went, having recovered her Spirits again, thus complaining, ſhe ſaid:

I have heard of Pleaſure, ne're could it obtain;
For what we Pleaſure call, ſtill lives in Pain:
Then Life is Pain, and Pain is only Life,
Which is a Motion, Motion all is ſtrife;
As forward, backward, up or down, or ſo
Side-ways, or in a Circle round doth go.
Then who would live, or would not wiſh to dye,
Since in the Grave there is no Miſery?
O let me dye, ſtrive not my Life to ſave;
Death happy is, and Peace lies in the Grave.

The Prince told her, She preached to her ſelf a falſe Doctrine: for, ſaid he,

Life is a bleſſing which the Gods do give;
And nothing ſhews them Gods, but that they live:
They're the Original of Life, the Spring;
Life the beginning is of every thing:

And Motion is from all Eternity;
Eternal Motions make the Gods to be.
To wiſh no Life, we wiſh no Gods, and then
No Reſurrection to the Souls of Men:
In Reſurrection, we as Gods become;
To be---none would refuſe a Martyrdome:
The very Being pleaſeth Nature well,
Were ſhe to live always in pains of Hell.
Nature, nothing is more horrid to her
Than Annihilation, that quite undoes her.
Thus Gods and Nature, you do wiſh to ſpoil,
Becauſe a little pain endures a while.
Devils had rather Devils be, than nought at all;
But you like Angels that did never fall.

Thus they diſcourſed as they went; but he ſtrove to conceal himſelf from her knowledg, until ſuch time as he thought he might make his peace with her, for fear ſhe ſhould run away again out of hate and diſlike to him.

But the Army, when they miſs'd their young General, grew ſo ſad, that they took no pleaſure in their Victory: for they were all as one dumb man, no noiſe was heard, all Eyes were full of Tears. But when they ſaw the Litter, as ſuppoſing ſhe was dead, they raiſed a Cry that rent the Air, and made the thicker Clouds to move. Which when ſhe

ſhe heard, and ſaw them running to her, ſhe ſhook her hand to ſhew them ſhe did live.

Then ſent they ſhouts of Joy to Heaven high;
And ev'ry Countenance ſad, look'd merrily.

But when they came ſo near as to view her Face, and ſaw her pale and weak, they grew into ſuch a rage, that they would have killed the Prince, hearing he wounded her: but ſhe entreated for his life, and begg'd him for her Priſoner: No ſooner ask'd, but granted; and ſhe gave the charge of him to her Father.

Being brought into her Tent, the Army watch'd by turns whilſt ſhe was under the Chirurgeons hands for cure: Nor would they take any of the Spoils, but what ſhe did divide unto them; nor any Direction but what ſhe gave: Nor would they ſtir until her Health permitted her to travel: but, being indifferently well, ſhe gave order to march on.

But the King had raiſed another Army in the time of her ſickneſs, and ſent it out to meet them.

She, although weak, went about to order and encourage her Soldiers, who loved her better than their life; which Affections made them fight ſo well, that they overcame their Enemies; and before the King could raiſe another Army, they got unto the City.

Where, as ſoon as ſhe came near, ſhe gave order to her Soldiers to entrench about it, and to caſt at every corner of the City a Mount of Earth, on which ſhe placed her Cannon to batter down the Walls: then ſhe did build Forts about, to place her Men to ſhoot and caſt Granadoes in; and by their ſeveral aſſaults they battered the City, and killed many of their Men by ſundry and ſudden aſſaults: at laſt ſhe reſolved to ſtorm it. But the King, perceiving his weakneſs, and that he could not hold out long, ſent to the young General, deſiring a Treaty, and withall a Ceſſation of Arms.

In the mean time, the Queen, being weary of her Impriſonment, longing for the coming of her Beloved, in a melancholy Humour thus ſpake:

O what a Hell is it to love, and not be loved again! Nay, not only to love, but to love a Slave, and he regards me not: Do I ſay, Slave? No, he is none, that hath no Slaviſh Paſſion: Then he is free,

And I am only bound to Slavery,
Firſt to my Paſſions, then to his Tyranny.
What ſhall I do, you Gods above?
You puniſh me, and yet you make me love.
Do you delight ſtill in a tortur'd Mind?
Make you no ſympathy in Human Kind?

Muſt

Muſt all your Works conſiſt in contradiction?
Or do we all enjoy nothing but Fiction?
The Mind is nothing but meer Apprehenſion;
'Tis not a Thing, unleſs it hath Dimenſion.
But O you Powerful Gods! by your Decree,
You can of Nothing, Something make to be:
Then make me Something, grant me my Delight;
Give me my Lover, or deſtroy me quite.

Thus leaving her in a Melancholy Poſture and Humour, we return to the Armies.

The Ceſſation being near expired, the young General called a Council, and thus ſpake to them:

Right Noble and Valiant *Heroes*,

THE King hath ſent to treat of Peace; but in my opinion there can be no honourable Agreement (next to the ſetting the Queen at liberty) but the reſigning of his Crown, and ſo his Kingdom, to her.

Firſt, For raiſing Hoſtility, and diſturbing the ſweet Peace and happy Condition of a Kingdom that never moleſted them.

Then, for the diſhonour, in taking the Queen Priſoner, the ruin and ſpoil of your Countrey, the death of your Friends, and the loſs of your gallant Men, killed in this Diſſention, making many Widows and Fatherleſs Children.

Beſides, Who can rely upon the Faith of an unjuſt Prince, who made Warr upon his Neighbours without a juſt offence, but only through an ambitious attempt upon your Queen and Kingdom? Have we not Victory? And yet ſhall we return with Loſs? Shall we deſpiſe the Gift of the Gods, in making no uſe of what they give us? And ſhall the Trumpet of loud Fame report the Queen was taken Priſoner, and reſigned upon a low Agreement? No, let Fame divulge unto the World, her Releaſe came with the Ruin of his Kingdom.

After the General had ſpoken, one of the Council, who was like *Neſtor* for Years and Experience, thus ſpake:

OUR General hath ſpoke a Speech ſo full of Courage and Honour, as ſhews him to be of ſo true an Heroick Spirit, that he hath left no room for Policy to play a part. But States cannot ſubſiſt with Valiant Hands alone, unleſs they have a Politick Head, which is the Guide to great Deſigns; it burns more Cities than Granadoes do; it undermines ſtrong Towns, pulls down great Works, wins Forts, ſets Battels, takes Priſoners, makes Slaves, and conquers Kings and Kingdoms; and what we call Policy in a Publick State, is called Diſcretion in a private Family; and it is not, as the Vulgar think it, a Cheat, or meer Deceit, but a wiſe Prudence, to prevent the worſt of ills, and to keep Peace,

or

or get Tranquillity. 'Tis true, Valour is a daring Spirit, but Policy is the truſty Friend, and covers with skill all thoſe Faults it cannot mend; it guides the Bark in which Man's Life ſwims, and keeps them from the ſhipwrack of the World, pulls down the ambitious Sails when blown too full with Pride, leſt it ſhould overturn the Ship of Safety, to be drowned in Seas of Miſeries: But Policy will rather chuſe the Oars of Patience, and take the Tides of Time, than venture where the Doubts are more than Hopes, or Hazzards more than Gains. Then let us try to make a prudent Peace, not truſting to Fortune's Favour, unleſs ſhe were more conſtant:

For in the Warrs ſuch unknown Chance may fall,
Inſtead of Victory, we may be ruin'd all.

I ſpeak not this to croſs my General; for I ſhall be as ready to obey all his Commands, be they never ſo dangerous, as I have freely delivered my Opinion.

After he had ſpoke, the General roſe up, and ſaid, Theſe Counſels are too ſolid to be contradicted by raſh Youth.

Whereupon they all agreed to treat with the King, giving his Ambaſſadors Audience.

The King's Ambaſſadors coming into their Aſſembly, thus ſpake:

You great Victorious *Amitenians*,

MY *Maſter ſhould not need to ſeek for Peace, before it ſought for him, had not the God of Love proved his Enemy, perſwading* Mars *to be his Foe: for thoſe that are croſs'd in Love, have ſeldom Victory; for* Mars *doth take the part of* Venus, Cupid's *Mother. Thus our great King and Maſter is by Love undone. But ſince 'tis the Gods that work his Fate, he humbly doth ſubmit: Wherefore he ſends theſe Proffers unto you:*

Firſt, He will build your broken Forts again, and raiſe thoſe Walls his Soldiers have pull'd down.

Secondly, He will repay your Charges and Expences in this Warr, although his own is great, and his Loſs is more.

Thirdly, He will reſtore his Priſoners, if you will do the like to thoſe you have taken: but for the Queen, ſhe is no Priſoner:

For our Maſter is her Captive, and her Thrall,
Both to command Him, and his Kingdoms all.

After

After the *Amitenians* had conſulted, they told the King's Ambaſſadors, That Words were not Acts; wherefore, they could conclude of nothing until the Queen was in her Army to make her atonement for her ſelf; and if ſhe were no Priſoner, they deſired to wait on her out of the City; if not, they muſt uſe force. Whereupon the Ambaſſadors went back to their King to declare their Anſwer.

But to return to the Captive Prince, who was more fetter'd in his Mind, than in his Body; for the old Father treated him civilly, and uſed him kindly: but, perceiving him to be very melancholy, thought it might proceed from the Overthrow he received; which he ſtrove to moderate, telling him, Nothing was more ſubject to Chance, than Warr; and that the Valianteſt and Wiſeſt Men, might fall by Fortune's hand: for, ſaid he, She on Wheels, not on firm Ground doth ſtand.

She ſeeks not Worth and Merit to advance;
Her Scepter, which ſhe governs by, is Chance.
Then ſaid the Prince, O Fortune, moſt unkind!
I would ſhe were as Powerleſs as Blind.

As he was ſpeaking, in comes the young General; whom when he ſaw, Love's Paſſion ſhook his Manly Strength, and made his Viſage pale. But

ſhe, being of an affable and ſweet diſpoſition, wiſh'd all content of Mind to every perſon, although ſhe had little her ſelf.

Noble Sir, ſaid ſhe, *It was not for want of reſpect, I have not viſited you; but my Engagements have ſo buſily employed me, that till the Ceſſation of Arms, I have not had ſo much time as to examine your welfare. But I know my Father hath not omitted any Service he could help you in; neither do believe, you (being a Commander) can be ſo ignorant, but to know, that Camps can afford but a rude Entertainment, having therein no neceſſary accommodations; and ſince my Wiſhes cannot make it better, you will be pleaſed to accept of it as it is.*

Worthy Sir (anſwered the Prince), *I am only a Priſoner to your Favours, but am free by your Noble Entertainments.*

So, after ſome diſcourſe, telling him of the Agreement which was like to be, left him, or rather carried him with her; for his Soul went after her, although his Perſon ſtay'd behind.

But, to follow the Ambaſſadors, who were got to the King, and told him, the Demands of the *Amitenian* Army was, To have their Queen, before they would treat any farther. The King being very much

much troubled thereat; for to keep her he durſt not, knowing his own weakneſs, and their ſtrength; and to let her go, he could not; for his Paſſion of Love would not give him leave: neither would he call a Council, knowing they would be for the departure of the Queen, for their own ſecurities: then did he wiſh for his Friend and Servant, the Prince: but at laſt, being reſolved, went to the Queen his Miſtreſs, and taking the Crown from off his Head, laid it at her Feet:

Madam, ſaid he, *Here I deliver you my Crown, and with it my Kingdom; and yeeld my ſelf your Priſoner, diſpoſe of it and me as you pleaſe: for it never ſhall be ſaid, I make Conditions with her I do adore; for ſince my Soul is yours, there is nothing I can own that is not ſo. And ſince you muſt and will go from this place, let me go with you, to ſet your Triumphs out; and lead me as your Slave.*

Sir, anſwered ſhe, *I have not been ſo ill treated, nor am I ſo ungrateful to go away, and leave no thanks behind me: Wherefore I will ſtay until there is ſuch a Peace made, as you may receive as much Profit, and as little Loſſes thereby, as I. Wherefore, in order thereunto, I deſire, that the General of my Forces, and ſome of my Council, may come hither, and ſo confer both with my ſelf and you.*

The King gave order, that the Gates of the City might be ſet open: but the Queen ſent a Meſſenger to the Army, that none of the Forces ſhould enter into it, but keep themſelves where they were, without; only the General and the Council, and ſome of the chiefeſt Commanders, to come unto her. But when they were ready to wait upon the Queen, the old Man fell very ſick, and ſent to his Son (the young General) to come unto him to take his leave of him before he dyed; who went with a ſorrowful heart, and ſad countenance; and when he came cloſe to his Bed, the old Man ſpake:

Son, ſaid he, My Leaſe of Life is expired; and Death, the Landlord of my Body, knocks at my old and ruinated Cottage, ſending out my Soul to ſeek another Habitation; which Soul intends to travel through the Airy Skies, unto the Manſion of the Gods, where it ſhall pray for your ſucceſs and happy days on Earth.

O Father, ſaid *Travelia*, Muſt you go, and leave me here behind?

Why will the Gods ſo cruelly oppreſs
An innocent Youth, to leave it in diſtreſs?

You were my good Angel, to guard me from thoſe Evils that Fortune ſets about me; you were my

my Guide, which did direct my ſimple Youth to juſt and honeſt ways: What will become of me when you are gone? Or who will reſcue me from thoſe that ſeek my ruin?

The old Man ſaid, The Gods, the Gods, my Son, they will reward your Virtue. Farewel, farewell; then turned his head, and dyed.

After he had lamented and mourned over his lifeleſs Corps, he ſent to the Queen to give him leave to interr his Father's aſhes. The King hearing thereof, ſent to the General, inviting him to bring his Father's Body into the City, and there to be interr'd in his chief Temple; which Honour he accepted. Whereupon all the Army brought the Hearſe unto the Gates, and then returned unto their Trenches. But the Chief Commanders did bear it unto the Grave; the young General came into the Temple, being clad all in Mourning, only his Face ſeen (which appeared like the Sun when it breaks through a dark and ſpungy Cloud, whoſe Beams did ſhine on thoſe watry drops that fell upon her Cheeks, as Banks where Roſes and Lillies grow) and ſtanding on a mounted Pillar, he ſaid:

'I come not here to flatter or be-lye the dead, 'but to ſpeak the truth as far as my knowledg is in-'formed: He was aged in years, not old; for thoſe 'are only old, whoſe Memories and Underſtanding

'are grown defective by the length of time. He was
'Wiſe by Experience, not led with Self-opinion.
'He was learned in the Art of Navigation, and not
'ignorant of Land-Service, or Command; although
'few that dwell on Seas, and profeſs that Art,
'know more of Land, than the Ports where they
'take harbour to ſhelter themſelves from furious
'ſtorms, or to take freſh Victuals in, or to be deboiſt
'with Wine and Women. But he was moſt tem-
'perate, not only in moderating his Paſſions, but
'alſo his Appetites, with Reaſon, Honour, and Re-
'ligion. In his Behaviour he was affable and free,
'not formal nor conſtrain'd, by vain and ſelf-con-
'ceit. His Diſpoſition gentle, ſweet, and kind. He
'was in his Nature compaſſionate to all that were
'in diſtreſs. He was Induſtrious to all good Effects,
'and had a nimble and ingenious Wit, and ſuch a
'ſuperfluity of Courage, as did not only baniſh
'fear in himſelf, but begot ſpirit in others. He was
'bred in the Schools of Honour, where he had
'learnt Vertuous Principles, and Heroick Actions.
'He had all the Ingredients that goeth to the ma-
'king of an Honeſt and Gallant Man. And he
'was not only Morally Honeſt, but moſt Pious
'and Devout. He offered not Sacrifice to the Gods
'for Worldly Proſperity, but out of Pure Love
'and Adoration to the Gods. He was a Pattern
'for all others to take Example by. His Soul was

'as

'as the Breath of the Gods; and his Animal Part as 'the beſt of Nature's Extraction. But Nature 'makes nothing to laſt in one Form long; for what 'ſhe creates, ſhe diſſolves again.

With that her Tears fell ſo faſt from her Eyes, as ſtopt her mouth for a time: but at laſt, ſhe ſighing, ſaid:

'Although my Tears are uſeleſs to him, ſince it 'is not in their power to alter the Decrees of Fate, 'nor can perſwade the Gods to give perpetual Life 'here in this World; yet Natural Affections are 'forced through my Eyes.

Then bowing down her Head over the Corps, which was placed underneath, ſaid:

'Theſe, as a ſatisfaction, may aſſwage my grief, 'to think my new-born Fears, the iſſues of my 'Love, ſhall be buried and lye intombed with his 'cold Aſhes; which is the only way to mingle Souls, 'when Death hath parted Bodies. But if Fate had 'had the power to twiſt the Thread of of my Life 'with his, then Death had ſtruck me too, and ſo ea-'ſed my grief. But ſince it is not ſo, his Memory 'ſhall lye entombed in my Heart until I dye.

After he had ſpoke this Funeral-ſpeech, he deſcended from the Pillar; and helping to lay the Corps upon the Funeral-Pile, did with a flaming-Torch ſet the Fuel on fire; and gathering up the Aſhes, put them in the Urn, and placed it in a Tomb. Having thus executed thoſe Ceremonies belonging to the dead, he changed his Mourning-Robes, and clothed himſelf fit for the Court or Camp again. Then he and the Council, and the chief Commanders, went unto the Palace of the King; where, after ſome diſcourſe, he was brought to the Queen, who joyed more to ſee her *Travelia*, than for the Victories they had won: and after ſhe had condoled with him for the loſs of his Father, ſhe congratulated with him for the good ſucceſs he had in the Warrs; aud withal told him, She muſt ſet at liberty his Priſoner the Prince, for ſhe had given him back unto the King. Whereupon he preſently gave order for the Prince to repair to the Court; and after ſhe had heard the relations of all their ſeveral Actions and Accidents, and pleaſed her ſelf with the variety of other Diſcourſes; ſhe told them, She would ſit in Council to conſider what was to be done as concerning the Peace; and ſo diſmiſt them for that time: only ſhe ſtayed *Travelia*, loving his company ſo well, ſhe could not ſo eaſily part with him. But the King perceiving her Affections, as being never pleaſed but when *Travelia* was

was with her, he grew ſo jealous, that had not Honour forbid him, having paſt his word unto her, they ſhould all there be ſafe, he ſhould not have let him live to have been his Rival.

In the mean time, the Meſſenger had cauſed the Prince to repair to the Court; who was much troubled how to behave himſelf: for, ſaid he in his thoughts, if I ſhould make my ſelf known unto my Miſtreſs, ſhe will ſtraight convey away her ſelf either by death, or ſtealth; and if I go diſguiſed, although I may make the reaſon known unto the King, yet the Court will talk, and think it is for ſome ill deſign againſt the State, ſo bring an aſperſion upon my Loyalty.

Thus muſing a long time with himſelf, at laſt he thought it beſt for to take counſel of the King; and being come to him, the King with great joy embraced him, ſaying, O my Friend! thy Company is a Kingdom to me. He humbly kiſſing his hand, ſaid, He thought Fortune was ſo much his Enemy, as that ſhe had ſhut him out of his Royal Favour. But Sir, ſaid he, it was none of my fault I did not win; for the Gods, *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and the reſt, are ſuch Lovers of the fair Mortal-Females, that they will never be againſt them; for whereſoever they are, Victory is there alſo.

The King, thinking he meant it of the Queen, told him how unkindly ſhe uſed him, and how he

perceived ſhe loved the young General even to a dotage; and withall, asking his counſels what he ſhould do, he ſmiling, yet ſighing, ſaid:

O Sir, ſaid he, there is no cauſe to fear; for that Perſon you do ſuſpect, is a Woman, which I believe the Queen knows not. Then he told him all the ſtory of his Love, and all the ſeveral accidents thereupon, and ask'd his advice what he ſhould do?

The King was overjoyed at his relations, diſcovering ſhe was a Woman; and his joy gave ſo many ſeveral Advices, that the number confuſed the Counſel, and confounded the Choice.

But while they were thus talking, a Meſſenger came to the Prince, which brought him Letters from his own Countrey, by Merchants that were lately come in, that his Wife was dead (for although they knew not where he was, yet they ſent Letters into ſeveral Countreys, in hope ſome might light into his hands): which when he heard, his Doubts were turned into Hopes. With that, the King and he embraced with joy, making no queſtion now but *Cupid* was turned their Friend, and that he would ſhoot two Golden Arrows into their Miſtreſſes Hearts from the Forts of their Affections.

The time being come when the King and Queen, and the Councellors of both, ſhould meet about the Peace, they being all ſet ready to treat, the King entreated

treated the Queen ſhe would give him leave, that the Prince might be one of his Council; which (ſaid he) without your own conſent, he ſhall not be, ſince he hath been your Priſoner.

She told the King, He was not bound to her, ſince ſhe had given him a Releaſe; and your Councellors are to be choſen by your ſelf, and not by me.

After her anſwer, he ſent for him; who came, being not diſguiſed, but as he was himſelf; and *Travelia* looking upon his face as he was coming in, and ſeeing the Man ſhe moſt did fear, ſhe fell into a ſwound: at which accident the Queen being extreamly afflicted, thinking it was done by ſome deſign wrought from the jealouſie of the King, broke up the Junćto for that time, taking all the care ſhe could for his recovery. But *Travelia* being recovered out of her ſwound, was ſtill ſick in Mind, though not in Body; and kept her Bed as if ſhe had been very ill.

Whereupon the Queen's ſuſpition was more encreaſed, and fear'd ſome Poyſon had been given him; and with that conceit could not endure to ſee the King.

The King being much troubled that the Queen was more ſevere to him than ſhe was uſed to be, and perceiving that it was *Travelia* that was the cauſe, complained unto the Prince, and (with ſeeming-

anger) ſaid merrily, Diſpoſe of your Miſtreſs ſome way; for I am jealous, ſaid he, although ſhe be a Woman.

Sir, ſaid the Prince, I have as much reaſon to be jealous of the Queen, as you have of my Miſtreſs, ſetting her Maſculine Habit aſide.

At laſt they did agree to diſcover her to the Queen. Whereupon the Prince went to the Queen, and deſired her (by a Meſſenger) to grant him half an hours Conference.

She deſired to be excuſed.

He ſent her word, It was ſomething concerning his own Affairs. Whereupon ſhe gave him admittance.

When the Prince came to her, he ſaid:

Madam, I ſhould not preſs thus rudely on your thoughts, but that I think I am part of the cauſe that makes them melancholy.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, You take upon you to know much; for it is hard to know the Mind or Thoughts of our ſelves, much leſs of others.

Madam, ſaid he, I will be ſo preſumptuous to gueſs at them, if you will give me leave.

Take it, ſaid ſhe.

Then, Madam, ſaid he, I muſt tell you, You are in love; and the Perſon you love, although moſt excellent, yet cannot return ſuch love as you deſire; for you have placed your Affection upon a Woman,

man, who hath concealed her Sex, in taking the Habit of a Man; and hath more confirm'd your miſtake, by the actions of a Soldier. I know not, ſaid the Prince, how kind you have found her; but I have found her cruel. Then told her the ſtory from the firſt time he ſaw her, until that preſent.

When the Queen had heard his relation, her Colour came and went, moved by her mix'd Paſſions, Anger and Love; angry that ſhe was deceived, yet ſtill did love, and wiſh'd ſhe had been a Man.

Then the Prince began to move unto her the Suit of the King. But ſhe was ſo impatient and troubled in her Mind, being croſt in her Love, that ſhe would hear nothing concerning Love more at that time. Which he perceiving, took his leave for the preſent. But as ſoon as he was gone,

Tears from her Eyes flow'd out, as if they meant
To make her there a Watry Monument.
And her oppreſſed Heart ſuch ſighs ſent forth,
Like Guſts of Wind that blow from South or North.
After this furious Storm, a Calm did riſe,
Her Spirits, like a ſtill ſmooth Water, lyes.
Then laying down her gentle Head to reſt,
Thus to the God of Love her Prayers addreſt.

Thou powerful God of Love, that ſhoots from high,
One Leadden Arrow in my Breaſt let flye,

To quench that ſcorching Heat thou mad'ſt to burn,
Unleſs a Woman to a Man can turn.
With that the God of Love did pity take,
Quench'd out the firſt, and did a new Fire make;
Yet was it weak, as being made but new;
But being kindled, it much hotter grew.
At laſt the Flame got hold upon the King,
Which did much Joy unto each Kingdom bring.

After a ſweet and refreſhing ſleep, ſhe roſe, and went to *Travelia*'s Chamber, and told her how ſhe was diſcovered. Then chiding her gently for not making her ſelf known unto her, ſaid, that ſhe had cauſed her many unquiet reſts.

But *Travelia* begged her pardon; telling her, it was the cauſe of her misfortunes that concealed her, and not out of any evil deſign ſhe had to deceive her. Then deſired her aſſiſtance and help to ſecure her.

Whilſt they were thus talking, the King and the Prince came to ſee the ſick Perſon; to whom the Queen with a ſmiling-countenance ſaid, She was courting her hard-hearted Lover.

The King anſwered, That he hoped ſhe would take pity on him, by what ſhe had felt her ſelf.

The Queen told him, She was likelier to love him now, than if ſhe had never been a Lover before: for, ſaid ſhe, there is ſomething pleaſing in Lovers Thoughts,

Thoughts, be their Fortunes never ſo adverſe; and I believe, ſaid ſhe, the Prince will ſay as much.

Madam, ſaid he, It is a pleaſing-pain, as being mix'd with Hopes and Fears; but if our Hopes do ceaſe, all Pleaſure is gone, and nothing doth remain but Pains of Hell.

Then, ſaid the Queen, your Miſtreſs ſhould be in a ſad condition, if ſhe loved you as you ſeem to love her, you being a Married-Man.

No, ſaid the Prince, I am now a Widower; but I doubt (ſaid he) that doth not advantage me in my Miſtreſs's affection.

But when *Travelia* heard he was a Widower, her Heart did beat, like a Feveriſh Pulſe, being moved with ſeveral Paſſions, fearing it was not ſo, hoping it was ſo, joying if it were ſo, grieving that ſhe ought not to wiſh it ſo.

But the Queen asked the Prince, How that he came to know of it.

Whereupon he told her.

She ſaid, I have promiſed your Miſtreſs to protect her againſt your outragious Aſſaults: but ſince your Suit is juſt, and your Treaty civil, I will yeeld her to you, upon that condition you carry her not out of my Kingdom: for, ſince I cannot marry her, and ſo make her my Husband, I will keep her, if I can, and ſo make her my Friend.

With that, *Travelia* riſes up in her Bed, and

bowed her ſelf with a pleaſed countenance, giving the Queen thanks.

The Prince ſaid, You have given me as much as the Gods could give, which is, Felicity.

Madam, ſaid the King, You have given me nothing.

The Queen, with Bluſhes, anſwered, That if her Council would agree, ſhe would give him her ſelf.

The King, for joy, kneeled down, and kiſs'd her Hand: Now, ſaid he, I am like to the Gods, they can but have their wiſh.

Thus paſſing that day in pleaſing-diſcourſes, the next day they cauſed their Councils to meet, where they concluded the Marriage of the King and Queen; and that the Queen ſhould live with their King in the Kingdom of *Amours*; and that her firſt Son ſhould be Heir to the Crown, and her ſecond ſhould be Heir to the Kingdom of *Amity*: but in caſe there were no Sons, or but one, then Daughters ſhould inherit.

In the mean time, the Prince, and his Princeſs that was to be, ſhould be Vice-Roy; or rather, that ſhe ſhould rule, who was ſo beloved of the People, as if ſhe had not only been a Native born, but as if ſhe had been born from the Royal Stock. But they thought it fit ſhe ſhould make her ſelf known unto the Army by word of mouth, that ſhe

ſhe was a Woman, otherwiſe they might think ſhe was made away by a violent Death; and that the report of being a Woman, was only a trick to deceive them; and from thence ariſe ſuch a Mutiny as might bring a ruin to both Kingdoms.

When all was agreed, they prepared for the Marriages.

In the mean time, *Travelia* goeth to the Army, attended by the Prince; where the King and Queen came ſoon after, that the Soldiers might ſee they were there, as Witneſſes of what ſhe told them. And, being all in a Circle round about her, ſhe being upon a place raiſed for that purpoſe, thus ſpake:

Noble Friends, and Valiant Soldiers,

I Am come here, at this preſent, to declare I am a Woman, although I am habited like a Man; and perchance you may think it immodeſty: but they that will judg charitably, will enquire the Reaſon, before they give their Cenſure: for Upright Judges never give Sentence before they examine. Wherefore I believe you will not condemn me becauſe Neceſſity did enforce me to conceal my Sex, to protect my Honour: for, as the love of Soul and Body is inſeparable, ſo ſhould the love of Chaſtity, and the Feminine Sex; and who can love, and not ſhare in danger? And ſince no danger ought to be avoided, nor Life conſidered, in re-

ſpect of their Honours; and to guard that ſafe from Enemies, no Habit is to be denied: for it is not the outward Garment that can corrupt the honeſt Mind; for Modeſty may clothe the Soul of a naked Body; and a Sword becomes a Woman when it is uſed againſt the Enemies of her Honour: for though her ſtrength be weak, yet ſhe ought to ſhew her good will; and to dye in the defence of Honour, is to live with Noble Fame: and therefore neither Camp, nor Court, nor City, nor Countrey, nor Danger, nor Habit, nor any worldly Felicity, muſt ſeparate the love of Chaſtity, and our Sex: for, as Love is the ſweeteſt, ſo it is the ſtrongeſt of all Paſſions; and true Love proceeds from Virtue, not from Vice: wherefore it is to be followed by Life, and to be maintained till Death: And if I have ſerved my Queen honeſtly, condemn not my Modeſty.

Then ſhe bowed her Head down low, firſt to the King and Queen, then to the Army.

Whereupon the Army gave a ſhout, and cryed out, Heaven bleſs you, of what Sex ſoever you be.

After ſhe had ſpoke this Speech, ſhe went into her Tent, and dreſt her ſelf in her Woman's Robes, and came out again; and ſtanding in the ſame place, thus ſpake:

Noble

Noble Friends,

THUS with my Maſculine Clothes I have laid by my Maſculine Spirit; yet not ſo, but I ſhall take it up again, if it be to ſerve the Queen and Kingdom, to whom I owe my Life for many Obligations.

First, *To my Queen, who bought me as a Slave, yet uſed me as a Friend; and loved me with that Affection, as if Nature had linked us in one Line; for which, Heaven reward her with Glory and Renown. Beſides, her Love did beſtow upon me great Honour, made me Protector of her Kingdom in her abſence; and you her Subjects (out of Loyalty) obeyed all my Commands, although I am young and unexperienced. And 'tis not only what your Loyalty enforces; but I have found your Affections of Love to be ſuch, as it ſhewed they came freely from your Souls, expreſſing it ſelf in grieving for my Sickneſs, taking care for my Health, joying in my Company, mourning for my Abſence, glorying in my Fame; in ſo much, as you would leſſen your own, to give it me. What ſhall I do to ſhew my Gratitude? Alas! my Life is too poor a Sacrifice: Had I the Manſion of the Gods, I would reſign it for your Felicity. But theſe are only Words, not Acts, to ſhew you my thanks. Yet here I do offer all that the Gods or Nature gave me, Life, Health, or Beauty; Peace, Pleaſure, or Plenty; and theſe ſhall ſtand upon the Altar of a Thankful Heart, ready to be ſacrificed to your Service.*

Whereupon all the Army cryed out, An Angel, an Angel, the Gods had ſent unto them!

Then was there a Declaration read in the Army, of the Agreement of Peace: and when it was read, That the Prince ſhould be Vice-Roy in the Kingdom of *Amity*, all the Soldiers (as if they had but one Voice) cryed out, *Travelia* ſhall be Vice-Regent; which was granted to pacifie them.

Whereupon there were great Acclamations of Joy.

But the Prince told his Miſtreſs, She ſhould alſo govern him.

She anſwered, That he ſhould govern her, and ſhe would govern the Kingdom.

Then went the King and Queen, the Prince and *Travelia*, the Nobles and the chief Commanders, to celebrate their Nuptials; and on the Wedding-day, though the Queen was adorned with a Crown of Diamonds, hung about with rich Jewels; yet her Beauty did dim their Luſter. But *Travelia* was only dreſt in a white Silk Garment, which hung looſly about her; and yet

Her Face did ſeem like to a Glory bright,
Where Gods and Goddeſſes did take delight:
And in her Eyes, new Worlds you there might ſee,
Love-flying Cupids *there as Angels be:*

And

And on her Lips Venus *enthroned is,*
Inviting duller Lovers there to kiſs:
Wing'd Mercury *upon her Tongue did ſit,*
Strewing out Flow'rs of Rhetorick and Wit:
Pallas *did circle-in each Temple round,*
Which ſhe with Wiſdom, as a Lawrel, crown'd:
And in her Cheeks ſweet Flowers for Love's Poſies,
There Fates ſpun Threads of Lillies and of Roſes:
And every loving Smile, as if each were
A Palace for the Graces to dwell there:
And chaſt Diana *on her Snow-white Breaſt*
There lean'd her Head, with moſt pure thoughts to reſt:
When view'd her Neck great Jove *turn'd all to wonder,*
In Love's ſoft Showers melting without Thunder.
The leſſer Gods on her white Hands did lie,
Thinking each Vein to be their Azure Skie.
Her charming circling Arms, made Mars *to ceaſe*
All his fierce Battels, for a Love's ſoft Peace;
And on our World's Globe ſate triumphing high,
Heav'd there by Atlas *up unto the Skie:*
And ſweet-breath'd Zephyrus *did blow her Name*
Into the glorious Trumpet of good Fame.

After they were married, to ſet out their Triumphs, they had Maſques, Playes, Balls, Pageants, Shews, Proceſſions, and the like.

And when they had kept the Feſtivals ſome days in the City, the Prince and Princeſs deſired they might go and revel for ſome days with the Army that was without the City. The Queen being well pleaſed therewith, thither they went; where they had Tiltings, Running at the Ring, Fencing, Wraſtling, Vaulting, Jumping, Running Races of Horſe and Foot, Baiting of Beaſts, and many the like Warlike Paſtimes; and ſuch Hoſpitality, that every Common Soldier was feaſted: And after they were well ſatisfied with Sports and good Cheer, the Prince and Princeſs returned to the Court again: where, after they had remained ſome time, the King and Queen ſent them with the Army into the Kingdom of *Amity*; and the Soldiers returned home not only with all the Spoils they got in the Warr, but the King did preſent all the Chief Commanders with Preſents; and the two Kingdoms lived in Peace and Tranquillity during the life of the King and Queen; and, for ought I can hear, do ſo to this day.

The

The Tale of a Traveller.

A Gentleman and his Wife being married ſome years, and having none but Daughters; at laſt was born unto them a Son, of whom they were very fond, and did ſtrive to give him the beſt Breeding they could.

In the firſt place, he was to learn the Horn-book, from that his Primmer, and ſo the Bible, by his Mother's Chamber-Maid. But after he came to ten years old, or thereabouts, he was ſent to a Free-School, where the noiſe of each Scholar's reading aloud, did drown the ſenſe of what they read, burying the Knowledg and Underſtanding in the confuſion of many Words, and ſeveral Languages, yet were whipt (for not learning) by their Tutors, whoſe ill teaching broke and weakned their Memories with over-heavy burthens; and ſtriving to thruſt in more Learning than could be digeſted, or kept in the Brain, dulled their Senſes, and oppreſt their Underſtanding; for, being afraid of whipping, they got their Leſſons by rote, without underſtanding the ſenſe. But this Youth, being ingenious by nature, learnt more by his own Capacity, than by his Tutor's dull Rules.

After ſome time, he was ſent to the Univerſity; where continuing from the years of Fourteen, to

the years of Eighteen, did at laſt conſider with himſelf, that he was buried to the World and its Delights, converſing more with the Dead, than with the Living, in reading old Authors; for that little company he had, was only at Prayers and Meat; the time of the one being taken up in Devotion, the other in Eating, or rather Faſting; for their Prayers were ſo long, and their Commons ſo ſhort, that it ſeemed rather an Humiliation and Faſting, than an Eating and a Thankſgiving. But their Converſation was yet a greater Penance than their ſpare Diet; for their Diſputations (which are fed by Contradictions) did more wrack the Brain, than the other did gripe the Belly; the one with filling the Head with vain Opinions, and falſe Imaginations, for want of the light of Truth; as the other with Wind and Crude Humours, for want of a ſufficient nouriſhment.

Upon wich Conſiderations, he left the Univerſity, and fitted himſelf to travel into Forreign Countreys, to ſee their Varieties and Curioſities, and to learn the Cuſtoms and Laws thereof, going into all places and Companies of note and recourſe: But when he had travelled ſome few years, he began to ſum up his Journeys, that he might know what advantagious Experiences he had gained by his Obſervations. Whereupon he recounted the ſeveral Forms and Faſhions in Architecture, both

in

in Churches and Palaces, Cities, Towns, and Villages; their Longitudes and Latitudes, their Height and Thickneſs; their Forms, as Round, Square, Triangular, and the like; their Materials, as Stones, and what ſorts of them, Wood, Brick, Tiles, Slat, or the like: what Pillars and Pillaſters of all faſhions, Cuts, and Carvings; the Doors and Frontiſpieces, which are for grace and ornament, as Bellviews; or for Conveniency, to avoid the ſharp Winds, ſhunning the Northern or Southern Points: And ſo for Windows; placing them obliquely from the Sun, to avoid the extremity of Heat. Then likewiſe Garniſhing; as Gilding, Fretting, and their Paintings, where the proportion of their Figures were made according to the diſtance of the Eyes. Then what Piles had been ſo built upon the leaſt compaſs of Ground, that none was loſt, but every foot employed, making no vacant corners, or uſeleſs places. Then their Situation and Accommodations for Water, and Fuel, and Healthſome Air. What Cities had Navigable Rivers, or conveniency of Ports and Havens for Traffick and Commerce. What Fortifications or Forts for its defence.

After he had recounted this to himſelf, and what thoſe Sights had advantaged him; If I were able, ſaid he, I would pick out all the Curioſities of theſe ſeveral Buildings, by imitation, and create me a Palace. But, upon reflecting-thoughts, he ſaid, Build-

ing was very chargeable; for the very building of a mean Houſe, will waſte an indifferent good Eſtate: ſo that I may build a Houſe after mine own Humour, but I ſhall be ſo poor, as not be able to live in it when it is finiſhed. No, ſaid he, I will live in thoſe Houſes my Anceſtors left me, who built by degrees, according as they were able, every Generation adding ſomething; and leave Great, Curious, and Rare Buildings, to great Princes and Monarchs, who build with their Subjects Purſes; or to the Clergy, who build with Charity, raiſing great Colledges and Churches out of weak Conſciences; or to unjuſt Magiſtrates, who create Palaces from Bribes. Then what good hath theſe Obſervations done me, ſaid he, unleſs I meant to be a Surveyor? and then I would not ſtudy any other thing, becauſe then I would make it my Living, and ſo learn the curioſity of it for my Trade. But, ſince I cannot build for my Humour, Fancy, nor Fame; I will not trouble my ſelf for the pleaſure of others.

He recounted alſo to himſelf the ſeveral Courts of Judicature he had ſeen, and how Cauſes were determined; where he obſerved, That Riches and Power decides all Cauſes; and thoſe that have neither, loſe their Suits.

Afterward he conſidered what places of Societies he had frequented, and what he had gained by converſations at Ordinaries, where all Strangers and

and Travellers meet; and that their Diſcourſes were moſt commonly of News, many times falſe, being of what Deſigns one Prince hath againſt another; and of their Peace and Agreements, their Warrs, their Victories, and Overthrows; the Diſadvantages and Advantages of their Polities, Governments, and Tyrannies; their Favourites, their Luxuries, and Vanities; but ſeldom in praiſe of their Wiſdom or Juſtice. And what Advantages, ſaid he, do I gain by this? Their Loſſes hurt not me; I gain nothing by their Victory: their Luxury draws nothing out of my Purſe; nor doth their Clemency nor their Bounty extend ſo far as my Miſeries or Neceſſities: GOD ſend me Health, ſaid he, and Fortune give me good Luck, and let Forreign Kingdoms do what they will; for I cannot ſettle them when they are in diſorder; Mutinous Factions will not hear me; nor will Tyrant Princes take my Counſel: why ſhould I then fill my Head with their Actions, or buſie my Thoughts with their Quarrels or Agreements? Beſides, the Reports are moſt commonly, or at leaſt half of them, Lyes.

Then he took notice of his Recreations and Paſtimes, as Playing at Cards and Dice, Miſtreſſes, and the like: By this, ſaid he, I do not only loſe and waſte time, idly ſitting ſtill, and only exerciſing my ſelf in ſhuffling and throwing; but I loſe

my Money: for, if I win once, I loſe twice; and the Box eats up all the Gains: which doth ſo torment my Mind, that it is never at reſt: for, when I have won, I long to be at play again, to win more, with the hopes that I ſhall grow rich with it, and ſo fill my Head with ſuch vain imaginations, build ſuch Caſtles in the Air, do ſuch Wonders with my imaginary Wealth, as *Cæſar* and *Alexander* never did the like: and if I loſe, I am never quiet until I am at play again, out of hopes to get what I have loſt; and am as ſullen all the while, as a Hare that is got in reſtraint; my Countenance ſo dejected and ſad, as if I had newly buried my Father; and my Humour ſo croſs, that I contradict all Diſcourſe, let it be never ſo Rational; and am ſo cholerick, that I am ready to beat all I meet. Thus I diſturb my Sleep, torment my Thoughts, vex my Mind, impair my Health in ſitting up late, and all to no purpoſe.

If not at Play, then I go to a Bawdy-Houſe, and there for a ſhort Pleaſure I get a laſting Diſeaſe: for the Pox is ſeldom got out of the Bones; and when it is cured at the beſt, it leaves Pains and Aches to their dying-day.

Well, ſaid he, by theſe courſes I find I am abſolutely a loſer; and therefore I leave them to Whores, Bawds, Cheats, and Pick-pockets.

And as for thoſe Exerciſes and Qualities (ſaid he)

he) which we call Virtuous, I could never get them by travelling about to ſee Sights and Rarities, as they are accounted: ſo that Vaulting, Riding, Fencing, which ſhould maintain Honour, and defend my Life, is loſt in the ſearch of Novelties, which whirls a Man about as Duſt in a Whirlwind; and his Thoughts are ſo ſcattered about, that his Reaſon and Conſideration can ſettle in no judicious place.

Well, ſaid he, I will turn Courtier, and ſee what Preferment I can get at Court. Whereupon he made himſelf fine Clothes, taking many Pages, Lacqueys, and Grooms, giving Fantaſtical Liveries: and thus being accoutred for a great Prince his Court, he addreſſed himſelf there to uſhering the Ladies, kiſſing their hands, admiring their Beauties, cringing and congying, creeping and crouching to the Favourites; waiting and attending in the Privy-Chamber for the Preſence of the King and Queen; and if he could at any time get a word from the King or Queen (although it were but to call ſuch a one, or to ſpeak to have a back-door ready opened to go into the Garden, or to take Coach privately), he thought himſelf raiſed from a Mole-hill to a Mountain. But after he found his Money was ſpent, and no Preferment was like to come, he conſidered with himſelf what Advantages he had got, or rather loſt.

Here, ſaid he, I waſte my time in hopes of Preferment, which comes by Favour, not by Merit; and, many times, thoſe that deſerve leaſt, have the greateſt Honours caſt upon them. Here I ſpend my Eſtate to grace the Court, and my ſelf to flatter Authority, to maintain Knavery; ſiding in Factions, to rail againſt honeſt Men, to bely my Conſcience; and to what purpoſe is this? for when I am a Bankrupt, I ſhall be deſpiſed and ſcorned, or be their Anvil to knock Jeſts upon.

No, ſaid he, I will ſpend my Eſtate where I ſhall have ſomething for my Money, and be flattered by them that ſhall live upon my Bounty or Vainglory.

Beſides, ſaid he, this is an idle and cowardly life; I will go to the Warrs, and there get me Honour and Reputation. So he fitted himſelf with Arms, Horſes, Tents, Wagons, and the like; and after he had been received by the General very kindly, and with great Civility, he marched with the reſt of the Cavalry; and having paſt two Summers in Marching, Beſiedging, Fighting, Wintering, Quartering, and Purloining, he began to conſider the courſe of life he lived in.

Here, ſaid he, I adventure my Life, running through great Dangers, endure great Miſeries by Colds and Heats, and extream Hunger and Thirſt, breaking my natural Reſt, lying upon the cold and hard

hard Ground, killing thoſe that never did me harm, and offering my ſelf to be killed by thoſe that never did me good; and this I do to get an honourable Fame; whenas, ten thouſand to one, I am caſt into the Grave of Oblivion, amongſt the common Soldiers: for alas, Fame hath not many Puny-Clarks to record every ſeveral Action done by every particular perſon in a great and numerous Army.

Beſides, all the Honour of a Victory redounds to the General, and the Loſſes reflect upon the Common-Soldier and Under-Commanders; beſides, Fortune gives the Triumph, and not Merit.

And what have I gained by all my Travels and Experience? Nay, what have I not loſt? Have I not ſpent a great Sum of Money, endangered my Life both by Sea and Land, waſted my Youth, wearied my Limbs, exhauſted my Spirits with tedious Journeys, my Senſes almoſt choaked with Duſt, or drowned with Wet, lying in Lowſie Inns, eating ſtinking Meat; and ſuffered all the Inconveniences that go along with Travellers; and when they return to their own Countrey, they are no wiſer than when they went out; but oft-times become more compleat and abſolute Fools, bringing vain Faſhions, fantaſtical Garbs, lying Reports, Infectious Diſeaſes, rotten Bodies, Atheiſtical Opinions, ſeared Conſciences, and ſpotted Souls.

Well, ſaid he, I will now return to my Native

Soil, leaving the flattering and diſſembling Courts, the deboiſt Cities, the Cruel Warrs, and never take up Arms more, but when my King and Country calls me to it; nor will I travel more, but when my King and Countrey ſends me forth. But I will lead a Countrey-life, ſtudy Husbandry, follow my Plows, ſell my Cattel and Corn, my Butter and Cheeſe, at Markets and Fayres, kiſs the Countrey Wenches, and carry my Neighbour's Wife to a Tavern when Market is done; live thriftily, and grow rich.

Then taking his leave of the General, he returned to his own Countrey, where after he had viſited his Friends, who were joyed to ſee him, and did welcome him home; he put himſelf into one of his Farm-houſes, ſtocking his Grounds, taking Men-ſervants and Maid-ſervants to follow his Buſineſs; and he himſelf (clothed in a Frieze Jerkin, and a pair of Frieze Breeches, a Frieze pair of Mittins, and a Frieze Mountier-Cap, to keep out ſharp-cold in Winter-mornings, when the Breath freezes between the Teeth) would over-ſee and direct; and was induſtrious to call up his Servants before day-light, and the laſt a-bed when their VVork was done; for in the Summer-time he would be up with the Lark, to mow down his Hay, to reap down his Harveſt, and to ſee his Carts loaded, riding from Cart to Cart; and at Noon would ſit down on his Sheafs of Corn,

Corn or Hay-cocks, eating Bread and Cheeſe, and young Onions, with his Regiment of Work-men, toſſing the black-Leather Bottle, drinking the Healths of the Countrey-Laſſes and Good-wives that dwelt thereabout; and after his Harveſt was brought into his Barns, and his Sheep-ſhearing-time done, make merry (as the cuſtom of the Countrey was) with good Cheer, although Countrey-fare; with Gooſe-Pyes, Pudding-Pyes, Furmity, Cuſtards, Apples, and *March-Beer*; dancing to the Horn-Pipe with the luſty Laſſes, and merry Good-wives, who were dreſt in all their Bravery, in their Stammel Petticoats, and their gray Cloath-Waſtcoats, or white wrought Waſtcoats, with black Woolſtead, and green Aprons; and the Men with Cloath Breeches, and Leather Doublets with Pewter Buttons.

Theſe and the like Recreations the Countrey-people hath mix'd with their hard Labours: When their Stomacks were full, and their Legs weary with dancing, or rather with running and leaping (for their Dances have no nice and difficult Meaſures to tread), they diſperſe every one to their ſeveral Houſes, which are thatch'd, and only Holes cut for Windows; unleſs it be the rich Farmers, and they moſt commonly have a chief Room, which is glazed; yet the poorer ſort are ſeldom without Bacon, Cheeſe, and Butter, to entertain a Friend at any time.

Then giving thanks to the Gentleman for their

good Cheer, and he ſhaking them every one by the hand, they took their leaves; and the next day every one followed their own Labours, as they uſed to do; nor did the Gentleman omit any pains, care, and induſtry in his Affairs, but plyed the Markets, ſelling his Corn, Straw, Hay, Cattle, Cheeſe, Butter, Honey, *&c.*

And after he had followed this way of Husbandry two or three years, caſting up his Accounts, he found that he was rather behind than before-hand in his Eſtate, and that his Husbandry did not amount ſo high as the Rents he had from his Tenants, when he did let them.

Alas, ſaid he, Have I taken all this pains, riſing early, following my buſineſs hard all day, making my ſelf a Slave to the Muck of the Earth, to become poorer than I was! It's hard, when thoſe that take my Lands, pay me great Rents, and not only live themſelves and their Families thereon, but grow rich into the bargain; and I cannot make ſo much as my Rent, when I take as much pains, and am as induſtrious as they are. Then being in a cholerick Humour (as they are moſt commonly that thrive not), and vexing at the Servants round his Houſe for their careleſneſs and idleneſs, in a melancholy humour he would walk out into his Fields; and going once by a Neighbour's Cottage, where only lived an old Man, and his old Wife; he ſaw her ſtanding

ſtanding at the door, fanning ſome Corn in a little Basket:

By your leave, Good-wife, ſaid he; You are fanning your Gleanings?

God bleſs you, my good Maſter, ſaid ſhe, and all that belongs to you: Truly, ſaid ſhe, I am ſifting a little Corn from the Husks, to boil for my good Man's Supper and mine, who will come home weary and hungry from his day's labour: We are old, Maſter, ſaid ſhe, and Labour goeth hard with us now; but in our younger days it was like a Recreation, when our Bodies were young and ſtrong, and our Spirits lively: but now, our Bodies being weak, and our Spirits faint, it is a toil and an affliction to us: but we muſt work whilſt we live, for we have nothing but our Labours to feed us, and clothe us, God help us, ſaid ſhe.

Well, ſaid he, I will be charitable, and ſee if that will make me thrive; and told her, he would allow her a Weekly-ſtipend.

Why, the bleſſing of God (ſaid ſhe) rain down plentifully on your Life, and Eternal Joys in Heaven, after you are dead.

But I wonder, ſaid he, you could not get ſo much by your Labour in your younger days, to ſerve to maintain you when you were old.

O Maſter, ſaid ſhe, ſome have too little to thrive on, and ſome have too much; but thoſe that have

nothing but from hand to mouth, can never lay up, becauſe they eat up what they get; and there can be no ſtore without ſome ſavings: They that have more than they can manage themſelves, are deſtroyed by thoſe that help them; for many mouths eat them up, and many hands work them out: beſides, they are ever cozened and cheated in every Office; their Reapers ſteal ſheaves of Corn; for whilſt the Maſters watch one end of the Field, there are ſheaves flung over the Hedg at the other end; and their Sons, Daughters, Servants, Friends, or Partners, that help to ſhare, convey it away; and if they miſs it in the Field, they will have it when it goeth home in the Cart; for whilſt the Maſter goeth home with one Cart, the other that goeth before, or cometh behind, is purloined: when he is in the Barn, they rob him in the Field; when he is in the Field, they rob him in the Barn: beſides, their Threſhers carry home Corn in their Bottles and Bags, or hide it in ſome out-corner until they go home. They are cozened in their Garners: for though they do keep the Keys themſelves, yet when it is fann'd, ſifted, and turned, they muſt watch as a Cat doth a Mouſe, or elſe they will loſe it; and if they grind their Corn, the Miller ſteals his ſhare, and when they go to ſow the ſeed in the ploughed up ground, if the Maſter doth not follow the Plough and Harrow, and watch the hand that flings in the Corn, they

they will throw handfuls in heaps, to gather it up when he is gone home; and for their Kine and Sheep, their Maids will ſell their Milk in the Fields; and when their Maſters and Miſtreſſes are gone to Bed, although they ſaw them go before, they will riſe in the middle of the night when they are aſleep, and skim their Bowls of the firſt Cream. In their Meadows and Paſtures, the Neighbours will put their Cattel to feed on their Graſs in the night, and take them out before the day. Beſides, the Servants they ſend to Markets, will drink out the gains, and then complain to their Maſters, that Proviſions came ſo thick, and Buyers ſo few, that they were forced to ſell at under-rates; and, that Plenty deſtroyed the Market; ſo that *Robbin* and *Dick*, *Jone* and *Gill*, make merry with what their Maſter loſes: and ſo the like in all other Commodities. The Shepherd ſteals the Twin-Lambs; the Swineherd the tenth Pig; the Net-herd will mix ſtrange Steers in amongſt his Maſter's to graſs, knowing his Maſter cannot have ſo much time as to count his own every day: and when the Barns, and the Ploughs, and the Carts want mending, and repairing, his Baylie cuts down two Trees, or more, when leſs than one will ſerve the turn; and the Carpenter makes more and greater Chips than he needs to do; or carries pieces of Wood home amongſt his Tools: likewiſe, his Carters ſteal his Oats, and makes his Horſes faſt,

and flings down more Truſſes of Hay from the Loft, than they need to uſe: the Butchers ſteal the Tallow out of the Oxe's, the Sheep's, and Swine's Belly, whilſt they rip them up, unleſs they be watch'd: Wherefore he that Husbands much, had need have *Argus* Eyes, to watch in every corner, and to ſpy into every action; and *Briareus* hands, to help at every turn; and more than one pair of Legs, to walk into every place, or elſe he ſhall never thrive.

But he that hath no more Ground than he can ride about every day, nor more Servants than what his two Eyes can obſerve, nor more Labourers than what he can diligently follow, nor more Catte than what he can eaſily count, nor more Mouths than Buſineſs; this Man ſhall thrive ſo, as to be able to pay his Landlord's Rent, to maintaintain his Family, and have Money in his Purſe to lay out upon a good Bargain, when many a good Worſhipful Gentleman is fain to borrow, and find more wants in his Abundance, than the other in his hired Farm; and thoſe are the happieſt Maſters (ſaid ſhe) that have not many nor high deſires, and can be content with a little, and whoſe Wants are not above their Means.

The Gentleman ſaid, I have travelled far, and have ſeen and heard much; yet I have learnt more experience from you, than I have done in all my tedious

tedious and expenſive Travels: wherefore (ſaid he) I find we go far about to ſeek for that which is at home; and for your Learned Diſcourſe (ſaid he) here is a Crown to make your Husband welcome when he comes home.

Heaven ſend you a good Wife, ſaid ſhe; and may you live together as old as *Methuſelah*, and as loving as *Iſaac* and *Rebecca*.

So home he went, and by the way he conſidered what the old Woman had told him. I find, ſaid he, her words true; for I have taken more Buſineſs upon me than I can manage: wherefore I will ſell off my Stock, and lett my Lands again, only keep ſo much as ſhall ſerve me for Proviſion for my private Expence; and I will get me a Wife, who ſhall not be ſo handſome as to be proud of her Beauty, ſeeking ways to ſhew it to the World; and whilſt ſhe ſtrives to ſhew her ſelf, out of a deſire to have all Eyes gaze at her, and to incaptivate all Hearts, ſhe may chance to be catch'd in Love's Net her ſelf with ſome flattering Youth, or ignorant Coxcomb, who are only crafty to lay Lime-twigs to catch ſimple Women.

Neither will I have one with a great Portion, for ſhe will ſo preſume upon what ſhe brought, and be ſo extravagant in her Expences and Vanities, (which are like *Hydra*'s heads, where if one be ſtruck off, two will riſe in the room) and will not

be contented to ſpend her own, but my Eſtate alſo.

Nor will I have one that is poor, for then her beggarly Kinred will lye upon my Eſtate like ſo many Caterpillars, and never leave until they have deſtroyed the Fruit, Tree, and all.

But I will have one that is Right Worſhipful, born Honorably, bred Chaſt, and of a good Reputation, has a competent Portion, is young, and indifferently handſom; and one that is cleanly, thrifty, and patient, with a ſober behaviour, and a modeſt Countenance, has ſo much wit as to underſtand my Diſcourſe, and ſo much Diſcourſe as to anſwer pertinently to my Queſtions, is without ſelf-conceit, and of ſo much ingenuity as to learn the rules of my will; then I will live to my ſelf, ſeeking all moderate Delights for my Senſes, and not be as a Property to ſerve others, cramming a Company of idle People, as they do Capons, with the fat of my Eſtate, and I their Hoſt to provide their Meat and Drink, and their Servant to place their Diſhes before them, and their Drudg to make my Houſe clean after they are gone; and have nothing for my labour but their Satyrical Reports, ſaying I am vain-glorious and prodigal: and when my kind heart and courteous civility hath made me Bankrupt, they will laugh at my Perſon, condemn my Actions, ſcorn my Poverty, ſhun my

Miſe-

Miſeries, and will blot me out of their remembrance: for Ingratitude, or any other Vice or Wickedneſs, ſeldom hath, and hates returning-thoughts. Neither will I ſpend my time in deciding my Neighbours fooliſh Quarrels; for Time is precious, being ſhort, though it meaſures the full life of Man; and I ſhall have in recompence, only the honourable Name of *Juſtice of Peace in Quorum*, which is nothing but a ſound, and no real and ſubſtantial thing; neither would I have the trouble for all the Poultry in the Countrey: wherefore, I will have nothing to do in Court, City, or Countrey; but obey the Laws, though not to execute them as a ſubordinate Magiſtrate; I will ſubmit to Authority, but not ſit in Authority.

At laſt, with theſe Contemplations and Diſcourſes to himſelf, he arrived to his own Houſe: ſo after Supper, with muſing thoughts, he went to Bed.

The next day he ſent to an intimate Friend to come to dine with him; and after dinner he told him his intent of diſcharging himſelf of the trouble and loſs of Husbandry: withall, he told him a deſign he had to marry, and deſired him to ſeek him out a good Wife; relating what manner of Woman he would have her to be.

His Friend ſaid, I will do my beſt to ſearch out ſuch a one as may ſympathize with your Humour. But I do wonder, ſaid he, you ſhould think of Mar-

riage now; for you ſhould have wedded a Wife when you were in the prime and ſtrength of your Age, about the years of four or five and twenty, and not ſtay until you are eight or nine and forty, when weakneſs and ſickneſs is ready to ſeize on you.

He anſwered and ſaid, That young Men, wanting the Experience of time, choſe by Fancy, and not with judgment: beſides, they knew not how to prize Chaſtity, nor honour the Virtues of their Wives, having no experience of the Falſhood and Inconſtancy which dwells in that Sex, or rather that was created with Women, as being the Eſſence of their Natural Diſpoſitions; ſo that Chaſtity is to be accounted as ſupernatural; and if my Wife had been inclined to Honeſty, yet the Vanities and Debaucheries of my Fantaſtical Youth, might have miſled her Youth, and have corrupted her pure Mind, and innocent Life, by my ill Example.

Beſides, If I had married whilſt I was young, it is likely I ſhould have been weary of my Wife before ſhe had been old; and my Children might have been weary of me before I had been old: but now I am old enough to govern a young Wife by my ſober Example, and my ſolid Inſtructions, and gentle Perſwaſions; and to prize her Chaſtity ſo, as to truſt her without a jealous Spye, and to honour her

her Virtue, to love her Perſon, to maintain her Honour, to provide for her and her Family, to chuſe her Delights, and to direct her Life: Thus I may be happy in my Age, by not marrying when I was young.

Well, ſaid his Friend, I will travel all the Countrey over to chuſe you a fit Wife.

Pray, ſaid he, let me give you ſome certain Rules along with you.

Firſt, I would not have her a meer Countrey-Gentlewoman; for ſhe ſeldom ſeeing any other Men but her Father's Steward, Butler, or Carters, with their Frieze Jerkins, and Leather Breeches; if ſhe ſhould come to ſee a flanting young Gallant bedaub'd with Gold and Silver Lace (or ſay it were Copper) ſhe will be ſo raviſh'd in admiration, that ſhe will yeeld upon the meaneſt condition he can make; nay, a Gentleman-Uſher, with a pair of Silk Stockins, will beſet her hard. Wherefore, let me have one that dwells in the Countrey, that hath ſeen the City, that hath ſeen the Court, Plays, and Maſques; but not ſo well acquainted with them, as to know their enticing-Vanities, or tempting-Vices.

Then, I would have her ſuch a one, whoſe Parents have bred her rather to a Superfluity, than in pinching-Neceſſity; for Neceſſity teaches Youth to diſſemble and ſhark; and when they come to com-

mand Plenty, they have no ſtay of their Prodigality and Luxury; but juſt like thoſe that are almoſt ſtarved for want of Meat and Drink, throw ſo much into theStomach,that many times it cauſeth a ſudden death, or elſe a dangerous ſickneſs. But thoſe whoſe breedings have known no want, have no mean nor baſe deſires; for plenty opens the door to generoſity, and raiſes the mind to high and noble ſpeculations, which produceth honourable actions, deſpiſeth unneceſſary vanities, loves magnanimity, and hates crouching flattery, or baſe diſſembling actions, which Plenty ſeldom knows, having no uſe thereof.

Another thing, you muſt obſerve her humour, and have a care ſhe be not of a peeviſh diſpoſition, for they are pleaſed at no time, but fall out with every thing, even with themſelves; and not only make their own unhappineſs, but of all thoſe that live near them; they will croſs all diſcourſe, be it never ſo rational; oppoſe all actions, be they never ſo juſt; delight in no place to live in, be it never ſo convenient; but all their Life is made up with croſſes, and their mind is inſnared with unneceſſary troubles.

Truly, ſaid his Friend, your Rules by which I am to meaſure a Wife, are ſo ſtrait, as all my induſtry will never fit you.

So

So his Friend left him to court his Contemplations, whilſt he went to ſearch for a Fruition. After a ſhort time, he ſent him word in a Letter, thus:

SIR,

I Have found a young Lady, who has the Reputation of being Virtuous; born from an Ancient Stock, and Honoured Race; carefully bred, and well qualified; her Portion is ſmall, her Friends are not poor; ſhe has enough Beauty to delight a temperate Mind; ſhe ſeems to be of a cheerful Diſpoſition, and makes me believe ſhe can love an Ancient Man, if (ſays ſhe) his Merit equals his years: but (ſaid ſhe) I will be wooed before I am wed. Wherefore, if you will marry, you muſt viſit the Lady; and as you do both like, you may agree: Howſoever, I durſt not ſtrike up the Bargain before you ſee her, for fear you ſhould diſlike my Market, being the firſt Commodity of this kind, and of this nature, I ever cheapned. So good Fortuue direct you.

After he had received this Letter, he put himſelf into a Wooing-Equipage; and ſo compleat he was in Apparel and Attendants, that the ſame Eyes that had ſeen him when he followed his Huſbandry, and ſhould view him now, would forſwear they had ever ſeen him before. Such alterations

fine Clothes and many Followers make.

The young Lady, who expects his company, makes her ſelf fine to entertain him; the whilſt her Friends trim up the Houſe, direct their Servants how to wait, and provide good Cheer to bid him welcome.

At laſt a Servant comes running in, to give notice the Noble Gentleman was come; which as ſoon as the young Lady heard, the report gave her the Palpitation of the Heart, which cauſed a trembling over the whole Body, and fear and baſhfulneſs made her Colour to riſe and fall: but hemming up thoſe Spirits that Fear had depreſs'd, ſetling her Countenance to the beſt advantage for her Face, ſhe ſtood with as much reſolution as her weak Confidence would give her leave, to receive his Addreſſes; whom he no ſooner ſaw, but loved; liking her by report, before he came. After he had ſaluted her, he thus ſpake:

Lady, I come not to woo you as a wanton Lover; for neither my Years, nor your Modeſty, will allow it: neither do I come a Suiter to your Beauty, but your Virtue; and I wiſh I were ſuch a one as might merit your Affection: but ſince I cannot promiſe you to be ſuch as I wiſh to be; you will do a meritorious Action, to take me out of Charity, ſince I love you devoutly.

Sir,

Sir, anſwered ſhe, *I wiſh I were worth a valuable Affection, ſuch as I prize yours to be: I am not yet acquainted with your Merit by Experience, but by Report: and though the Ears are the Doors that let in the trueſt Affections, yet I will not bar my Eyes, but they ſhall ſtand as open, as free, though not the only paſſage to my Heart. And I wiſh Reaſon may rule the Objects of my Affections, that are gathered together: for it is not ſafe to love a Man for one good Quality; but as many ſeveral Cauſes produce but one Effect; ſo, many ſeveral good Qualities, produce one entire Affection.*

When they had diſcourſed themſelves (after this manner) out of breath, the Gentleman was directed to his Chamber, where he laid by his Riding-Cloak, ſhifted his Boots, bruſh'd his Hat, comb'd his Hair, and ſet himſelf in order, waited on by an old Servant, who was buſie about him, and one that had been with him in all his Travels, and was his Favourite.

What think you, *Jack*, (ſaid he) of a young Miſtreſs to your old Maſter?

In troth, anſwered he, I think my Maſter thinks well of a young Miſtreſs.

The Maſter ſaith, The young Lady hath a modeſt Countenance, which is a ſign ſhe wil make a good Wife.

So is a Buſh, ſaid the Man, hung out of a Tavern, a Sign of good Wine, but it often deceives the Cuſtomers. But in troth, ſaid he, I am like one that's dry, with ſeeing another drink thirſtily; for I have a mind to a Wife, now I perceive your Worſhip reſolves to marry.

Why, *Jack*, (ſaid he) you may woo the Chamber-Maid.

He anſwered: But, Sir, the queſtion is, Whether the Chamber-Maid is as diſcreet as her Miſtreſs, to marry a Man in years; for I am as old as your Worſhip: beſides, if ſhe be not young, I ſhall not like her; for I would imitate your Worſhip in every thing: but the beſt of it is, if ſhe be old, ſhe will not like me; for an old Woman deſires to marry a young Man; and when their Teeth are fallen out of their Head with Age, yet they will ſnicker upon a Beardleſs Boy.

Thus, whilſt the Maſter was trimming himſelf up, his Man and he diſcourſed.

In the mean while, the young Lady was gone into her Chamber; and called her Maid to bring her the Glaſs, and to view if the Curls of her Hair were in order.

O Lord, ſaid ſhe, *Joan*, how red my Face is! I ſeem as if I were drunk, my Cheeks burn like fire; you told me the other day, I was in the Green-ſickneſs; you cannot think ſo now.

She

She anſwered, By my troth, Miſtreſs, the Gentleman's Diſcourſe hath painted your Cheeks; pray Miſtreſs, ſaith ſhe, doth he talk finely?

He talks rationally, anſwered her Miſtreſs?

Is he a handſome Man, ſaid ſhe?

The Miſtreſs ſaid, He has a Manly Garb, and a Wiſe Countenance, and then he cannot be ill-favoured.

I pray Miſtreſs, ſaid ſhe, how doth he ſeem to like you?

Truly, *Joan*, ſaid ſhe, I cannot tell; he did not frown; he ſeemed well pleaſed: yet I believe I behaved my ſelf ſimply, for I was extreamly out of countenance; and ſhame-fac'dneſs reſtrains the Words, and diſorders the Behaviour, and many times makes one fall into ſuch ridiculous Errors, that it is hard to get out of them.

O Miſtreſs, ſaid ſhe, Youth can commit no Errors to be condemned, for all their follies are caſt on their few years, and their ſimplicity are Graces in the eyes of their Lovers.

In the time while they were diſcourſing, her Servant had found out the way to her Chamber; whom when ſhe ſaw him, ſhe flung away her Glaſs.

He told her, ſhe did ill to lay aſide that which did preſent her the beſt Object, her ſelf.

She anſwered, His Civility might prove Bribes to Self-conceit, and perſwade her Eyes to be Im-

partial Judges: but, ſaid ſhe, if I can make my Mind fair, I care not how my Face appears.

But, after a ſhort time, growing more acquainted, they left their Complemental Wooing, and diſcours'd more ſeriouſly concerning the courſe of life they did intend to ſettle in.

He ſaid, I have heard by the Writing of Wiſe *Solomon*, That the only happineſs in this life, is, to eat, and drink, and ſleep in peace; and that all things elſe are weariſomneſs and vexation of ſpirit: and truly, ſaid he, that little Experience I have, though I have travelled a great way, and into many places, proves it ſo to me: but, finding a good Wife muſt be added to compleat the happineſs, I reſolved to marry: but the danger is, if the Wife proves not according to the Man's deſire, then his life is cloſed up in Miſery; yet I cannot believe my Fate ſo ill, ſince I ſaw you.

She ſaid, I can only ſay this for my ſelf, I ſhall be a very honeſt Woman: but for all other good qualities, which are the Ingredients to make up a good Wife, I cannot promiſe; but what Errors my ignorant ſimplicity may be apt to commit, it may be rectified by your wiſe Admonitions.

Then he told her, The quicker they did diſpatch their Marriage, the ſooner they ſhould be happy; but, ſaid he, I find your Friends deſire a publick VVedding, great ſtore of Company, Muſick, and good Cheer. I muſt

I muſt confeſs, Company and Muſick fits the Years of Youth; but they are not ſeemly Companions for the Gravity of Age: and to ſee a Man in years dance, is as if his Head and his Heels were miſ-match'd, the one is too light for the other; and it is ſeldom known, that a wiſe Brain is propt with Dancing-Legs; and if I put my ſelf where ſuch Paſtimes are exerciſed, I muſt run the hazzard of being rude, in denying thoſe that offer to take me out; or render my ſelf ridiculous, which I would not willingly do, eſpecially before you.

Beſides, it is more Comely, Noble, and Majeſtical, for Youth to follow the ſtrict and ſevere Rules of Age, than for Age to follow the leight Meaſures, Fantaſtical Garbs, and vain Rules of Youth.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, As I chuſe Age for the beſt to lead my life withall, ſo I ſhall chuſe Aged Counſellors to direct all my Actions; and though I am young, I do not approve of the ways of Youth; neither do I find any ſolid Mirth, or laſting Contentment, in their Recreations or Paſtimes.

He ſaid, You ſpeak according to my own Soul, and I hope Nature did create us for one another, and Deſtiny will link our Affections ſo faſt, that neither change of Time nor Fortune can alter them; and that our Loves will live in the Grave, when our Bodies be dead.

So in two or three days all Contracts were con-

firmed, and the Match was concluded with the approbation of all Friends of either ſide; married they were, and in a ſhort time after he carried her to his Houſe, there made her Miſtreſs of his Eſtate; and whilſt he governed his outward Affairs, ſhe governed the Family at home, where they lived plentifully, pleaſantly, and peaceably; not extravagantly, vain-gloriouſly, and luxurioufly; they lived neat and cleanly, they loved paſſionately, thrived moderately; and happily they lived, and piouſly dyed.

The She-Anchoret.

THERE was a Widower who had but one Child, and ſhe a Daughter; which Daughter he bred with Pious Devotions, Moral Inſtructions, and Wiſe Advertiſements; but he falling ſick to death, called his Daughter unto him, and thus ſpake to her:

Farewell my deareſt Child, for dye I muſt;
My Soul muſt flye, my Body turn to duſt:
My only care is, that I leave thee young,
To wander in the World, Mankind among;
Few of them charitable are, or kind;
Nor bear they in their Breaſt a Noble Mind,
To help the Fatherleſs, or pity Youth,
Protect the Innocent, maintain the Truth:

But all their time's ſpent with laborious toil,
For to pervert, to ruin, and to ſpoil.
Flatter thy Beauty, and thy Youth betray,
To give thy Heart, and Virgin-flower away.
They will profeſs love, vow to be thy Friend,
Marriage will promiſe; yet they will pretend
Their Friends will angry be, or elſe they'l ſay,
Their Land's engag'd, they firſt their Debts muſt pay;
Or elſe that they during ſome time of life,
Have made a Vow, Not yet to take a Wife:
And twenty ſuch Excuſes they will find
For to deceive the ſimple Female-Kind.
And if you marry, Troubles you will find,
Pains, Griefs, and Cares, to vex a quiet Mind.
But here I charge you (lying in Death's Arms)
That you do ſtop your Ears againſt their Charms:
Live chaſt and holy, ſerve the Gods above,
They will protect thee for thy zealous Love.

Daughter.

I will obey whatever you command:
Although you dye, your will ſhall fixed ſtand.

Father.

Next, I do charge thee, Not to grieve nor mourn,
Since no redreſs will from the Grave return.

Daughter.

O do not ſo, ſaid ſhe;
But give Grief leave to flow out of my Eyes;
For if it be ſuppreſt, the Body dyes:
Whilſt now you live, great wrong y'uld think you have,
If I ſhould ſit and laugh upon your Grave;
Or with neglect ſhould I your Grave paſs by,
And ne're take notice where your Aſhes lye.

Father.

You cannot hinder Deſtiny's Decree.

Daughter.

O no! but Nature, Nature ſtill will be:
Nature created Love within the Mind;
The Object dead, the Paſſion ſtill is kind.
Had I as many Lives as Nature make,
I'de lay them on Death's Altar for your ſake.
That ſingle one I have, O Heavens me hear!
Exchange it for my Father's Life ſo dear:
But when her Father found that Death drew on,
He bid her lay her Hand his Eyes upon.

Father.

Cloſe up my Eyes, ſaid he, *and then receive*
Upon thy Lips my laſt Breath, let me breathe.
When he was dead, ſh' amaz'd, long time ſate ſtill;
At laſt bethought her of her Father's Will:

Then

Then up ſhe roſe, his Body did entomb;
And how ſhe ſpent her Life, rehearſe I'le ſoon.

The Deſcription of her Life in Proſe.

AFTER ſhe had interred her Father's Corps, although ſhe had rich, honourable, and importunate Suiters; yet ſhe reſolved to live like a kind of an *Anchoret*'s Life, living encloiſtered by her ſelf alone, vowing Chaſtity, and a Single-life; but gave leave for any to ſpeak to her through a Grate. When ſhe went firſt into her ſolitary Habitation, ſhe thus ſpake:

Virtues are ſeveral Pathes which lead to Heaven;
And they which tread theſe Pathes, have Graces given:
Repentant-tears allay the Duſt of Pride;
And pious Sighs doth blow vain Thoughts aſide:
Sorrow and Grief, which in the Heart doth lye,
Doth cloud the Mind, as Thunder doth the Skie:
But when in Thundring-groans it breaketh out,
The Mind grows clear, the Sun of Joy peeps out.
This pious Life I now reſolve to lead,
Will in my Soul both Joy and Comfort breed.

She had not been long encloſed, but ſhe grew as famous as *Diogenes* in his Tub; all ſorts of people reſorted to her, to hear her ſpeak; and not only to

hear her ſpeak, but to get knowledg, and to learn wiſdom: for ſhe argued rationally, inſtructed judiciouſly, admoniſhed prudently, and perſwaded piouſly; applying and directing her Diſcourſe according to the ſeveral Studies, Profeſſions, Grandeurs, Ages, and Humours of her Auditory.

The firſt that came to her, were *Natural Philoſophers*; who asked her Opinion of Man's Soul: of which ſhe diſcourſed in this manner:

She ſaid, Man hath three different Natures or Faculties; A Senſitive Body, Animal Spirits, and a Soul: This Soul is a kind of Deity in it ſelf, to direct and guide thoſe things that are far above it, and to create by Invention; and though it hath not an abſolute Power over it ſelf, yet it is an harmonious and abſolute thing in it ſelf: and though the Senſitive Body hath a relation to it, yet no other ways than *Jove*'s Manſion hath unto *Jove*; for the Body is only the reſiding-place, and the Animal Spirits are as the Angels of the Soul, which are Meſſengers and Intelligencers: All Animal Creatures have not this Soul, but only Man; for Beaſts have none; nor every Man: for moſt Men are Beaſts, and have only a Senſitive Body, and Animal Spirits, as Beaſts have: but none know when this Soul is out or in the Body, but the Gods: and not only other Bodies and

and Spirits cannot know; but the Body where it reſides, and the attending-ſpirits, are ignorant thereof: for this Soul is as inviſible to the Body and the Animal Spirits, as the Gods to Men; for, though this kind of Soul knows, and hath intelligence by the Senſes, and by the Animal Spirits; yet the Senſes nor Animal Spirits have none from the Soul: for, as Gods know Men, but Men know not Gods; ſo this Soul knows the Senſes and Animal Spirits, but the Senſes nor Animal Spirits know not this Soul.

Then they asked her, Whether Souls were Immortal?

She anſwered, That only the Life was Immortal, from whence all Souls are derived.

Then they asked her, What Deities ſhe thought there were?

She anſwered, She thought but one, which was the Father of all Creatures, and Nature the Mother; he being the Life, and Nature the only Matter; which Life and Matter produceth Motion; and Figure, various Succeſſions, Creations, and Diſſolutions.

Then they asked her, What ſhe thought *Time* was?

She ſaid, *Time* was only the Variation and Alteration of Nature; for *Time* is only in reſpect to Creations, Alterations, and Diſſolutions.

Then they asked her, What Eternal was?

She anſwered, An endleſs Succeſſion.

Then they asked her, What Infinite was?

She ſaid, A Numberleſs Succeſſion: but, ſaid ſhe, Eternal is in reſpect to Infinite, as Infinite to Eternal.

Then they asked her, Whether ſhe thought there were fixt Decrees, or all were governed by Chance?

She anſwered, That doubtleſs there were fixt Decrees, as Light, Darkneſs, Growth, Decay; as Youth, Age, Pain, Pleaſure, Life, Death, and ſo in every thing elſe, for ought my Reaſon can perceive. For, ſaid ſhe, as Nature creates by Diſſolution, and diſſolves by Creation; ſo the Diattical Life (ſays ſhe) decrees Rules, and ruleth by Decrees.

Then they asked her, What was Chance and Fortune?

Chances (ſaid ſhe) are viſible Effects from hidden Cauſes; and Fortune, a conjunction of many ſufficient Cauſes to produce ſuch an Effect; ſince that Effect could not be produced, did there want any one of thoſe Cauſes, by reaſon all of them together were but ſufficient to produce; but that one Effect, many times, produces many Effects upon ſeveral Subjects; and that one Effect, like the Sun, ſtreams out into ſeveral rays, darting upon ſeveral Subjects:

Subjects: and again, as the Sun ſcorches and burns ſome things, and warms and comforts others; ſo this Effect advances ſome, and caſts down others; cures ſome, and kills others; and when the Cauſes vary, and the Effects alter, it is called Change of Fortune.

Then they asked her, Whether ſhe thought Faith could naturally produce any Effect?

She anſwered, That in her opinion it might: for, ſaid ſhe, why may not Faith, which is an undoubted Belief, joined to ſuch a ſubject, produce or beget an Effect, as well as a Seed ſown or ſet in the Earth, produceth a Flower, a Tree, or the like; or as one Creature begets another; eſpecially if the Faith, and Subject whereon it is placed, have a ſympathy; but by reaſon (ſaid ſhe) Faith is not ſo cuſtomary a way of producing, as other ways are, it cauſeth many Doubts, which Doubts are like cold Northern Winds, or ſharp biting Froſts, which nip and kill the Buds of Faith, which ſeldom or never lets the Effects come to perfection.

Then they asked, VVhat the Sun was?

She anſwered, A Body of Fire.

Then they asked her, VVhat Light was?

She anſwered, Light was enflamed Air.

They ſaid, That if Light was enflamed Air, it would burn all things, and ſo conſume the World.

She anſwered, That in thin Bodies Fire had but little power to burn; for the thinneſs of the Matter weakens the power of the Strength, which cauſeth Flame (ſaid ſhe) to be of no great Heat: for, the hot Flames do rather ſindg than burn; and the thinner the ſubſtance is that is ſet on fire, the purer the Flame is; and the purer the Flame is, the leſs Heat it gives; as the Flame of *Aqua-vitæ*, that may be eaten with Sops.

Then they asked her, What Air was?

She anſwered, That Air was the Smoak produced from Heat and Moiſture: For Air, ſaid ſhe, is a thin Oyl, which is ſet on fire by the fiery Sun; or is like a fiery Subſtance, and fiery Motions, whoſe Flame is light.

Then they asked her what Darkneſs was?

She anſwered, Darkneſs was the abſence of Light.

And then they asked, why it was dark immediately, when the paſſage of Light was ſtopped, and that if it were inflamed Air, it would burn and give Light, as long as that inflamed Air laſted.

She anſwered, that when the fiery Rays that iſſued from the Sun were cut off, the flame went out; for ſaid ſhe, it is not the Air, that feeds the Flame, but the fire that is in the Flame, and when that Fire is ſpent or taken away, the Flame dyes; this is the reaſon, ſaid ſhe, that as ſoon as the

Rayes

Rays of the Fire is cut off, or ſhut out, or taken away, it is dark; and when they are eclipſed, the Light is dull and dim: but, as I ſaid before, Light is only Air, ſet on flame by the fiery Sun; and the Bleweſt Sky, is the thinneſt Flame, being the pureſt Air; and juſt as if we ſhould carry a Candle away, we carry the light alſo, which is the Flame; ſo doth the Sun: and as we bring a Candle, or the like, into a Room, we bring in the light; ſo doth the Sun: Where the Fire is, there is the greateſt light; and when a Screen is ſet before it, the light is eclipſed: and when kindled Fire (as a Candle, or the like) is carried quite from the place, it leaves as great a darkneſs as if it were put out: juſt ſo doth the Sun, (which is the World's Candle) when it goeth down, draweth away the light, which is the Flame; and as it riſeth, it bringeth in the Fire, which cauſeth the Flame; and when it is high-Noon, then is the brighteſt light, as caſting no ſhadows, if nought Eclipſes it; and when Clouds get before it, it is Eclipſed, as with a Screen; and when it is quite removed to another part of the World, it doth as if it went into another Room or Chamber, leaving no light behind it: for twi-light is cauſed from the Rays of the Sun: for, though the Body of the Sun is gone from off ſuch a part of the Earth, yet the Rays (which are the ſpreading part of Fire) are not quite drawn away as ſoon as the Sun; for

as thoſe Rays uſher the Sun-riſing, ſo they follow the Sun-ſetting: and though theſe Rays of Fire (which are the Beams of the Sun) enflame the Air; yet not ſo bright as the Body of the Sun doth: and where the Sun is gone ſo far as the Beams cannot reach, that part of it becomes dark. It is not the groſs Clouds (as ſome think) make twi-light; for we ſee a cloudy day makes the twi-light ſeem ſhorter, though it be not; and it is by reaſon they eclipſe the enflamed Air; for Clouds are rather Vapour than Air: and though Vapour and Air have ſome relation, the like hath Vapour and Water; and Vapour, when it is gathered into the Clouds, doth rather eclipſe than prolong light.

They ſaid, That if the Light was Flame, the Vapoury Clouds might quench it out.

She anſwered, That although Vapour could eclipſe the Light, it could not put out the light of the Sun: 'tis true, ſaid ſhe, it may and doth often allay the fiery heat in the Rays; for ſome days will be cooler than other days, although the Sun be higher; and ſome will be cooler than others, although in the ſame degree of the Sun, by reaſon of low Mariſh Grounds, or near great Rivers, from whence Vapours ariſe: But though the Vapour may abate the heat in the Rays, as the enflamed Air, and eclipſe the light either of Miſts or Fogs, or when they are gathered into Clouds, yet they

can

can neither put out the light, nor quench out the heat of the Sun, which is the Fountain of both, no more than a drop of Water can quench a Houſe on fire. The Sun is a World of bright ſhining Fire, from which other Worlds receive both light and heat. 'Tis true, if there could be ſuch a quantity of Water as could equal the Sun's power, it might quench the Sun, unleſs the Sun be an eternal Fire. But as for Vapour, were there a greater quantity than what ariſes from the Earth, it could not change the natural property of the Sun: beſides, Vapour is of a middle nature, as betwixt Water and Air; for by the rarifaction it is not ſo groſs nor ſo wet as Water; nor rarified ſo much as to be as thin and dry as Air.

Then they asked her, What ſhe thought of thoſe that were of the opinion, That under the Line it was uninhabitable, through an extream heat.

She ſaid, She thought they were like thoſe that were blind of one eye, which ſaw perfectly on the one ſide, but not on the other: for their Reaſon diſcovered there was a great Heat, but it did not diſcover the refreſhing-Winds and moiſtning-Dews which are conſtantly in that place; which Winds and Dews quench the fiery heat, which makes it temperate; for, Heat and Cold make an equal temper, when they are equal in degrees: and becauſe there is twelve hours night, and twelve day; there is

as much Cold as Heat; for the Dews and the Winds join'd with the Night, makes it temperate; but if it were not for the equal hours, and thoſe Dews and Winds, it would be, as they thought it was, inſufferably hot; but they wanted information concerning the Dews and the Wind, and did not throughly conſider when they miſs'd the Night.

Then they asked her the reaſon of the light of Glow-worms Tails?

She anſwered, That it was probable the pureſt, thinneſt, and oileſt extracted parts of the Body, were in the Tail, which the radical Fire enflamed, which Flame was Light; and (ſaid ſhe) the Worm having no ſolid Bones, tough Sinews, firm Fleſh, groſs Blood, or thick Skin in that part, to obſtruct or eclipſe the light, it viſibly ſhines in the Night when the Sun is gone, whoſe greateſt light drowns all other leſſer lights: and the reaſon it ſhines ſome times, and not others, may be ſome outward cauſe that eclipſes it from our ſight, as a little Cloud will do the Sun; whereas a much ſmaller Vapour, or the like cauſe, will ſerve to obſcure the light of the Glow-worms Tail: and certainly, ſaid ſhe, if we could ſee through the Bodies of Animals, and likewiſe through their Skull, as eaſily as the Glow-worms Tail, we ſhould ſee (ſaid ſhe) a much brighter flame in the Heart and the Brain; which flame is the

the light of Knowledg; and the ſeveral Objects that the Senſes bring in, are there viſibly perceived; theſe Lights Sickneſs eclipſes, and Death puts out.

Then they asked her, What the Moon was?

She anſwered, A Body of Water; and the ſeveral Changes (ſaid ſhe) is the ebbing and flowing thereof, which makes it fuller ſometimes in one part of the Circle, than in the other; and when it is High-tide, we ſay it is Full Moon; and when it is Low-tide, it is in the Wane; and as it encreaſes, or decreaſes, we ſay it is in the Firſt, Second, or Third Quarter.

Then they asked her, What made it give light?

She ſaid, The Sun's Reflexion thereon: for you may obſerve (ſaid ſhe), that as the Water ſhines with the Reflexions or Beams of the Sun, ſo doth the Moon, as we ſay, with a Watriſh light; and (ſaid ſhe) it is more or leſs light, as that ſide next to the Sun is ſwelled fuller, or ebbed lower.

Then they asked her of the reſt of the Planets?

She ſaid, She believed that *Venus* Starr was a Body of Water, as the Moon was; but for the other Planets (ſaid ſhe) I take them to be Earthly Bodies; but not ſuch as our Globe is, but much finer, and of as great a difference (ſaid ſhe) as be-

tween Porceline and Clay; which makes them ſhine ſo bright, the ſubſtance being ſo pure, that it is as it were tranſparent.

Then they asked, What the fix'd Starrs were? She anſwered, Suns.

Then they asked her, What was the reaſon that the Breath was hot and cold all at one time, as it were? for when a Man breathed upon his hand, it would feel hot; and when he blows upon it, it would feel cold.

She ſaid, There was a reaſon for that: for, (ſaid ſhe) a Dilatation cauſeth heat, and a Contraction cauſeth cold; and (ſaid ſhe) if one breathes on the hand, they open the Mouth and Lips wide, by which the Breath dilatates like a ſteam, or a vapour, which is hot; and when one blows upon the hand, then the Mouth and Lips are drawn into a narrow compaſs, and that contracts the Breath into a cold wind. Theſe ſeveral Motions make one and the ſame thing, from one and the ſame manner or paſſages, to work two ſeveral effects; and ſurely thoſe Winds that are coldeſt, from whence ſoever they iſſue out, their paſſage is narrow; and thoſe Winds that feel warm, as many times Winds will do, their paſſage is wider, and are rather a breathing Vapour, than a perfect Wind. There is nothing ſhews that VVind is made cold by Contraction, ſo much as to blow upon the hand; which ſhews, that VVind is contracted Air.

Then

Then they asked her, VVhat was the reaſon wind could blow out flame, and in a flame it could kindle, and put out fire?

She ſaid, That wind did ſtrive to diſſipate all things it did encounter; and where it hath not ſo much power to diſſipate, it only dilatates; and when fire is ſet to any combuſtible Matter, as wood, or the like; the wind having not a forcible power to diſſipate it into duſt or aſhes, it beats the heat of the fire into it; and fire having a nature to catch hold, and to dilatate, and ſo to feed it ſelf upon all things, or at leaſt upon moſt, when the Matter is too hard for the fiery-points to enter, or at leaſt to enter ſuddenly; the wind, like a Hammer, ſtrikes them in, and ſo lends the fire force; and helping the fire to extend, by its diſſipating-power, dilatates the Heat into the ſmoak or vapour of the Matter, and ſo into a flame: but when it puts out fire or flame, it is when it hath ſo much force, as to diſſipate the Matter the fire works on; and if the wind deſtroys or diſperſes the Matter, it muſt needs put out the fire, having nothing to work on; for fire dyes when it hath no Fuel to work or feed on. This is the reaſon a Man with his Breath can blow out the flame of a Candle, and with his Breath blow the flame in again, if the ſnuff of the Candle be full, and throughly fired, or elſe he cannot; but if it be full, and throughly fired, he may blow ſo hard as to diſ-

ſipate the flame, yet not ſo hard as to diſſipate the fiery ſnuff, or wieck of the Candle; ſo that the flame, by the diſſipating, goeth out, being dilatated to a diſſipation; and when the flame is out, and the fire remaining, with a gentle wind he may dilatate the fire into a flame again, and ſo many times, as long as the body of fire remains; but if they ſhould blow ſo hard or ſtrongly, as to diſſipate the body of fire, they put out both fire and flame.

Then they asked her, VVhat Snow, Hail, Ice, and Froſt, was?

She anſwered, That Snow was curded VVater, like curded Milk: for, ſaith ſhe, cold doth curdle water as ſower Vinegar doth Milk; and as curded parts will lye in clods, ſo VVater in flakes of Snow.

Hail (ſaid ſhe) is broken water, or rather crumbled water: for as a hand which nips a piece of Bread, crumbles it by rubbing it between their fingers; ſo doth ſome ſort of cold Motions break and crumble water into a number of ſmall parts; and as many crumbs of Bread will ſtick together, through the moiſt clammineſs, lying in little lumps; ſo doth the broken parts of water, which is Hail-ſtones: and though the Body is divided into abundance of little parts; yet every part is more compact, as being cloſer contracted, with being cruſht and nipt together.

As

As for Froſt, ſaid ſhe, that is candyed or cruſted Vapour, which is rarified water: for as ſome ſorts of hot Motions candy Sugar, ſo ſome ſorts of cold Motions candy's Vapour. Likewiſe, ſaid ſhe, as Milk changes not the nature from being Milk, with curding; nor Bread, with crumbling; nor Sugar, with candying; ſo Water changes not the nature with contractions or dividings into Snow, Hail, Ice, and Froſt.

As for Ice, it is made by ſuch a kind of cold Motion, as hot Motions make Glaſs: for, as fire in a hot Furnace calcines ſome ſorts of Earth, and the pureſt to Glaſs: ſo doth the ſtrongeſt of ſuch ſorts of cold Motions congeal Water into Ice. And as ſome hot Motions ſtrive to convert Earth into Water (as we may ſee, by making Earth into Glaſs); ſo ſome ſorts of cold Motions do turn Water into Earth, as by condenſing into Ice, Hail, Snow, and Froſt: and as Snow and Ice is nothing but condenſed Water; ſo Glaſs is nothing but calcined or rarified Earth: for, that fine Earth which makes Glaſs, is ſo rarified by the hot fire in a Furnace, which blows and ſpreads it as thin, and clarifies it as clear as Water; only it makes it not liquid and fluid; yet whilſt it is in the fire, it is in a degree of being fluid, for it is ſoft and clammy. Thus Fire makes Earth ſo near like Water, as it is tranſparent, ſhining, and ſmooth, and brings it into the mid-way; but it

wants the liquid, wet, and fluid Motions, which ſome will call Parts, to make it perfect Water. And I ſuppoſe, that Cryſtals, Diamonds, and the like, are only the pureſt part of Earth, turn'd (by the heat in the Earth, or in the Sun) to a Glaſſy ſubſtance, but ſtronger, as being wrought by a natural Heat, and not by an artificial Heat, or Fire; but as Glaſs is a rarified Earth, ſo Air is a rarified Water, and Smoak a rarified Oyl, and Oyl is a fluid Sulphur, and Flame is a fluid Fire, and Quick-ſilver is a fluid Metal.

Then they asked her, Whether there were Natural Elements, not ſubject to be Metamorphoſed?

She anſwered, Yes.

They asked, How ſhe would prove it?

She ſaid, She would prove there was a natural Fire, by the Sun, which never changes his heat, or leſſens his light, nor alters his natural Properties of attracting, contracting, and the like; and to prove a metamorphoſed Fire, is Lightning, Meteors, Fevours, and the like; and to prove a natural Water, is the Sea; and to prove a metamorphoſed Water, is Vapour; and to prove a natural Air, is the Serene; and to prove a metamorphoſed Air, is Wind: and (ſaid ſhe) the difference of natural Elements, and thoſe that are called metamorphoſed, is, that the natural Elements cannot loſe their properties, as thoſe that

that are metamorphoſed do, by changing from one thing to another: For ſay the natural Elements be mixed, yet they quit not their natural properties; as for example, mix Wine, or *Aqua-vitæ*, or the like, and VVater; and though they are mixt, yet they loſe not their natural properties, as the VVater to cool, and VVine to heat; for put a drop of wine to a pint of water, or to an ocean, and it will be ſo much more hotter, as the quantity of a drop can heat; and ſo for a drop of water to ſo much wine, and it is ſo much colder, as the quantity of a drop can cool; for though they mix, yet they loſe not their properties, neither doth their mixture take from their pure nature.

Then they asked her, If a natural or metamorphoſed Element, might not corrupt a pure Element?

She ſaid, No, being not ſubject to change, more than a groſs and malignant Vapour can corrupt the Sun: but (ſaid ſhe) natural Elements can and do often-times purifie corruption, if they be not obſtructed; for though they cannot be changed, they may be obſtructed; as we ſee dark Clouds will obſtruct the natural light of the Sun, and many times the natural heat; yet they can neither quench out the one, nor put out the other: the like is the continuance of the natural Elements. But perchance you will ſay, that you talk of an Element, and I

ſpeak of a Planet: I ſay that for example: But though the Sun is a Planet, yet it is an Elementary Fire; and though Earth may be called a Planet, yet it is an Elementary Earth; and for all we can know, the Moon may be an Elementary VVater: but howſoever, there may be a natural Fire, which is an unalterable Fire, which you may call the Elementary Fire, as the Sun, and ſo the reſt of the Elements, for any thing that Reaſon can prove againſt it.

Then they asked her, If Nature did work always exactly?

She anſwered, No: for, Nature doth ſeldom work ſo exactly, as to bring often to perfection, not the Bodies of all Animals, eſpecially Mankind, either in the Body or Mind; much leſs to make them both exactly anſwerable, or anſwerably exact.

As for their Bodies, for the moſt part they are neither in proportion nor lineaments anſwerable to each other: for, ſome have well-ſhap'd Hands, Legs, and Feet, and ill-ſhap'd Bodies: others well-ſhap'd Bodies, and ill-featured Faces, and ill-ſhap'd Legs and Feet: alſo, ſome have one Feature in the Face excellent, and all the reſt ill-favour'd.

The like is the Mind: for, ſome have good Capacities and Underſtandings to ſome things; and to others, are as dull, as ſenſleſs Blocks: ſome are witty

witty upon ſome Subjects, and are meer fools to others; ſo ſome will be good-natured to ſome things, and bad or cruel to others, without cauſe. Likewiſe, Nature ſeldom makes a Body and Mind anſwerable; for ſome have an ill-favoured Body but a noble Soul, and rational Underſtanding: others, moſt beautiful Bodies, but baſe Souls, and depraved Underſtandings: which ſhews, as if Nature took ſo much pains and care in making the one, as ſhe became weary before ſhe began the other: and ſometimes ſhe ſeems lazy in the beginning of her Work, and ſometimes as if ſhe were idle in the midſt of her Work, and ſometimes as if ſhe were quite tired at the finiſhing of her Work; as when ſhe makes ill-favoured and weak Bodies, imperfect Senſes, and ill or fooliſh Minds, then ſhe is lazy at the beginning; and when ſhe makes ſome parts exact, and ſome defective, then ſhe is idle, working by halfs; and when ſhe makes all exact, but ſome little defect, then ſhe is tired out before ſhe hath quite made an end: But (ſaid ſhe) the moſt probable reaſon that I can give, why Nature (for the moſt part) works ſo imperfectly, is, She hath ſo much work to do, as we may ſay, that ſhe hath not leiſure to be exact; for the infinite Matter takes up the infinite Time, ſo as ſhe cannot ſtay about the curioſity of her Works; and ſo we may ſay, that what was, or is wrought extraordinary, is rather done by

Chance, than intended by Nature; for it were a kind of Miracle, if any thing ſhould be ſo exact, as ſomewhat might not be mended, either in Property, Quality, Quantity, Formality, Symmetry, or the like.

Then they asked her, If a Man could have an Idea of *Jove*?

She ſaid, She thought not: for (ſaid ſhe) if it were an Image printed or fixt to the Eſſence or Soul of Man, all Mankind would have one and the ſame Idea, which we find they have not: for, ſome have thought him a Corporeal Subſtance; others, an Incorporeal Thing: which ſhews his Idea was not created with Man; neither can we have an Idea from the Works of *Jove*, becauſe we neither know the Matter he works on, nor the Motions he works with, nor to what End he works for.

Beſides, the various Figures are not to be drawn, nor his ſubtil ways to be traced, nor to be gueſs'd at: we may have various thoughts (ſaid ſhe) concerning the various works of *Jove*, but never draw his Idea therefrom, or thereby.

Then they asked her, What was an Idea?

She ſaid, A Shadow: for, as all Shadows were Eclipſed-lights, ſo all Idea's were Eclipſed-thoughts; for Thoughts are the light of Knowledg, and Knowledg is the Sun of the Animal World, which receives

receives Aliment from outward Objects.

Then they asked her, Why Iron doth not move to Iron, being more like; than Iron to a Load-ſtone, being leſs like?

Becauſe (ſaid ſhe) there is a ſympathy in Contrarieties, and not always like unto like: for we ſee, thoſe that are cold, ſeek heat; and what is hot, ſeeks cold: ſo what is cold, is nouriſhed by heat; and what is hot, is refreſhed by cold. The ſame ſympathy hath Iron to the Load-ſtone, and the Load-ſtone to Iron.

Then they asked her, Why in Nature there are certain Principles of different kinds?

Becauſe (ſaid ſhe) there is but one principal Matter, from whence all Principles are derived; and the variety is only made by Motion, not Matter; but the Principle keeps in the Matter, which is not ſubject to change from ſuch Principles.

Then they asked her Opinion of the World?

She ſaid, The World is like a Clock that is woun'd up to ſuch a time as Ten, Twenty, or a Hundred thouſand years; and the Planets, as its Wheels, go their natural courſe, turning round.

His Grace the Duke of Newcaſtle's *Opinion, Whether a Cat ſeeth in the Night, or no?*

SOME ſay, Cats do not ſee in the night, but only do hunt Mice by the ſmell, as Dogs do Deer: but I dare ſay, if Dogs were ſtark blind, they would hardly kill any Deer, or any thing elſe; and how is it poſſible that a Cat (by the ſmell) ſhould lay her foot ſo exactly upon a *Mouſe* in the dark, and at the very firſt time, did ſhe not ſee in the dark? We will wave unneceſſary diſputes, and fall to the truth, without the vexation of our Readers.

Firſt, VVe are to take into conſideration what things (beſides fire) ſhine, or give light in the darkeſt night: Rotten VVood ſhines in the night, and the more if it be a little greeniſh and mouldy: ſo doth Fiſh-bones that are a little greeniſh. But that which ſhines the moſt of all in the night, is a Glow-worm, and eſpecially the tail of it, which is a kind of a Sea-water-green.

Now let us take into conſideration the Eyes of all Cats, which being of what colour ſoever (for my Curioſity in this point made me obſerve it with care), I find are thus:

That which we call the black of the Eye, which indeed is a round hole in moſt Animals, covered with

with a double Glaſs, which they call the Cryſtalline Humour, is convex, to draw all the Lines to a point, and the Glaſs double: for a ſingle one would make every thing in appearance to us, to go upon their Heads; and a double Glaſs ſets them all on their Feet again, becauſe the Lines cut croſs in the hole of the Eye; and becauſe the Line that comes from the Head, cuts at the bottom of the hole; and the Lines that come from the Feet, cut at the top of the hole; ſo that all the ſpecies in a dark Chamber, coming in at a little hole, upon a white ſheet of Paper, go on their Heads: but put another Glaſs over your former Glaſs, and then all the ſpecies are ſet right upon their Legs again, becauſe the Lines are cut again croſs in the hole, which ſets them up right, though the ſpecies are weakned by their double journey. And this is the reaſon that the Cryſtalline Humour is double in all other Animals, but Cats; which have white about the black of the Eye.

Now you muſt underſtand, that the Eyes of all Cats are juſt as I have told you of other Animals, ſaving the round black, which in a Cat is a ſlit downward, which ſhe can contract and dilatate at her pleaſure; and that ſlit being extended to its uttermoſt, is a mighty Circle. Then you muſt conceive again, that the white that is about our Eyes, is a Sea-water-green about all Cats Eyes: ſo that in the day a Cat doth ſtretch and extend the narrow ſlits

of her Eyes, which are dilatated to a mighty Circle, hiding her Sea-water-green that is about them, almoſt all over. But in the night ſhe contracts her Eyes to a very narrow long ſlit, which very much enlarges the Sea-water-green all about them; which Sea-water-green gives the light. And thus ſhe lights her Torches, or Flamboes, in the night, and carries them along with her to ſee by, as one doth a Candle in the hand; and puts out her Candles in the day, as having no uſe of them.

That this is probable, remember the ſeveral greens that I told you of before, that do ſhine and give light in the night; and beſides, I have heard by a great many ſeveral credible Witneſſes, that have ſeen the Eyes of Cats ſhine juſt like Candles in the dark night; which is ſo often and commonly ſeen, that it ſuffers no diſpute.

But if you will put a Cat in ſome dark place, and ſhe is not pleaſed to light her Torches, becauſe ſhe would not have you find her, do not raſhly condemn the Opinion for that; for I do aſſure you, very many confirm it as no ſtrange thing, or miraculous, and that never dream't of Philoſophy.

If you do not like theſe Reaſons, give better, or elſe pardon the meanneſs of the Subject, ſince the times give me leave to ſtudy the nature of all things, even from the Mouſe to the Elephant.

The

The ſecond ſort that were to viſit her, were
PHYSICIANS.

And after a ſhort time, they asked her what made a good Phyſician?

She anſwered, Practiſe and Obſervation.

Then they asked her, What made the difference between Pain and Sickneſs?

She ſaid, Pain was cauſed by croſs perturbed Motions; and Sickneſs by diſtempered Matter, and the overflow of Humours.

Then they asked her, Whether the Mind could be in pain, or be ſick?

She anſwered, No; but (ſaid ſhe) the Mind is like the fire, it can put the Body to pain, but can feel none it ſelf: likewiſe, the Motion is like fire; for the more Matter it hath to work on, the quicker it moves; and when the Mind is (as it were) empty, it grows dull, and the Head is filled with nothing but ſmoaky Vapours.

Then they asked her, What difference there is between the Soul and the Mind?

She anſwered, As much difference as there is betwixt Flame, and the groſſer part of Fire: for, ſaid ſhe, the Soul is only the pure part of the Mind.

Then they asked her the difference (if any was) betwixt the Soul, the Mind, and the Thoughts?

She anſwered, As the Mind was the Fire, the Soul the Flame; ſo the Thoughts were as the Smoak that iſſues from the ſeveral Subjects that the Mind works on: and as Smoak, ſo the ſeveral Thoughts many times vaniſh away, and are no more remembred; and ſometimes they gather together as Clouds do; and as one Cloud lies above another, ſo the Thoughts many times lye in rows one above another, as from the firſt, to the ſecond and third Region.

Then they asked her, What was the beſt Medicine to prolong Life?

She anſwered, Temperance and good Diet.

Then they asked her, What Diet?

As for Diet, ſaid ſhe, to Healthful Bodies, Meats muſt be well and wiſely matched: but to Diſeaſed Bodies, ſuch Diets muſt be preſcribed as are proper to cure each ſeveral Diſeaſe. As for the mixing and matching Meats, ſaid ſhe, they muſt be after this deſcription following: All Fleſh-meats are apt to breed Salt Rheums; and being roaſt, breeds Cholerick Humours; which Salt Rheums, and Cholerick Humours, cauſeth (many times) Hectick Fevers, enflaming the Arterial Blood, and Vital Spirits, and drinking out the Radical Moiſture; and Salt Rheums penetrating into the Vital parts, cauſe excoriations and ulcerations.

As for white Meats, as Milk-meats, and the like, they

they are apt to breed ſharp Humours: alſo, the groſs parts cauſe many times obſtructions of the Noble parts; and the ſharpneſs is apt to corrode, eſpecially the Uretaries, Guts and Stomack; producing Bloody-waters from the one, and Cholicks in the other. Alſo ſharp Humours cauſe Cankers, Fiſtula's, and the like, eating through ſeveral parts of the Body, making ſeveral holes, paſſages, or wounds, to paſs through; and Obſtructions cauſe ill digeſtion, ill digeſtion cauſes corruptions, corruptions cauſe ſeveral Diſeaſes, as Feavers, Small-Pox, Impoſthumes, Boils, Scabs, and Leproſies, if the Corruption is ſalt or ſowr.

As for Fiſh, and alſo all ſorts of Pults, they breed Slime; and Slime in hot Bodies cauſeth the Stone, and Gout in cold Bodies; and all ſorts of white Swellings, as the Kings-Evil, Wens, and the like; alſo the Brains, Feet, or any Sinewy part of any Meat, doth the like, as alſo Sweet-meats.

As for all ſorts of Fruits, Roots, Herbs, they breed thin, crude Humours, which cauſes Wind; Wind cauſes Cholicks, Cramps, and Convulſions, by griping and twiſting the Guts, Nerves, and Veins; as alſo, all ſwimming and dizzy Diſeaſes in the Head; likewiſe, Head-akes, cauſed by a Vapour ariſing from the crude and raw Humours; alſo, in hot Bodies it cauſeth the *Sciatica*, the heat over-rarifying the ſharp Humours, cauſed by Fruit, makes it

ſo ſubtil and ſearching, that it doth not only extend to the outmoſt parts of the Body, as betwixt the skin and fleſh; but gets into the ſmall Thread-Veins.

As for all *Sweet*-meats, and Comfits, they are in ſome Bodies very obſtructive, and in all Bodies they breed both ſharp and hot Rheums; and I have heard, ſaid ſhe, that Sugar makes the moſt ſharp and acid Vitriol.

As for the matching of ſeveral Meats:

Fiſh-meats do well agree with Roots, Herbs, and Fruits, if they be ſtewed, roaſted, boiled, baked, or the like; otherwiſe the rawneſs hinders the concoction of the Meat: but if they be dreſt as aforeſaid, they temper the ſaltneſs, and quench out the heat which the over-nouriſhing ſtrength doth produce.

Alſo, Fiſh may be mix'd with Fleſh-meat, although all Phyſicians are againſt it: for certainly, the natural freſhneſs and coldneſs of Fiſh, doth temper and allay the natural heat and ſaltneſs that is in Fleſh-meat, mixing it into a good Chyle, and tempering it into a Juicy-Gravy, which encreaſes the radical moiſture, and nouriſheth the radical heat: alſo, it ſupplies the Arteries, fills the Veins, plumps the Fleſh, ſmooths the skin: whenas ſtrong drinks mix'd with ſtrong meats, over-heats the Body, enflames

flames the Spirits, evaporates the radical moiſture, burns the radical heat, ſcorches the Arteries, drinks up the Blood, ſears the Veins, ſhrinks up the Nerves, dries the Fleſh, and ſhrivels the Skin.

White Meats and Pults agree beſt, as being of one and the ſame degree (as it were) of heat: for all ſtrong Meats curdle all ſorts of Milk, which cauſes obſtructions and corruptions, and turns it ſowr, being of a nature ſo to do; which makes ſuch ſharpneſs in the blood and body, as cauſes Tertians, Quartans, Quotidians, and the like Diſeaſes.

Pults, and all ſorts of Milk-meat, being of a ſpungy ſubſtance, digeſt (as it were) together; when Meats that are ſolid, mix'd with Meats that are more porous and ſpungy, do hinder each other.

Small drink is beſt with white Meat; but when Pults is eaten without Milk, it may agree better with ſtronger Liquor.

Roots and Milk-meats agree, as being both eaſily diſſolv'd from the firſt forms, into Chyle.

Nor do Fruits and Pults diſagree; for the ſharpneſs of the Fruits, doth divide the clamming of the Pults; and the ſlimineſs of the Pults doth temper the ſharpneſs of the Fruits: but Fruits and Milk-meats are enemies, which when they meet, they do exaſperate one another.

So that Fruits and Pults, and Milk and Roots, do

beſt together; Roots having no ſharpneſs in them: but there is of all ſorts of Fleſh, Fiſh, Milk, Roots, and Herbs; ſome being hotter than others, and groſſer; as, the moſt watriſh Fruits are the hotteſt, as having moſt Spirits in their acute Juices.

Likewiſe, all Roots or Herbs that bite, as it were, the tongue, or are bitter to the taſt, are hot, although Druggiſts, Herbaliſts, and Phyſicians, are many times of the other opinion: but certainly all that is ſharp, ſalt, or bitter, proceeds from a hot nature, and moſt commonly produces hot effects, having a fiery figure and motion: but becauſe they find many things that are ſharp or bitter, to qualifie Feavers, or the like hot Diſeaſes, they think it is the natural temper of the Drugs, Herbs, Roots, Fruits, or the like; but a hot Cauſe may produce a cold Effect: as for example, Obſtructions cauſe heat in the Body; but ſharp things do divide and diſſolve thoſe groſs and tough Humours, and open Obſtructions.

Likewiſe, thoſe that are ſalt and bitter, do purifie and cleanſe the corruption in the Body; and when the cauſe of the Diſeaſe is taken or removed away, the Body becomes equally temper'd; for as the Diſeaſe doth waſte, the Body doth cool. Thus it is the ſharpneſs, ſaltneſs, and bitterneſs, that cures the Diſeaſe, and not a cold nature in the Simples; for when the Diſeaſe, as I ſaid, is gone, the Body is well-temper'd and cooled.

Then

Then they asked her, which was the beſt way to make the beſt temperament for Health.

She ſaid, that way that was beſt towards Mediocrity, as neither to eat too groſs meats, nor too watriſh; nor to drink too ſtrong drink, nor ſuch as was very ſmall; that is, neither too hot, nor too cold, either virtually, or actually.

As for groſs Meats, they fill the Body with too much Melancholy Humours, and the Head with Malignant Vapours.

Very fine and tender Meat, makes the Stomack weak, by reaſon the ſubſtance is not ſufficiently ſolid: for, as very groſs meat over-powers the Stomack, by the laborious working thereon; ſo very fine and tender meat makes it lazy and weak for want of exerciſe.

Very ſmall Drinks, being very watriſh, quench the natural heat; and thoſe that are very ſtrong, burn it out: but, ſaid ſhe, Meats and Drinks muſt be wiſely match'd; and not only Meats and Drinks, but the Nouriſhment, and the Nouriſhed: for, although (in general) hot Conſtitutions ſhould uſe cooling drinks and meats for their diets; and cold, hot diets; and moiſt, dry diets; and dry, moiſt diets: yet, if the Body be any ways diſeaſed or diſtempered, they muſt order ſuch a Body according to the Cauſe, and not to the Effects of their Diſeaſe: As for example, To all Hydropical Bodies,

muſt not be applied drying Medicines nor Diets: for if the Dropſie proceeds from a dry cauſe, dry Diets or Medicines are as bad as poyſon; for though the Effect be watriſh in ſuch Diſeaſes, yet the Cauſe was dry: So for heat or cold. And this example may ſerve for all other Diſeaſes: wherefore Phyſicians muſt ſearch out, and know the original cauſe, before they can cure the Diſeaſe: for, thoſe that preſcribe according to the Effect, may cure by chance, but kill with ignorance.

Then they asked her, If the Spirits were always affected with the Diſtemper of the Body, or the Body with the Diſtemper of the Spirits?

She anſwered, Not always: for ſometimes the Spirits will be ill-affected, and the Body in health: other times the Body ſick, and the Spirits lively and well-temper'd: But (ſaid ſhe) this is to be obſerved, that the Body may be cold, and the Spirits enflamed; and the Body heated, and the Spirits quenched or ſtupified; for the Spirits are the thinneſt and ſubtilleſt ſubſtances of the Creature: now this thinneſt and ſubtilleſt ſubſtance in the Creature, may be enflamed, when the ſolid'ſt is be-numb'd with cold: for a cold melancholy Body may have enflamed and diſtracted Spirits.

Likewiſe, a cold diſeaſed Body may have Hectick Spirits: and thus both the Animal and Vital Spirits may be hot, and the more ſolid Parts or Humours of the

the Body cold. Alſo, the heat of the Spirits may be quenched, and the Body burning-hot; as the Stomack, Liver, or other parts, may be parched with heat, when both the Animal and Vital Spirits have not a ſufficient heat to give them lively motions. And it is to be obſerved, ſaid ſhe, that the Animal and Vital Spirits, as they are the thinneſt and ſubtileſt part of a Creature, ſo they are nouriſhed by the thinneſt ſubſtances or parts of Food, which dilate to the Spirits: for, though the Spirits can and do work upon the ſolid'ſt parts of the Body, or Nouriſhment; yet they only receive benefit by the thinneſt. As alſo, the great annoyance: for it is the Vapour of Meats and Drinks that feeds the Spirits, and not the Subſtance: for, Vapour will choak, ſmuther, burn, or quench them out: But the Vapours from Liquors work more ſuddenly upon the Spirits (either to good effect, or bad), than Vapours from a ſolid Subſtance, by reaſon all Liquors have a dilatating nature, which ſpreads it ſelf amongſt the Spirits with more facility. Alſo, the Vapour of Liquid Bodies is more facil than the Vapour of Solid Bodies: and, ſaid ſhe, ſome burn their Stomacks with Drugs, and ſome quench their Spirits with Julips; others burn their Spirits with Cordials, and flat or dead the Stomack with Meats virtually cold: For it is to be obſerved, that there is a general Error amongſt Mankind, about Rules concerning

Health; ſome practiſing with a belief, that Drinks virtually cooling, temper hot Meats; and virtually cooling Meats, hot Drinks. In which they are deceived: for, though they may mix ſo, and temper; yet, for the moſt part, it is only as Water and Meal makes Dough; or as Earth and Water makes Mud; or as Sugar and Water makes Syrrup; but doth not temper that virtual heat or cold that works upon the ſubſtantial or the ſpiritual parts; for that which works upon the Spirits, hath a more ſudden operation than that which works upon the ſolid parts of the Body; and that from the ſolider parts has a ſlower operation: ſo that the Stomack may be parched, and the heat of the Spirits quenched, and the Spirits burnt, and the Stomack weak by a heavy or dull coldneſs. But thoſe Bodies that are in health, have not ſuch defects as to fear ſuch a ſudden operation; for as defects are eaſily inveterated, ſo Health is not ſuddenly annoyed: wherefore they may temper their Meat and Drink by cooling and heating, yet not to a high degree; for all Extreams are naught.

Then they asked her, What was the reaſon that all Creatures look fuller and fatter in Summer than in Winter?

She anſwered, The reaſon was, Becauſe then the Blood extends to the extream parts, which ſwells out the fleſh, and puffs out the skin; and in the Win-

Winter the blood falls back, as the ſap of Plants doth to the Roots, which cauſeth the fleſh and skin to look withered and dry, as Branches and Leaves do, ſear'd, faded, wither'd, and dry.

The like reaſon is, when Men have Pimples, Scabs, Swellings, Pocks, and the like, which is the fruit of corrupted blood.

Then they asked her opinion of Mineral Waters; What Virtues and Vices they have, being drunk?

She anſwered, That all Mineral-waters were of a kind of a Brine, but not ſo much a ſalt Brine, as a ſharp Brine (if I may call that which is ſharp, Brine, ſaid ſhe); but whether it hath the effects upon the body, as Brine hath upon dead fleſh, as to preſerve or keep it from putrefaction, I cannot ſay; but certainly it drinks up the natural moiſture in healthful bodies, more often than it purifies the corrupted Humours in diſeaſed bodies. The Effects of Sharp and Salt, are oft-times alike, as a ſharp Pickle will preſerve from putrefaction, as well as Brine. But howſoever the Mineral-waters have much ſalt in them, the Effects are hot and dry, and have a corroding quality; their corroding quality is cauſed by the ſharpneſs; and their heat, by their corroding; and their drineſs, by their inſipid nature: and though they are actually cold, they are virtually hot; their virtues are only on cold and moiſt bodies, or diſeaſes; as thoſe

that have obſtructions cauſed by raw cold flegm; or ſwellings cauſed by cold clammy Humours; or Ulcers cauſed by cold corrupted Humours; or Rheums, or Dropſies, cauſed by too many cold moiſt Humours; or the like Diſeaſes, cauſed by cold Humours; and in my opinion, ſaid ſhe, they would be excellently good for all outward Ulcers, or old Sores or Wounds, being waſhed and bathed therewith, by reaſon they have a cleanſing, drying faculty, not only inwardly taken, but outwardly applied. Alſo, they may temper the inflamations that moſt commonly attend all Ulcers, Sores, or Wounds, not only by cleanſing and drying up the putrefactions, but being actually cold, eſpecially outwardly applied: for, though they are virtually hot, being inwardly taken, and digeſted into the blood; or as I may ſay, the Mineral rubbed or wrought into the body; yet they are actually cold, that is, cold to touch. But to return to the interior Maladies: All thoſe Diſeaſes that are produced from hot, dry, and ſharp cauſes, are as bad as poyſons.

They are ſo: for ſuch obſtructions that proceed from hard-baked, dry Humours, or Dropſies cauſed by hot dry Livers, Spleens, or other parts; or Conſumptions that proceed from ſalt ſharp Rheums, or hot dry Lungs, Livers, Spleens, or the like parts: or all Swellings cauſed by hot, dry, or ſharp Humours; or interior Ulcers, cauſed by hot, dry, or ſharp Hu-

Humours; or Apoplexies, cauſed by hard cruſted flegm, or dry black melancholy, or burnt dry thick blood, which ſtops the natural paſſages of the ſpirits; or Epilepſies, or Convulſions, cauſed by ſharp Humours, which ſhrivel and knit up the Nerves or Veins, or Joints of the Body; or hot Winds, which work and foam, and (as I may ſay) yeeſt the natural Humours in the body, diſtempering the body therewith. Likewiſe, it is an Enemy to all melancholy bodies, being full of ſharp Humours, like *Aqua-fortis*, which are bred in the body; or as a ſharp green Humour, which is a poiſonous Verdigreaſe bred in the body; which Humour is the cauſe moſt commonly of the Diſeaſe called *Epilepſis*, or Falling-ſickneſs; and oft-times is the cauſe of Convulſions: but this Humour is a certain cauſe of the Stomack-Cholick, that is to ſay, a Wind in the Stomack and Sides. Alſo, they are Enemies to the Gout, by reaſon that the Gout proceeds from a hot-baked, dry, ſalt, or ſharp Humour. It is a bitter or ſulphureous Humour, or a limy chalky Humour, that cauſeth the Gout; and indeed, it is a calcined Humour, which makes it incurable.

For the Stone, they may work good Effects, although my Reaſon cannot perceive, but that the Minerals may contract and confirm humours into ſtone, as well as diſſolve ſtone: for, though their acuteneſs is penetrating, and ſo may diſſolve; yet

their drineſs is Contracting, Uniting, Combining; and they are not only dry, by the inſipidneſs of their nature, but by their ſharpneſs; for all ſharpneſs is drying, more or leſs: and though ſharpneſs is actually diſſolving by corroding; yet it is virtually drying, by heating: for corroding is the cauſe of heat. For whatſoever is rubb'd, or grated hard or ſwiftly, grows hot; even Stones, or any Metal, which is the hardeſt Matter we know; but looſer Matter, as Wood, will be ſet on fire. Wherefore if Wood, Stone, and Metal, will become actually hot, by rubbing or grating actually thereon; well may ſoft fleſh, eſpecially the inward parts, that are moſt tender. And as it is the nature of ſharpneſs to corrode, and the nature of corroding or rubbing, to heat: ſo it is the nature of heat to drink up moiſture, and make all things dry. And as ſharp things may cleanſe Ulcers, by eating the filth therein; or may be good to take off ſuperfluous fleſh, call'd proud-fleſh, in Sores; or may diſſolve ſome hard Humours, moderately taken or applied: ſo they may make Ulcers, Sores, and Wounds, and contract and confirm humours, if immoderately or unneceſſarily, or wrongfully applied.

But, as I ſaid, the Mineral-waters may as well cauſe the Stone in the Kidneys or Bladder, as diſſolve it; and may alſo ulcerate as ſoon as cleanſe: but the Mineral-waters do rather make a paſſage, and

and ſend forth Gravel, by the quantity that is drunk, and paſſes through the Uretories, which like a ſtream doth waſh and carry all looſe Matter before it, and not ſo much by the virtue of diſſolving.

But to conclude, concerning Mineral-waters (ſaid ſhe); I cannot perceive but they may breed more Diſeaſes than they cure; and thoſe Bodies they are moſt proper for, muſt be purged and empty before they take them, leſt the weight and quantity of the Waters, ſhould carry obſtructions to the parts open and free, by carrying too ſuddenly or forcibly, or preſſing or thruſting too hard.

Then they asked her about the nature of Purging-Drugs?

She ſaid, All Purging-Drugs were full of Spirits, which was the cauſe they were ſo active and quick in operation: for, ſaid ſhe, whatſoever hath moſt Spirits, is moſt active; which ſhews, ſaith ſhe, that Birds have more Spirits (which is innated Matter) than any other ſort of Animal-kind; for they are always hopping and flying about; alſo chirping, whiſtling, and ſinging; which ſhews them not only to be more active, as having more vital or ſenſitive Spirits; but alſo more rational, as being fuller of Animal Spirits.

But to return to Drugs (ſaid ſhe); they ſeem to have more of the Senſitive ſpirits (vulgarly called Vital Spirits), which work upon the groſſeſt Sub-

ſtance, than the Rational Spirits (which are vulgarly called Animal ſpirits) do; with which ſpirits Cordials ſeem to be full, as working upon the finer parts; for Cordials do cheer, and do revive the Soul or Mind, making the thoughts more cheerful and pleaſing; which alacrity doth help to abate and qualifie the diſorders in the body.

Then they asked her, What was the beſt ſtudy for ſuch as would practiſe Phyſick?

She ſaid, Natural Philoſophy: for, ſaid ſhe, thoſe can never be good Phyſicians, that are not good Natural Philoſophers; and if they would ſtudy Natural Philoſophy more than they do, there would be more frequent Cures: for if they do not ſtudy Nature that makes the Body, they ſhall never know Remedies to cure the body; for thoſe that do not underſtand the Works of Nature, cannot mend a fault, or prevent a danger to come: but they muſt ſtudy Nature's Creations, Diſſolutions, Sympathies, Antipathies, in Matter, Motion, and Figure: but, ſaid ſhe, it is a difficult ſtudy, and requires a ſubtil, moving-brain to find out the ſeveral motions, although they be the plaineſt, vulgar, and groſſeſt, much more the ſubtil and intricate ones.

And had *Ariſtotle*, ſaid ſhe, ſtudied the motions in Nature, or Natural motions, as he did the parts of Nature, or Natural parts, he would have been a far more learned Man than he was; but his ſtudy

was

was eaſie: for it is no great matter to conceive what the Senſes preſent; but it is difficult to preſent to the Senſes what the Brain conceives, making the Senſes the Servants or Scouts, to ſeek and ſearch, by induſtry and experiments, and to find the truth of a Rational Opinion: but (ſaid ſhe) the ſtudies of many Phyſicians in theſe later times, are mixt, as partly of one Science, and partly of another; which makes them learned in neither.

As, if a Phyſician ſhould ſtudy Theology, he will neither be a ſubtil Divine, or an Eloquent Preacher, nor a knowing Phyſician; one Study confounding the other: for, though Natural Philoſophy proves a God, yet it proves no particular Religion.

Then they asked, What was that which was called the Senſitive and Rational Spirits?

She ſaid, They were the higheſt Extracts of Nature, which are the Quinteſſence and Eſſence of Nature, and the innated parts of Nature, which in the knowledg and life, are Nature; which are the Soul and Actions of Nature.

Then they asked her, Whether thoſe Spirits had ſeveral Figures or ſmall Bodies? and, Whether they were from all Eternity?

She anſwered, That their Degrees and innated Motions; and their Figurings, Acuteneſs, and Subtilties, were from all Eternity.

As for the rational innated parts, ſaid ſhe, they change and re-change into any figures or forms, having no particular figure or form inherent, but the form of that degree of Matter it is of: but as it can put its ſelf into parts, ſo it can unite its ſelf; and as it can divide and unite its ſelf, ſo it can dilate and contract its ſelf, and all by a ſelf-motion, as moving innatedly, like Quick-ſilver, from an united body, into numbers of parts; and from parts, to an united body again. The Senſitive innated part moves, ſaid ſhe, after another manner, as *Aqua-fortis*, or the like, on Metal; for it moves, not figuring it ſelf, but as it figures other parts of Matter that hath no innateneſs inherent therein, but (only as a dull lump) lies to be moved by the moving-part, which is the innated part, as Metal doth by Fire or Water, by Cold or Heat.

Thus this different way of moving, was from Eternity, as their degree was from Eternity; for the Rational innated Matter, is a degree above the Senſitive innated Matter: and though they move not always after one manner, yet they move always after one nature.

Many, ſaid they, could not conceive what thoſe Spirits were; ſome imagining them little Creatures.

No, ſaid ſhe, they are not Creatures, but Creators, which creating-brains may eaſily underſtand; and

and thoſe that cannot conceive, have a ſcarcity thereof. But, ſaid ſhe, becauſe the Philoſophy is new, therefore they do obſtruct it with idle Queſtions, ignorant Objections: but (ſaid ſhe) the Philoſophy is good, in deſpight of their ignorance. I deſire very much to know (ſaid ſhe) how the Learned deſcribe that which they name Vital and Animal Spirits? Whether they think them little Creatures, or no?

To which they made no anſwer.

Then they asked her, What cauſed ſleep in Animal Figures?

She ſaid, The tiredneſs or wearineſs of the Senſitive innated Matter, called the Senſitive Spirits; which wearineſs cauſeth them to retire from the outward parts of Animal Figures: for, though the Senſitive ſpirits do not deſiſt from moving in any part, as to the conſiſtence or diſſolution of the Figure; yet all the Senſitive ſpirits do not work one and the ſame way, or after the ſame manner; nor the ſame part of Innated Matter, or Senſitive Spirits, work not always one and the ſame way, or after the ſame manner, nor in the ſame parts: but, as ſome of that Innated Matter, or Spirits, work in ſeveral parts of a Figure, on the dull part of Matter, to the conſiſtence or diſſolution of the Figure; ſo others, and ſometimes one and the ſame degree, work to the uſe, convenience, or neceſſity of the Figure; and thoſe

that work to the uſe of the Figure in the ſeveral ſenſes, although they do not deſiſt from moving, as being againſt Nature, being a perpetual Motion; yet they often deſiſt from labouring (as I may ſay): for it is a greater labour to take patterns (as they do) from outward Objects, than to work by roat, or as they pleaſe (which they do), in ſleep: But it is not always their labour, as being over-pow'rd with work; but ſometimes their want of work; as many will ſleep through idleneſs, having no outward objects preſented to them, to print or paint: other times it is their appetite to freedom and liberty from thoſe outward labours or employments: for, though they may, and are oft-times as active when they work, as in ſleep; yet it is eaſier, being voluntary: for the ſpirits work more eaſie, at leaſt more freely, when they are not taskt, than when they are like Apprentices or Journey-men; and will be many times more active when they take or have liberty to play, or to follow their own Appetites, than when they work (as I ſaid) by conſtraint, and for neceſſity; but many times the Senſitive ſpirits retire, when they work, not to ſleep, as being perſwaded or diſſwaded then from either, by the Rational innated Matter, which is called the Rational Spirits in the Figure; or by the Rational Spirits in another Figure, to deſiſt from the outward labour, as one would perſwade another to reſt; and to retire, and

ſhut

ſhut up the Shop-windows and Doors of the Senſitive Houſes: for the Eyes, Ears, Noſtrils, Mouth, or the pores of the Skin, are but the Working-houſes or Rooms of the Senſitive ſpirits.

To prove it: Doth not our Mind (which is the Rational part) perſwade the Body (which is the Senſitive part, and that wherein works the Senſitive Matter or Spirits) to lye, to reſt, or to withdraw from outward Employments, becauſe it would not be diſturbed with the labour of the Senſitive ſpirits? For the Rational, which is the Mind (ſaid ſhe), are not only the ſervants, to view and take notice of all the works and workings of the Senſitive; but are oftentimes, in many things, the Directors, Adviſers, and ſometimes Rulers and Oppoſers; as when the Mind forces the Body to danger or trouble. But this Rational part, or the Rational ſpirits, are (for the moſt part) buſily employed in figuring themſelves by the Senſitive prints, which is the knowledg they take of the works and workings; being the more buſie and exact, when the Senſitive ſpirits work outward works.

I will not ſay, they move always after the Senſitive prints, which is to view them; for ſometimes they move after their own inventions: for many times the Mind views not what the Body doth; and many times they move partly after their own invention, and partly after the Senſitive prints. But

when the Senſitive ſpirits do retire, or when the Rational ſpirits perſwade them to retire, then the Rational ſpirits move after their own appetites or inventions, which are Conceptions, Imaginations, Opinions, Fancies, or the like: But (ſaid ſhe) it is to be taken notice, that as the Rational ſpirits, for the moſt part, move after the Senſitive prints, which is, to put their own Matter into ſuch Figures as the Senſitive ſpirits print upon the dull and unmoving parts of Matter: ſo many times the Senſitive ſpirits do print or engrave thoſe Conceptions, Imaginations, Fancies, or the like, upon the dull part of Matter, as Patterns of the Rational Figures: for, as I ſaid, the Rational ſpirits do caſt, work, or move their own part of Matter, into Figures; and the Senſitive ſpirits do figure and print upon other parts of Matter, as that which is called the dull and unmoving part: but when the Rational Matter perſwades, or cauſes the Senſitive Matter to work and print from their figurings; or that the Senſitive ſpirits do it of their own free choice, they work (for the moſt part) irregularly; I will not ſay, always: for when the Rational ſpirits move to invention, the Senſitive ſpirits work thoſe inventions regularly, if not at firſt, yet with a little practice; but when the Rational ſpirits move to any paſſion, eſpecially violent paſſions, the Senſitive ſpirits are apt to work irregularly, and to diſcompoſe the Animal

mal Figure with Irregularities; for oft-times, not only the irregular motions of the Rational ſpirits, but the violence of their motions, although regular, doth diſorder the Senſitive ſpirits, cauſing them to work irregularly; but violence is not always irregular or perturbed: alſo, the regularity of the Senſitive ſpirits, will cauſe a diſorder amongſt the Rational ſpirits; as we ſhall ſee the Mind will diſtemper the Body, as the Body will diſorder the Mind; but where the Rational innated Matter, or Spirits, move ſo irregularly, as to make unuſual imaginations, or imaginary fears, and other conceptions and paſſions, which are irregular; as much as violence cauſeth the Senſitive ſpirits alſo to work both irregularly and violently; whereby they print ſtrange figures in the Animal Senſes, as we may prove by thoſe that are affrighted, or have imaginary fears, who ſee ſtrange and unuſual objects, which Men call Devils, Hobgoblins, Spirits, and the like; and without queſtion, they do ſee ſuch things as are ſtrange and unuſual to them; for ſuch ſtrange and unuſual Figures, are printed by the irregularity of the Senſitive ſpirits, upon the Optick Nerve. And ſo for Hearing, Scent, Touch, and the like: for, when Men have ſuch imaginary fears, they will ſay, they ſaw ſtrange things, and that they heard ſtrange noiſes, and ſmelt ſtrange Scents, and that they were pinched and beaten black and blew, and that they were

carried out of their way, and caſt into Ditches, or the like; and it is not to be doubted, but that they did ſee ſuch Sights, hear ſuch Sounds, ſmell ſuch Scents, and feel ſuch Pains; for many times the black-and-blew marks will be ſeen in the fleſh, and the fleſh will be ſore; and how ſhould it be otherwiſe, when the Senſitive innated Matter, or Spirits, by moving in ſuch motions, work in each Senſe thoſe Objects, Sounds, Scents, Touches, and the like? And I ſee no reaſon, but the whole Body may be carried violently from place to place by the ſtrength of the Senſitive ſpirits: for certainly, the innated Matter, in every Animal Figure, doth not commonly uſe its full ſtrength: for, the Body will be more actually ſtrong at ſome times, than at other times; and upon ſome occaſion, more than when they have no occaſion to uſe ſtrength: for, though the ſeveral degrees of innated Matter cannot work beyond the ſtrength of their degree, yet they can work in their ſtrength, and not always work to their full power; and as we may obſerve, the power of ſtrength is ſeldom uſed in Animal Figures; but certainly it is amongſt the Senſitive and Rational ſpirits, in every Animal Creature, as it is with the Governours or Citizens of every Kingdom; they know not their own power and ſtrength, until they be put to it: for, every particular Part, knoweth not the ſtrength of the Whole, until they join together

gether as one Part. This is the reaſon, Man, or any other Creature, is ignorant, not only each of other, but of themſelves: for, How is it poſſible, Man ſhould know himſelf, ſince Nature cannot know her ſelf, being divided into ſeveral Parts and Degrees? But to return to the ſtrength of the united-ſpirits of Mankind; which united-ſpirits, working irregularly, carry the Body forcibly into unneceſſary or dangerous places: for, the violence and irregularity, doth diſorder the Rational ſpirits (if they were not diſordered before) ſo much, that they cannot direct prudently, nor order methodically, nor adviſe ſubtilly; but are all, as I may ſay, in a hurly-burly: for the Rational ſpirits, making imaginary fears, do as thoſe that begin an Uproar: ſo the Rational ſpirits are not only afraid of the Tumult amongſt the Senſitive ſpirits, but are diſcompoſed and hurried about themſelves; and their Society, which is their own Matter, is diſperſed abroad; that is, diſ-united and diſordered in their regular motions: ſo as the Rational innated Matter, or ſpirits, although they were the firſt Cauſe of the extravagant Commotions amongſt the Senſitive ſpirits, yet they are diſcompoſed therewith, by reflexion, their own diſorders returning in double lines of ſtrength from the Senſitive Body.

Then they asked her, Why the Animal Figure did not always dream in ſleep, ſince the Senſitive

and Rational ſpirits, or innated Matter, did never deſiſt from moving.

She ſaid, That although the innated Matter did never deſiſt from moving, yet they did not always figure or print, for they diſſolve as well as create.

Beſides, ſaid ſhe, they may work to the preſervation or conſiſtence of the Figure, and of every particular ſenſe, and yet not always make uſe of the ſenſes. Beſides, ſaid ſhe, the Rational Matter doth not always figure it ſelf by the Senſitive Print; and for proof, many times thoſe that are in a ſerious Diſcourſe, ſtudious Contemplations, or violent Paſſions, will take no notice of the Senſitive motions: for, in a violent paſſion, many will receive a deadly wound, and never take notice of the touch; and, many times, thoſe in ſerious diſcourſe receive a pinch on their Arm, or Finger, or any other part, and yet they at that time never take knowledg thereof; and yet when their violent paſſion or diſcourſe is ended, then their Rational knowledg takes notice that their Finger, Arm, or other parts, ake; or their Wounds ſmart; which ſhews the ſenſe of Touch was ſometimes in their Finger, or in that part wounded, before the Rational knowledg took notice of it. So in a deep Contemplation, when they view Objects, hear Sounds, ſmell Scents, taſt and touch, the Rational knowledg takes no notice

notice of it, becauſe the Rational ſpirits move not to the Senſitive Works; ſo that only the Eye ſees, or the Ear hears, or the Noſe ſmells, or the Tongue taſts, or any particular part feels, but the Rational takes no notice thereof: ſo that theſe are but particular knowledges in every particular ſenſe, or part of the Figure, and not a general knowledg: for the Senſitive knowledg, which are the Senſitive ſpirits, are bound to parts; but the Rational knowledg, which are the Rational ſpirits, is free to all, as being free to it ſelf, the other bound to the dull part of Matter.

But to return to Dreams; How ſhall we remember figurative Dreams, ſince Memory is not made by the Rational motions? for, though the Senſitive innated Matter might print ſuch figures; yet the Rational innated Matter hath not figured thoſe prints; and then we ſay, we did not dream.

Then they asked, Why ſome Animal Creatures were almoſt diſſolved for want of ſleep?

She ſaid, Want of ſleep was cauſed by diſtemper; which diſtemper was a diſorder and irregularity amongſt the innated Matter, ſometimes from the Senſitive ſpirits, ſometimes from the Rational ſpirits, and ſometimes from both. The irregularity of the Senſitive ſpirits, was, when the Body was pained, or ſick, or over-power'd: the irregularity amongſt the Rational was, when the Mind was

troubled: theſe diſorders hinder the Senſitive ſpirits from ſhutting up Shop orderly; and when they ſleep by halves, or unſoundly, thoſe irregularities cauſe their windows and doors (which are the ſenſes) to open and ſhut unneceſſarily and untimely, as I may ſay; and, many times, lack of ſleep is cauſed, when the ſpirits are ſo tired, that they cannot uſe a ſufficient force to ſhut up ſhop, at leaſt, not to lock or barr the Windows and Doors cloſe. Sometimes the Senſitive ſpirits are ſo earneſt and (as I may ſay) greedy in working, that they labour both night and day, either for curioſity, or encreaſe, or pleaſure: but, moſt commonly, the Rational ſpirits join or go halves with the Senſitive ſpirits, when they work for curioſity or pleaſure, becauſe they make a delight thereby.

Then they asked her, What was the reaſon that ſome ſorts of Cordials or Drugs cauſed ſleep?

She ſaid, That that part of innated Matter that was taken in Cordials, or ſuch Drugs, did either help the innated Matter in the Animal Body or Figure (by adding ſtrength to them), to ſhut up their Shops and Windows; or elſe helped to rectifie their diſorders and irregularities.

But (ſaid ſhe) as ſome Drugs or Cordials do ſympathize to the irregular part of innated Matter in the Figure; ſo other Drugs and Cordials do work antipathetically to their regularity, and ſympathetically

pathetically to their irregularities; and then the working to ſleep is more hindred then helped.

Then they asked her, Whether one kind of Motion could give a perfect form at one inſtant?

She ſaid, No, unleſs the Creature formed be without the varieties of parts; for every different part requires a different motion to the creating of each part, and a diſtance of time to form each part in; for ſome parts require more work and labour than others.

Then they asked her, If all Creatures were created by degrees?

She ſaid, All Creatures that were compoſed of various parts, are: for, as there are degrees of innated Matter, which innated Matter is the Creator of all Figures; ſo there are degrees of, and in Creation: for our ſenſes (ſaid ſhe) ſhew us, that there is a ſeaſon, a time, and a working in time, by degrees: and if we allow there be degrees of encreaſing, as ſtrengthning and enlarging, why ſhould we think there are none in creating every particular Figure, and different parts in one and the ſame Creature? For as we ſee, ſeed muſt be firſt ſown, and then remain in the Earth for ſome time, before thoſe ſeeds ſprout up and encreaſe; ſo there is time and degrees in forming of the formed: for if there be degrees that we call Time, why not in the working of each part of each Figure in time? For in reaſon we can-

not think, that the root, the blade, the ſtalk, the ears, the ſeed in the ears of Corn, are produced from one motion, made by the Seed ſown, and the Earth, and ſo each different part to be created at one inſtant, into one created form or figure.

And as in Vegetables, ſo queſtionleſs in Animals, there are degrees in their creations: for it is againſt reaſon and ſenſe, to think an Animal is formed at one inſtant, although tne figure at firſt created, was no bigger than a hair, if the figure hath variety of parts, which require not only various motions, but degrees of motions, and diſtance of time to move in.

And thus as Vegetables require degrees and diſtance of time to create one figure; ſo in Animals there is not only ſpace in time, and degrees of motions, and ſeveral mixtures of temperaments, to enlarge and ſtrengthen that figure; but degrees in creating every particular part in one and the ſame figure, which is not formed at once: for common ſenſe (ſaid ſhe) ſhews us, that there is nothing done but by degrees; and whoſoever thinks otherwiſe, their thoughts move irregularly, and againſt ſenſe and reaſon: for Nature works by degrees, and in order, and orders her Works by degrees.

Then they asked her, Whether a Creature might not be created by the effects of motion, without partaking of the ſubſtance of the Parents.

She

She ſaid, No: for, ſaid ſhe, the Earth, and the Seed ſown (which are the Parents that produce an Off-ſpring), cannot produce any thing of its own nature, unleſs ſome part of the Producers goeth to the creating of the Produced: for it is not only ſuch a motion made between the Producers, that creates the Produced; but part of their innated Matter (which are the Senſitive and Rational ſpirits), which goeth to the forming and creating of the Produced: for that innated Matter or Spirits that goeth from the Producers, meeting and intermixing together, creates or lays the foundation of the Produced, on which other innated Matter or Spirits (brought by the way of nouriſhment) do build: ſo that the foundation of every Creature, is of the Creator. But, ſaid ſhe, one and the ſame Matter doth not move always after one and the ſame manner; for it is not meerly ſuch a motion, but ſuch kind of motions, that create; and the variouſneſs of the motions, or Creators, although of one and the ſame Matter, cauſeth a difference in the Created, in ſemblances, conſtitutions, humours, diſpoſitions, qualities, faculties, and the like: for, though the Producers be the ſame, and not only the Produced of the ſame Kind, but of the ſame Natures, as coming from ſuch Producers; yet the Produced are not always alike, but ſome vary more than others, not only the Produced, but thoſe produced from their Producers.

But, ſaid ſhe, to ſhew that the Produced partake of the Producers, of each party, more or leſs, not only in effects, but in ſubſtance, is, that ſuch a Creature or Creatures could not be created, but by the ſame Creators; otherwiſe the ſame motions, made by ſuch a kind of Matter, would produce the ſame Creature: which cannot be; for the ſame kind or degree of innated Matter which creates, hath the ſame kind of motions in general; but every particular part is of it ſelf: for that which is of one part, is not of another part, although it be of one and the ſame Kind, and hath one and the ſame Property. But the Rational ſpirits (ſaid ſhe) go to the creation of the Mind or Soul, the Senſitive to the Body. But, ſaid ſhe, Opinion creates one way, and Nature another way; which Opinions, except there be ſenſe and reaſon in them, are the falſe Conceptions in Nature. But the learned Students ſtudy ſo much the Parts, that they never conſider the Parties that work therein.

The Authoreſs of theſe Opinions of the Rational and Senſitive ſpirits, ſays, ſhe brings Senſe and Reaſon to diſpute for their truth, which no other Opinions do; and they that will not believe Senſe and Reaſon, will believe nothing; but expreſs, by their incredulity, that they have but a ſmall quantity of that innated Matter in their Brains.

What-

Whatſoever treats of innated Matter, as the Senſitive and Rational ſpirits, is to be compared to my Philoſophical Opinions.

Then they asked her, Whether ſhe thought there could be Repetitions in Nature?

She ſaid, Yes: for, ſaid ſhe, if any thing in Nature cannot be ſo diſſolved, as to be annihilated, it may be repeated: for if the ſame Matter and ſame Motions are in being, the ſame Figures may be repeated; and if there can be in Creations, ſaid ſhe, a repetition, it is probable there are repetitions of one and the ſame Creature; only the time, and changes of time, makes a difference and obſcurity; in which obſcurity the Creature is ignorant of it ſelf, and its former Being; whereby one and the ſame Creature may come to envy his own Renown, which was kept alive by Records from Age to Age; as if *Homer* ſhould be created again, and envy his own Works, or at leaſt ſtrive to out-work them; or that *Alexander* and *Cæſar* ſhould be created again, and ſhould envy their own Actions, Victories, and Powers, or (at leaſt) grieve and repine they cannot do the like: for if they were created again, they might miſs of the ſame Occaſions, Opportunities or Powers, Birth or Fortunes: for though the Body and Soul may be the ſame, as alſo the Appetites and the Deſires; yet the outward concurrence may not be the ſame that was in the former Being;

for though the Concurrents (as well as the Creature) may be repeated, yet perchance not repeated in one and the ſame Age or Time: but if they ſhould fall out to be repeated in one Age, the ſame Actions would fall out to be as *Cæſar*'s or *Alexander*'s were, to conquer the World again, as they did before; and there would be the ſame Warr betwixt the *Grecians* and *Trojans*, if the ſame Occaſions were; but *Homer* would not write the ſame Poems, if they were on record: for, though it be an honour to conquer what was conquered (although after the ſame manner); yet it is no honour to Wit to write what was writ before upon the ſame Subject, nor indeed upon any other Subject: for, both the Wit and the Subject muſt be new; at leaſt the Wit, to gain as great and laſting Renown.

Then they asked her, What Fire was?

She ſaid, That Fire was not only the quickeſt motion, but it is a perpetual quick motion, that hath no intermiſſion, by which it hath a ſtrange power over every thing; ſo that it hath a ſtronger power by the continuance, than by the quickneſs.

The Third ſort that viſited her, were
Moral Philoſophers.

The Moral Philoſophers asked her, If it were poſſible to alter or abate the Paſſions?

No, ſaid ſhe; you may pacifie or impriſon them, and enforce them to conceal themſelves in the heart, not only from outward appearance, but from the very underſtanding in the head; but never alter or change their natures, to weaken their natural ſtrength, or abate their natural vigour: for Paſſions (ſaid ſhe) are like the Sun; they may be eclipſed, or clouded, but never can be alter'd: and as the Sun (ſaith ſhe) draws forth Vapour from the Earth; ſo do the Imaginations draw forth Paſſions from the Heart; and as a Bucket draws up Water from the bottom of a Well, ſo do outward Objects draw up Paſſions from the Heart.

Then they asked, What was the difference betwixt the Paſſions and the Appetites?

She ſaid, The Appetites were the Paſſions of the Body; and the Paſſions, the Appetites of the Mind; and the Mind is as apt to ſurfeit of the one, as the Body of the other.

Likewiſe, ſaith ſhe, the Mind is as ſeldom pleaſed, as the Body is ſeldom at eaſe; being both reſtleſs,

and never ſatisfied: for the height of ſenſitive Pleaſure, is the beginning of Pain; and the height of Paſſion, is the beginning of Deſire; and Deſire hath no Period, no Pleaſure, no Center.

Then they asked her, What ſort of Love was the perfecteſt?

She ſaid, That Love that deſcended: for Love that deſcends, is more ſolid than that which aſcends; and draws more towards perfection, as being moſt contracted: for that which aſcends, is airy, and diſperſes ſoon, like ſmoak: but that which deſcends, is like falling-ſhowers of Rain, that join into a River or Sea of Love, running with force to perfection. This is the reaſon Parents love their Children better than Children can love their Parents. This is the reaſon Nature loves her Creatures better than the Creatures can love Nature. This is the reaſon, The Gods love Mankind better, and more perfectly, than Mankind loves the Gods. Thus the perfecteſt Love is from the Gods to Men; for the greater the deſcent is, the more force there is.

The like (ſaid ſhe) is Hate: for, that Hate which deſcends, is more inveterate and malignant than that which aſcends; for we are eaſily perſwaded to pardon the Injuries or Wrongs we receive from our Superiors; but ſeldom are pacified, without a high revenge, for the Wrongs we have received from Inferiors:

feriors; I mean, not only the Inferiors of Birth, or Fortunes, but Merit. This is the reaſon *Noah* could not forgive his Son *Cham* for the diſgrace which he received; for no Hate is like to that of Diſhonour. This is the reaſon that Heaven hates Hell more than Hell can hate Heaven.

Then they asked her, Why the Paſſions forced the Body to weep, to ſigh, to groan, to laugh, to ſing, to complain, to rail, to curſe, to commend, to extoll, to implore, to profeſs, to proteſt, to look pale, to look red, to ſhake, to tremble, to ſtrike, to embrace?

She ſaid, That the cauſes, in the mind, did work their Effects upon the Bodies, as the Cauſes, in *Jove*, did work their Effects upon Nature. Or, in a lower Compariſon, ſaid ſhe, the Mind is as the Sun, and the Body like the Earth; the Sun having ſeveral Faculties, as the Mind ſeveral Paſſions; it gives life and light, ſtrength and growth; it comforts and warms, it weakens, corrupts, withers, and decays; it burns and deſtroys, it dilatates and contracts; it doth digeſt and expel; it ſucks, it draws, and confirms: ſo doth the Mind; it gives the Light of Knowledg, and the Life of Underſtanding; it comforteth and warmeth by Invention; it ſtrengthens by Judicious Advice; it encreaſes by Temperance; it weakens,

withers and decayes by unſatiable Intemperance; it drys and parches it by grief; inflames it by anger; burns it by rage; confirms it by melancholy; deſtroys it by deſperate fury, as ſelf-murther.

Likewiſe, as the Sun doth not only contract and dilatate it ſelf, but contracts and dilatates the ſeveral Creatures on and in the Earth; the ſame doth the Mind the ſeveral parts of the Body; it dilatates the Body into ſeveral actions, poſtures, and behaviours; to ſtrike, to kick, to ſtretch out the Body, to ſpread out the Arms, to fling out the Legs; to ſtare, to call, or cry out; to hoop, to hollow; and it will contract the Body into a ſilent muſing, cloſe the lips, ſhut up the eyes, fold in the arms, bow or bend in the legs, and (as it were) wind up the Body by fear, grief, anger, melancholy, joy, wonder, admiration, and the like: and as the Sun doth ſuck and draw from the Earth, and diſſolve and expel the Creatures therein; ſo do the Paſſions, the Humours of the Body: for, as ſome Sun-beams ſuck moiſture from the ſeveral Springs that riſe in the Earth; ſo divers Paſſions ſuck out moiſture from the ſeveral Veins that run in the Body; or as ſuch Beams which pierce the Earth, make the face thereof wither and pale; ſo will ſome ſorts of Paſſions: and as ſome other ſorts of Sunny-beams (for all work not the like effect) draw Sulphureous Vapours from the Bowels of the Earth, towards the Middle-Region, which

which flaſh out in Lightning; ſo do the Paſſions draw from the Heart a fluſhing-colour to the Face, which fluſhes in hot bluſhes. And as the Sun-beams draw Salt Vapours from the Sea, which fall in pouring ſhowers; ſo do the Paſſions draw Salt Vapours from the Bowels, which fall in trickling tears: for the Paſſions are the beams of the Mind, and have as great an influence and power over the Body, as the Sun-beams have upon the Earth; and as the Sun's bright Rays cauſe the Elements to appear clear and light; ſo doth the Mind's tranquility cauſe the countenance to look cheerful and fair.

Then they asked her of the Four Cardinal Virtues?

She ſaid, That Prudence and Temperance were two Virtues, which belonged more to the Wiſe, than the Heroick Men: for Prudence barrs Generoſity and Magnanimity; and doth not only forewarn dangers, but reſtrains from dangerous actions: when Heroick Honour is got in Danger, more than Safety; and Courage is made known thereby: likewiſe, Temperance forbids Magnificence; but Fortitude and Juſtice belongs moſt to Heroick Men.

Then they asked her, If ſhe thought Beaſts had a Rational Soul?

She anſwered, That if there could be no Senſe

without ſome Reaſon, nor Reaſon without the Senſe, Beaſts were as Rational as Men; unleſs, ſaid ſhe, Reaſon be a particular Gift, either from Nature, or the God of Nature, to Man, and not to other Creatures: if ſo, ſaid ſhe, Nature, or the God of Nature, would prove partial or finite. As for Nature in her ſelf, ſhe ſeems unconfined; and for the God of Nature, he can have no Biaſs, he ruling every thing by the ſtraight Line of Juſtice; and what Juſtice, nay what Injuſtice would it not be, for Mankind to be ſupream over all other Animal-Kind; or ſome Animal-Kind over any other Kind?

Then they asked her, Why no Creature was ſo ſhiftleſs at his birth, as Man?

She anſwered, There were other Creatures as ſhiftleſs as Man; as for example, Birds are as ſhiftleſs before their Wings are fledged.

For, as Infants want ſtrength in Arms to feed themſelves, and Legs to go; ſo Birds want ſtrength of Bills to feed themſelves, and Feathers in Wings to flye.

Then they asked her, Whether ſhe thought there were a Heaven and a Hell?

She anſwered, That in Nature there was a Hell and a Heaven, a God and a Devil, good Angels and

and bad, Salvation and Damnation; for, ſaid ſhe, Pain and Trouble is a Hell, the one to torment the Body, the other the Mind.

Likewiſe, ſaid ſhe, Health and Pleaſure is a Heaven, which gives the body reſt, and the mind Tranquility; alſo, ſaid ſhe, the natural God is Truth; the natural Devil, Falſhood; the one ſeeks to ſave, the other to deceive; the good Angels are Peace and Plenty; the evil are Warrs, and Famine; Light is the Beatifical Viſion, Darkneſs the natural Dungeon, Death is the Damnation, Life the Salvation; and Moral Virtue is the natural Religion, and Moral Philoſophers are Nature's Prieſts, which preach, and ſeem to practiſe a good life.

Then they asked, What Government for a Commonwealth was beſt?

She anſwered, Monarchical: for, as one Sun is ſufficient to give Light and Heat to all the ſeveral Creatures in the World; ſo one Governour is ſufficient to give Laws and Rules to the ſeveral Members of a Commonwealth. Beſides, ſaid ſhe, no good Government can be without Union; and Union is in Singularity, not in Plurality; for Union is drawn to a Point, when Numbers make Diviſion, Extraction, Subſtraction; which often-times brings Diſtraction; and Diſtraction, Confuſions.

Then they asked her, Whether ſhe was of that Opinion, That thoſe that had good Underſtandings, had weak Imaginations?

She ſaid, She was not of that Opinion; for, ſaid ſhe, from the pureneſs and cleerneſs of the Underſtanding, proceeds the ſubtilty and the variety of their Imaginations; and the Underſtanding is the foundation of Imagination: for, as Faith is built upon Reaſon, ſo is Imagination upon Underſtanding.

Then they asked her, If the Faculties of the Mind or Soul had their uſes, or proceeded from the temper of the Brain and Heart?

She anſwered, That the uſes and faculties of the Mind, proceeded from the Motions of the Vital and Animal Spirits, which I call (ſaid ſhe) the Senſitive and Rational Spirits, which is the Life and Soul; and from the regular motions, and full quantity thereof, proceeds a perfect Memory, a clear Underſtanding, and a ſound Judgment: from the quick motions proceed a ready Wit; and from the various and regular motions, proceed probable Imaginations or Opinions: from the ſcarcity, proceeds dulneſs and ſtupidity, or inſenſibility; from the irregularity, proceeds Extravagancies or Madneſs; and where the Scarcity and Irregularity meets, it produceth a ſtupid, dull Madneſs.

The

The Fourth ſort that viſited her, were Scholars, that ſtudied Theology; *and they asked her, Whether ſhe was of opinion that Man hath Free-will?*

She anſwered, That ſhe was not ſo proud, nor ſo preſumptuous, as to think that Man had Free-will: for, ſaid ſhe, if *Jove* had given Men Free-will, he had given the uſe of one of his Attributes to Man, as free Power; which, ſaid ſhe, *Jove* cannot do; for that were to leſſen himſelf, To let any Creature have free power to do what he will: for, Free-will is an Abſolute Power, although of the narroweſt limits; and to have an Abſolute Power, is to be a God; and to think Man had it only, and no other Creature, were to think *Jove* partial; but, ſaid ſhe, Man's Ambition hath bred this, and the like Opinions.

But, ſaid they, *Jove* might permit Man, or ſuffer Man to do ſome things.

She ſaid, That was as ill, or a worſe Opinion: for, to think *Jove* permits Man to croſs his will, and let him do that which he would not have him do, were to make *Jove* leſs than a God, as if his Decrees were to be alter'd by Man's Humour and Will; or, ſaid ſhe, to think that *Jove* requires of Man ſuch things as his Nature ſuffers him not to do; and ſo, as it were, to force him to diſobey him:

or to think *Jove* ſuffers Man to do evil, when he could prevent it; or to think *Jove* permits Man to provoke his Juſtice, or to damn Man, when it is in *Jove*'s power to ſave him, were to think *Jove* unjuſt and cruel; or to think *Jove* made Man, yet knew he would be damned; and might have ſaved him, in not making him; were to make a malignity in the nature of *Jove:* for to make, and take delight to puniſh, is to be malicious; which cannot be, ſaid ſhe; for *Jove* is a God in Goodneſs, as well as a God in Power; and a God in Juſtice, as well as a God of Wiſdom: for Juſtice and Knowledg is the Baſis of Wiſdom; but, ſaid ſhe, the Opinions Men have of *Jove*, are according to their own natures, and not according to the nature of *Jove*, which makes ſuch various Religions, and ſuch rigorous Judgment in every Religion, as to condemn all but their own Opinion; which Opinions are ſo many and different, as ſcarce any two agree; and every Opinion judges all damned but their own: and moſt Opinions are, That the ſmalleſt Fault is able to damn; but the moſt Vertuous Life, and innocent Thoughts, not ſufficient to ſave them.

Then they asked her, If ſhe did believe Predeſtination?

She ſaid, She believed that *Jove* did order all things by his Wiſdom; and that his Wiſdom knew how

how to diſpoſe to the beſt; as alſo, that *Jove*'s Will was the only fixt Decree; and that his Power eſtabliſhes all that his Will decrees.

Then they asked her, What ſhe thought *Jove* required from Man?

She anſwered, She thought *Jove* required nothing from man, but what he required from Nature; as Love, Praiſes, Admiration, Adoration, and Worſhip; to love his Goodneſs, praiſe his Juſtice, admire his Wiſdom, adore his Power, and to worſhip all his Attributes; and *Jove* (ſaid ſhe) requires not only this in man, but of all the Creatures in Nature; for, ſaid ſhe, it were a ſinful opinion to think none but man did love, praiſe, admire, adore, and worſhip *Jove*.

Then they asked her, If there were no Evil?

She ſaid, there was; but, ſaid ſhe, all Evil lives in Nature, as all Good in *Jove*; for in Nature, ſaid ſhe, is Diſcord, in *Jove* Concord; by Nature Confuſion, by *Jove* Method: and though, ſaid ſhe, *Jove*'s Goodneſs and Power will not ſuffer Nature to run into a Confuſion; yet Nature, ſaith ſhe, ſtruggles and ſtrives, like an untoward Jade that would break looſe to run wildly about; and her skittiſh tricks, ſaid ſhe, are the ſins againſt *Jove*; but (ſaid ſhe) all things in Nature are guilty, as

much as Man, in one kind or other.

Then they asked her, What were the ſins in Nature againſt *Jove*?

She ſaid, Many: but the greateſt ſins the Creatures in Nature commit againſt *Jove*, are, Not to believe he is above Nature; or to think it is the Nature of Nature, and not the Knowledg and Power of *Jove*, that governs ſo wiſely, that orders ſo prudently, that produceth ſo orderly, that compoſes ſo harmoniouſly; and all with a free Will, a pure Goodneſs, and Infinite Bounty: likewiſe, as not to believe that *Jove* hath an infinite Generoſity to forgive and pardon all the Evils and Defects in Nature: Alſo, to diſlike or murmur at the Government of *Jove*. And the Submiſſion in Nature, is, to repent, to be humble, to agree, to be content, and to think all that cannot be avoided, is for the beſt: And as Nature is apt (ſaid ſhe) to commit ſins againſt *Jove*, ſo Nature is apt to diſorder, croſs, and vex it ſelf, by Exceſs, Miſchief, and Cruelty; as, to ſtrive to deſtroy to no uſe, to obſtruct to no purpoſe, to hinder the Creations, to diſplace Creations, to oppoſe Right, to defend Falſhood, to conceal Truth, to obſtruct Knowledg, to delude Ignorance, to wrong Innocency, to hurt the Helpleſs, to deſtroy the Hurtleſs: likewiſe, to overcharge the Appetite, to exaſperate the Paſſions, to deceive the Affections, to abuſe Time, to be unneceſſarily buſie,

or

or lazy, or idle. And thus all the Creatures of every Kind, that are made in Nature, do, in one manner or other: but the Goodneſs and Power of *Jove* (ſaid ſhe) doth ſtill hinder Nature from running into Confuſions, and rectifies the Diſorders therein: for Warr lives in Nature, ſaid ſhe, and Peace in *Jove.*

Then they asked her, What natural Evils there were?

She ſaid, Nature was an infinite Lump of Evil; but the natural Evils to Animals (ſaid ſhe) are, Pain, Sickneſs, Sorrow, Fear, Famine, Warrs, Darkneſs, and Infamy.

Then they asked her, If there were no natural Good?

She ſaid, None in Nature: for all that is good, ſaid ſhe, is cauſed by *Jove*'s wiſe ordering and compoſing harmoniouſly: for, ſaid ſhe, Health is an harmonious Compoſition; Pleaſure and Delight is an Harmonious Compoſition; Reſt, an harmonious Compoſition; Peace, an harmonious Unity: As for Life, ſaid ſhe, it is an Evil, were it not ordered wiſely by *Jove*; and would be a perpetual torment, did not *Jove* by his Wiſdom order Nature ſo, as to eaſe it with that we call Death; which is only as a change of Notes in Muſick, or Harmonious

monious Meaſures: and the ſeveral Meaſures Life danceth, are ſeveral Tranſmigrations, which *Jove* orders as it moves; and the Notes are the ſeveral Creatures that are made, which *Jove's* Wiſdom ſets; and Health is the Cords that *Jove's* Wiſdom tunes; and the ſeveral Pleaſures are the ſeveral Leſſons that *Jove's* Wiſdom cauſeth Nature to play; and Peace is the Harmony that *Jove's* Wiſdom makes. So that all that is thought Good in Nature, is but Good as it is ordered by *Jove*; *Jove* meaſures the Matter, marks out the Figures, and appoints the Motions, what Work to do. Likewiſe, *Jove's* Goodneſs and Wiſdom qualifies and tempers, by ſeveral mixtures and temperaments, the vicious malignant Evil of Nature, or Natural Evil. Thus, ſaid ſhe, there would be a perpetual Warr in Nature, if *Jove's* Wiſdom, Power, and Goodneſs, did not order Nature.

Then they asked her, If there were not Puniſhments and Rewards ordained by *Jove*?

She anſwered, Yes: for, ſaid ſhe, *Jove* hath ordained, Virtue ſhall be a Reward to it ſelf, and Vice a Puniſhment.

The

The Fifth ſort that viſited her, were the Fathers of the Church; who deſired her to ſpeak: which ſhe did as follows:

You Holy Fathers (ſaid ſhe), you will pardon me for what I ſhall ſpeak, ſince it is your deſire I ſhould ſpeak.

The Preachers for Heaven, ſaid ſhe, ought not to preach Factions, nor to ſhew their Learning, nor to expreſs their Wit; but to teach their Flock to pray rightly: for hard it is to know, whether we pray, or prate; ſince none can tell the purity of their own heart, or number the Follies thereof, or cleanſe out the muddy Paſſions that by Nature are bred therein, or root out the Vices the World has ſown thereon: for, if we do not leave out the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil, in our humble Petitions, and earneſt Deſires, we offer to Heaven, it may be ſaid, we rather talk than pray: for, it is not bended knees, or a ſad countenance, can make our Prayers authentical or effectual; nor words, nor groans, nor ſighs, nor tears, that can pierce Heaven; but a zealous Flame, raiſed from a holy Fire, kindled by a ſpark of Grace in a devout heart, which fills the ſoul with admiration and aſtoniſhment at *Jove*'s incomprehenſible Deity: for, nothing can enter Heaven, but Purity and Truth; all the groſs

and droſſie parts fall back with greater force upon our Lives, and, inſtead of Bleſſings, prove Curſes to us; and the Ignorant, not conceiving the difference, may be loſt for want of inſtruction therein, being moſt commonly taught the varieties of Opinions, the Sayings and Sentences of the Fathers of the Church; or exclaimed againſt natural Imperfections, or threatned for ſlight Vanities; and many, by giving warning againſt Vices, raiſes thoſe that have been dead and buried with former Ages, unaccuſtomed, and utterly unknown to the preſent Auditory. But one good Prayer that is directly ſent to Heaven, buries a multitude of Errors and Imperfections, and blots out many a Sin. I ſpeak not this to tax any one here; for I believe you are all Holy Men, and Reverend and Grave Fathers of the Church, who are bleſſed Meſſengers and Eloquent Orators for Heaven, the true Guides to Souls, and the Example of a good Life.

Then they asked, How they ought to pray?

Whereupon, in a Zealous Paſſion, thus ſhe ſaid:

O Gods! O Gods! Mankind is much too blame;
He commits faults when he but names his Name:
This Name, ſaith ſhe, that Deity hath none;
His Works ſufficient are to make him known.

His

His wondrous Glory is ſo great, how dare
Man ſimilize, but to himſelf compare?
Or, how durſt Men their Tongues or Lips to move
In argument, his mighty Power to prove?
As if Men's Words his Power could circle in,
Or trace his ways, from whence he did begin
His mighty Works to make, or to what end;
As proudly placing Man to be his Friend:
Yet poor, proud, ign'rant Man, knows not the cauſe
Of any Creature made, much leſs his Laws:
Man's knowledg ſo obſcure, not ſo much light
As to perceive the glimmering of his Might.
Strive not this Deity to comprehend;
He no beginning had, nor can have end:
Nor can Mankind his Will or Pleaſure know,
It ſtrives to draw Him to expreſſion low.
Let Words deſiſt, let's ſtrive our Souls to raiſe:
Let our Aſtoniſhments be Glory's praiſe:
Let trembling thoughts of fear, as prayers, be ſent;
And not leight words, which are by Men invent:
Let Tongues be ſilent, Adoration pray;
And Love and Juſtice lead us the right way.

The Sixth ſort that viſited her, were Judges; who asked her about Juſtice.

I will divide Juſtice, ſaid ſhe, into three parts, Human, Moral, and Natural.

Theſe three into ſix: Puniſhing, Deciding, Diſtributing; Cenſuring, Trafficking, and Suffering.

In Puniſhing-Juſtice, there is Divine Piety, and Human Pity; and if a Judg leave out thoſe two, it is no more Juſtice, but Cruelty: for, Temporal Judges ought to have as great a care of the Soul of the accuſed, as of executing Juſtice on the Body. For if a Judg threaten terribly a timorous nature, or cruelly torture a tender Body; the fear of Pain may make them be-lye, forſwear, or falſly accuſe themſelves; which endangers the Soul, not only by their Oaths, Lyes, and falſe Accuſations, but by ſelf-murther: for thoſe that falſly accuſe themſelves, commit wilful-murther.

As for the puniſhing of the Body, they ought not to be condemned before they can poſitively prove them Criminals: for Probabilities, although they appear plain, yet are often-times deceitful.

The ſecond is, Dividual Juſtice, or Common Juſtice, in deciding of Cauſes, and what is Right and Truth: as, put the caſe two Men claim equal right to one piece of ground, which piece of ground

but

but one can have right to: The Judg, not knowing how to diſtinguiſh the truth from the falſhood, divides the ground, giving one half to the one, and the other half to the other; which is unjuſt: for he that hath right to all, hath as much injuſtice done unto him in that part that is given from him, as if he had loſt all the whole: nay, one grain of duſt wrongfully taken, or given away, makes the injuſtice the ſame; for it is not the weight of the Cauſe makes Juſtice more or leſs, but the truth of the Cauſe.

But Judges will ſay, It is not to be helped, by reaſon Truth lyes many times ſo obſcure, that neither Induſtry, Ingenuity, Subtilty, long Experience, nor ſolid Judgment, can find it out. So they think, that by dividing they do cut off ſome Branches of Injuſtice, although the Root will lye obſcurely, do what they can. But I ſay, Injuſtice hath no Branches, but is all Root.

The laſt Act of Juſtice, is, in diſtributing Reward according to Worth or Merit; wherein there may be as much Injuſtice to deal beyond or above Worth or Merit, as to fall ſhort of Worth and Merit: and though the Actions are the viſible Objects of Merit; yet Merit is often-times buried for want of opportunity; and many times good Fortune is miſtaken, and taken for Merit. Now it is as great Injuſtice to give Rewards to Fortune, as unfortunate

fortunate for Merit not to be made known by ſome act: for, though Merit dwells in the actions, yet it was born in the Soul, and bred in the Thoughts.

The fourth is, Cenſuring-Juſtice, which lives meerly in Opinion: for, Who knows the heart of another, ſince no Man can give a true or a right account of his own? And though Miſdemeanors ought to be puniſhed in a Commonwealth, leſt they ſhould cauſe the ruin thereof; yet, to judg the heart, and condemn it for faults, by the Actions, Words, or Countenance, were very unjuſt: for many evil Actions are done through a good Intention; for the Deſign might be honeſt, though the Effect prove evil; nay, the Deſign or Intention may not only be morally honeſt, but divinely pious, yet the Effect prove wicked.

Likewiſe, many evil actions are produced by Chance or Misfortune; and it were an injuſtice to accuſe the heart of diſhoneſty for Fortune's malice, and Chance's careleſneſs.

Again, there are many evil actions produced from ſome infirmity of Nature, or from the ignorance of Practice, or want of Experience; not from a diſhoneſt nature; and though Infirmities ought to be corrected by Admonitions, and Ignorance rectified by Inſtruction; yet it were an injuſtice to condemn Honeſty for Infirmities, Faults, or ignorant Errors.

Alſo,

Alſo for Words; although there is an old ſaying, *The Mouth ſpeaketh what the Heart thinketh*; yet Antiquity cannot verifie it for a truth: but, moſt commonly, the Tongue runs by rote and cuſtom, without the conſent of the Heart, or knowledg of the Thoughts: for, the Tongue doth oftimes like the Legs, which moſt commonly walk without the guidance of the ſight, or the directions of the knowledg; for few meaſure each ſtride, or count or look at every ſeveral ſtep they take, nor think they how they go, nor (many times) where they go; and the Mind, many times, is ſo deep in Contemplations, that the Thoughts are ſo fix'd upon ſome particular Object, or ſo buſily employed on ſome Invention, or ſo delightfully taken with ſome Fantaſm, that although the Legs walk themſelves weary, yet the Mind and Thoughts do not conſider or think whether the Body hath Legs or no.

How many, through extream fear, run into that they ſhould ſhun, not conſidering whither they go? And if the Legs move ſo often without the Mind's knowledg, or Heart's conſent, well may the Tongue, which is the agileſt Member of the Body.

And to judg by the Countenance, were more unjuſt: for, a Man may have a Knaviſh Face, and an Honeſt Heart; a ſpightful Eye, yet a Generous Nature; a Frowning Brow, yet a Quiet Spi-

rit; a Dull Cloudy Countenance, but a Bright Clear Mind.

The fifth is, a Chaffering or Trafficking Juſtice: for, though it is juſtice for a Man to buy and to ſell in a Commonwealth, where all is not in common; yet there may be great injuſtice in buying and ſelling.

As for example: A Man hath a Horſe which he eſteems, and hath a love or (as it were) an affection to; which Horſe he is forced to ſell, either for want, or otherwiſe; for which he asks a Price according to his Affection, not according as he is really worth: now this Man doth not cozen nor cheat, becauſe he prizes him as he thinks he is worth; yet he is unjuſt through his partiality, not judging the Horſe uprightly, nor weighing the Scales of Juſtice evenly, between his Affection, and the Horſe's worth.

The ſixth, Suffering.

As for Buying, it comes into Self-Juſtice: for example; A Man through perſwaſion buys a Houſe, which Houſe is no way convenient for him; or ſtands unhealthy, being in an ill Air; or unpleaſantly, as in a dirty place; or in ſome place where many Travellers paſs, which puts the Dweller to great charges through Entertainments. Now this Man is unjuſt to himſelf through his facil nature, or courteous or kind diſpoſition, in buying

ſuch

ſuch a Houſe as will impair his Health or Eſtate, or neceſſitate him through incommodiouſneſs.

Or for a Man to keep a Servant that is no way ingenious or uſeful in his Offices; the Maſter may be ſaid to be a Bountiful or Charitable Man to his Servant, but unjuſt to himſelf, to be ill ſerved when he may be better ſerved.

Likewiſe, for to be bound or engaged for a Man unto whom he is no ways obliged, or hopes to be ſo, is an injuſtice to himſelf, but to hazzard, if he doth never ſuffer impriſonment for the Engagment, not being able to make a ſatisfaction for which he gives up his Liberty; this Injuſtice is cauſed by a fooliſh pity.

Alſo, although it is Juſtice for a Man to adventure, offer, or lay down his Life for one that he knows by good proofs would do the like for him; yet for a Man to offer or give up his Life for a Man condemned, or otherwiſe, from whom he never received ſuch Favours as to deſerve or merit his Life, or had proof of his Friendſhip; although this Perſon was never ſo worthy, I ſay, it were a Heroick Act, and a huge Generoſity, but a great injuſtice to himſelf, unleſs he had ſelf-ends, in thinking he ſhould get a Fame thereby: for, though there is a Human Juſtice, as well as a Grateful Juſtice, For Mankind to help and aſſiſt each other; yet ſurely it is Juſtice for a Man to love himſelf beſt, next

to his Creator, Producer, Preſerver, and Protector; as his God, his Parents, his Countrey, and his Friend; and he ought to offer up his Goods, Life, Liberty, and Fame, to Him from whom he received them; for it is an Injuſtice not to return (if need require) as much as he received.

Thus it is Juſtice to prefer a Man's own Fortunes, Life, and Fame, before all others but thoſe before-mentioned; and an Injuſtice if he do otherwiſe.

Thus, Noble Hearers, ſaid ſhe, you may obſerve and take notice, That although all diſhoneſty is Injuſtice, yet all Injuſtice is not Diſhoneſt, becauſe the Intent is not evil.

Likewiſe, although Juſtice is Honeſt, yet Honeſty is not always Juſt; by reaſon, many times, the Knowledg is not perfect, or the Underſtanding clear, or the Truth viſible, or the Will free, or the Power ſtrong enough to do Juſtice, or juſtly.

The

The Seventh ſort that viſited her, were Barreſters and Orators; to whom ſhe thus ſpake.

The Root of Oratory is Logick, the Branches are Rhetorick, and the Fruit is Magick, which charms the Senſes, and inchants the Soul: wherefore it ought to be baniſhed from the Barr of Juſtice, leſt it ſhould incircle Juſtice-Seat, excluding Right and Truth that comes to plead.

For Oratory chiefly is employ'd
For to prefer the Wrong, and Falſhood hide.

They asked her, Whether an Orator or a Poet had moſt power over the Paſſions?

She anſwered, An Orator had power to betray the Paſſions, but could not make an abſolute Conqueſt of them.

As for Poetry, ſaith ſhe, it hath a double power; for all Poetry hath Oratory, but all Oratory hath not Poetry.

Wherefore, ſaid ſhe, Poetry hath an abſolute power over the Paſſions; for Poetry is like a powerful Monarch, can raiſe, rally, and imbattel them at his command; and, like a skilful Muſician, can ſet, tune, and play upon them as he pleaſes.

Poetry is Nature's Landskip, and Life's Proſpect;

it is a Spring, where Nobleſt Souls do bathe themſelves:

Their Thoughts, like wanton Boys, dabble therein.

But thoſe that are to make Orations, ſaid ſhe, either at the Barr, in Pulpits, upon Theaters, or in the Field, muſt firſt conſider the ground and matter whereon and whereof they would ſpeak, and to what End they would drive their ſpeech; for when they have laid the ground, and have well conſidered the ſubject of their Diſcourſe, Words will follow eaſily and freely, without meditating thereupon; but thoſe that conſider only Words, and in what Phraſes they ſhall ſpeak, ſhall never ſpeak well; but be out at every turn, becauſe the foundation is not laid whereupon their Diſcourſe ſhould be built: for the Materials (which are Words) will ſerve them in ſmall ſtead, or to little purpoſe, when they want the Ground, or miſtake the Ground whereon they ſhould work. But a Learned Orator's Head, ſaid ſhe, is like a Garden, wherein are ſet divers ſorts of Flowers, fetch'd from ſeveral Soils both far and near; as ſome from *Demoſthenes*, *Thucydides*, *Tully*, *Seneca*, *Tacitus*, and the like; and many Slips from more Modern Orators, and Seeds from ſo many ſeveral Authors, which they ſtrain about in their Orations, as is *ſans nombre*. Or, ſaid ſhe, a Learned Orator is like a Crab-tree-ſtock, whereon are grafted

ſeveral

ſeveral ſorts of ſweet Fruits, but bears nothing of its own Fruit; and if it doth (ſaid ſhe), they will be but ſowr Crabs: So their Speech would ſound harſh to the Ear, as ſuch ſowr Fruit would be ſharp to the Taſt. Whereas a Natural *Orator*, ſaid ſhe, bears, nor brings forth any other Fruit but his own, which is ſweet and pleaſant, without pains-taking or ingrafting: but all things grow as Nature ſets them, without the help of Art.

But I have obſerved, ſaid ſhe, that in Matches of *Orations*, the laſt hath ever the Victory (or for the moſt part) although not ſo Wiſe or Eloquent as the firſt; which ſhews, that the digeſting part of the Brain (which is Judgment and Nutriment, and is Truth, which nouriſheth the Rational Underſtanding) is not like the Stomack, the digeſting-place for Food, that is to nouriſh the ſenſitive Body; for when the Stomack is full, the Taſt diſ-reliſhes all Meat preſented thereunto, be it never ſo delicious; it heaves againſt it, as being over-charged; neither doth variety tempt it.

Whereas the Head, although it be ſtuft, or over-gorged, as I may ſay, ſtill covets more; and the Ears ſuck and draw in with an eager appetite, ſo it be variety; otherwiſe it grows dull, flat, and drowſie: for, the Brain will feed on groſs Matter, or unwholſome Traſh, with more pleaſure, and a greater guſt, than on that which is fine or wholſome, if once received before. Alſo,

Alſo, ſaid ſhe, I perceive all thoſe that make *Orations* in the Field to their Soldiers, repeat their Victories from the firſt deſcent, of the foundation of their Cities, Kingdoms, and Commonwealths, and the Renown of their Anceſtors; but never their Loſſes, their Treacheries, or their Follies; they ſtrive to bury them in oblivion: for, though it be a good Policy, yet it is not a clear Honeſty, to preſent a half-faced Glaſs for a whole. But this is not ſo great a fault, but it may be excuſed, when it is to a good End, as to defend what is rightly their own, or to gain back what unjuſtly they loſt, or to revenge an unpardonable Wrong, or to puniſh a wicked Crime, or to take the part of the Helpleſs Innocent; otherwiſe it is a Diſhoneſty not excuſable, when it is uſed for Treaſon, Rapine, or the like.

But you *Orators* (ſaid ſhe) are like thoſe that are skilful in playing on a Flute, or Cornet; where the Ears of the Auditors are the holes; and your Tongues, or Words, as the Fingers, do make the ſtops; your Breath gives the ſound, and your Wit and your Learning, are the Ayres and Muſical Ditties that move their Paſſions, or rather their Paſſion: for indeed, there is but one Paſſion in Nature, or at leaſt in an Animal Figure; which Paſſion changes into ſeveral Forms, according to the ſeveral ſubjects or objects it is placed upon; for upon ſome

ſubjects

ſubjects, it is Love, upon others it is Hate, upon others it is Fear, upon others Anger; and ſo the like of all the reſt of thoſe they call ſeveral Paſſions, which is but one natural Faculty, Property, Quality, or what you will name it, which is the Heart. That theſe ſeverally alter and (*Camelion*-like) change, and ſometimes ſeem all one colour, and ſometimes of divers colours; or as a Triangular-Glaſs, which makes a Million of various colours from one light; ſo doth the Triangular-Heart (from the light of Life) ſeem to have many Paſſions: But (ſaid ſhe) leſt Orators ſhould be the cauſe of unlawful Paſſions, there ought to be a Law, That the publick Aſſemblies that are drawn about an Oracle, either ſuch as are to declare the Command of the Gods, or for any other Inſtruction; Informations or Exhortations, either in the Church, or on Theaters, ſhould not be mixed of ſeveral Sexes; but either the Aſſembly ſhould be all Men, or all Women; otherwiſe a Conſecrated Place may be polluted with wanton Eyes, and enticing Countenances; ſelf-whiſperings, and ſecret agreements to dangerous Meetings; evil Intentions, and wicked Actions; by which a Church would become a Bawdy-Houſe, and the Prieſts the Pimps or Procurers to draw them together. And all Orations concerning the Commonwealth, or for any important matter, would be loſt; for the Ears of the Aſſembly would

be ſtopt by their Eyes; at leaſt, the hearing of the Auditors would be imperfect, and their Underſtanding confounded, and their Memory dazled with the ſplendor of light glances and fair Faces of each Sex.

The Eighth ſort of Viſiters were States-men, who ask'd her, What Government was beſt?

She anſwered, Monarchy: For (ſaid ſhe) a good King is the Center of a Commonwealth, as God is the Center of Nature, who orders and diſpoſes all to the beſt, and unites and compoſes all differences, which otherwiſe would run into a confuſion: and Unity, ſaid ſhe, is ſooner found, and eaſier made by one, than by more, or many: Neither, ſaid ſhe, can one Man make ſo many Faults, as more or many may. Beſides, ſaid ſhe, there is leſs Juſtice, and more Injuſtice in a Multitude, than in one.

Then they asked her, Whether it were lawful for a King to lay down his Scepter and Crown?

She anſwered, That Princes that voluntarily lay down their Royal Dignity, do either expreſs ſome infirmity in Power, or weakneſs of Underſtanding, or imperfect Health of Body, or Effeminacy

minacy of Spirits, or doting Affection, or Vainglory: for Religion requires it not; nay, ſaid ſhe, it ſeems rather an Impiety for *Jove*'s Annointed, being his chief Deputy on Earth, to leave, or be weary in governing the people, by which, and in which he ſerves *Jove*. And it was accounted (ſaid ſhe) a Bleſſing as well as an Honour, in the Ancient Writ, to go out and in before the People, moſt being inſpired by *Jove* to that Dignity of Propheſying; and for the Great, Gallant, Heroick *Heroes*, as *Alexander* and *Cæſar*, they left not their Crowns, nor parted with their Power, until Death uncrowned and diveſted them. Neither (ſaid ſhe) were there any that voluntarily laid down or yeelded up a Crown, but have had more Condemners and Diſpraiſers, than Commenders or Admirers. Thus, ſaid ſhe, neither the Laws of Honour or Religion allow it; nor can I perceive Morality approves it.

Then they asked her, If a fooliſh King might not bring a Commonwealth to ruin ſooner, than a Council of Many?

She ſaid, No: for, ſaid ſhe, the plurality breeds Faction; which Faction cauſeth more evil than one fooliſh Head can make or bring about.

Then they asked, If a Tyrant-King were not worſe than a Factious Aſſembly?

She ſaid, No: for, ſaid ſhe, a Tyrant-King may make good Laws, and keep Peace, and maintain Supreme Power and Authority; but a Factious Aſſembly (ſaid ſhe) will break all Laws, do no Juſtice, keep no Peace, obſtruct Authority, and overthrow Supreme Power; and, ſaid ſhe, that Kingdom is happieſt that lives under a Tyrant-Prince; for when the People are afraid of their Prince, there is Peace; but where the Prince is afraid of the People, there is Warr; and there is no Miſery like a Civil-Warr: Nor is there a greater ſign that a King is afraid of his People, than when he advances thoſe that are, or ſeem to be his Enemies. Thus Subjects in general live happieſt under a Tyrant, but not particular Courtiers, or buſie prating Fools, or Factious Knaves: and a facil King cauſeth more Trouble, Diſtraction, and Ruin, by his ſoft eaſie nature, than a Cruel Tyrant with Executions, ſevere Laws, or heavy Taxes: for the greateſt Tyrant that ever was, will not deſtroy all his Subjects, or take away all Subſtance, for his own ſake; for if he did, he would deſtroy his Power, and ruin his Monarchy.

Then they asked her, What Men made the beſt Privy-Councellors?

She ſaid, Thoſe that had moſt Experience, ſuch as

as had ſeen the ſeveral changes of Fortune, and obſerved the ſeveral Humours of Men. Likewiſe, thoſe that are rich; for thoſe will be cautious in their Counſel, and careful for the Commonwealth for their own ſakes; not daring to adventure their Eſtates in a Factious Party, or a raſh Advice. But, ſaid ſhe, Princes ſhould not have more Councellors than Buſineſs, for fear they ſhould make Troubles to have Employments.

Likewiſe, A State ſhould not have too many Magiſtrates: for, many Magiſtrates in a Commonwealth, are like many Maſters in a Family: Nor too great a number of Officers, leſt the many Officers ſhould over-charge the State, ſpending more in ordering and commanding, than they would loſe by ſome Diſorders and Diſobedience.

Then they asked her, What was apt to make Rebellion?

She anſwered, Poor Nobility and Rich Citizens or Burgers, being both Factious, and apt to raiſe Rebellion through Covetouſneſs and Ambition: for, the poor Nobility would have Wealth to maintain their Honour; and rich Burgers and Yeomantry would have Honour to dignifie their Wealth.

Then they asked her, Why thoſe Kings that had Favourites, were moſt commonly unfortunate?

She ſaid, One cauſe was, That the Subjects (in general) take it for a weakneſs in a Prince to be ruled or perſwaded by one particular Man.

Secondly, They hate that particular Perſon, as an Uſurper, ingroſſing wholly the King's Favour; which makes them think their Prince unjuſt, to give to one Man that which ought to be diſtributed according to Merit and Worth.

Thirdly, The Favourite's Crimes are thought the King's Cruelty or Facility.

Fourthly, The Favourite's Vanity is thought to be their Taxes; all which, makes them apt to murmur and rebel: but they never fail to rebel, when the King interpoſes himſelf as a Buckler betwixt the People and his Favourite; by which he endangers himſelf, but helps not the Favourite.

But a King who would reign long and peaceably, if he will have a Favourite, muſt have a Favourite to be a Buckler between him and the reſt of his Subjects: for he muſt not take his Favourite's Faults upon him, but lay his Faults on the Favourite; for when a People judg their King to have Faults, they will withdraw their reverences; for Princes muſt be thought as Gods that cannot err. But Favourites,

vourites, ſaid ſhe, are very dangerous and inſinuating Paraſites: for, thoſe Princes muſt needs be ignorant, that are much flattered; for every flattering Tongue is as a Muffler, to blind the Eyes of the Underſtanding; and Self-conceit is the Mouth, that ſucks the Milk of Vain-glory, which putrifies the Reaſon, and breeds a corrupted Judgment; which cauſeth Crudities and Ulcers in the Stomack of the Commonwealth, and makes the Heart of the Kingdom ſick; which diſtempers the whole Body, and brings the Plague of Rebellion, every Member being infected therewith; which is a certain and ſudden death to Monarchical Government.

Then they asked her, How Great Monarchs ſhould uſe Petty Princes?

Great Monarchs or Princes ſhould always keep leſſer Princes in awe, leſt in time they ſhould go cheek-by-jowl, and may chance to thruſt them out of their Power, either by Land, or Sea. Indeed, they ſhould be kept like Spaniels, to crouch; and not like Maſtiffs, to bite; otherwiſe they may chance to leap at their Throat, and tear out the Life of their Supremacy. Alſo, ſaid ſhe, Leſſer Princes ought not to be ſuffered to encroach upon the Ceremonies of great Monarchs: for, if Cere-

monies Deifie, thoſe Ceremonies ought to be kept ſacred. Nor upon their Orders or Dignifyings, as to make Nobility, or to give their Orders, or ſuch as are like to them, as the *George*, the *S. Eſprit*, or *Golden Fleece*, which Elective Princes are apt to do, if they be not kept in awe by the Hereditary Kings; and thoſe Hereditary Kings that give way to them to do it, ought to loſe their Magnificency.

Then they asked her, How Kings and Monarchs ſhould uſe their Officers of State, and Commanders of Warr?

She ſaid, Kindly, whilſt they were in Employments: for, their Employments either in the Civil Magiſtracy, or Martial Diſcipline, give them Power; and a ſmall Power (ſaid ſhe) oft-times ruin a greater, eſpecially when Malice and Opportunity are joined together; for though Ambition, ſaid ſhe, perſwades, yet it is Opportunity and Malice which betrays and ſets open the Gates to Rebellion; for many Powerful Princes, and Potent Monarchs, have been unthroned, and Kingdoms ruined, by mean Subjects, and ſmall Beginnings. Wherefore, ſaid ſhe, Princes and States ſhould have a care of leſſening the Power of their Officers, and to remove them from a better Office, or higher Degree, to a worſe Office,

fice, or lower Degree; but if they will remove them, or muſt (as being moſt convenient), then let them put them out of all Power and Authority, or advance them, either in Authority of Office or Honour, by which they will qualifie their Spleens, or prevent their Malice, or deſtroy their Abilities from doing any harm.

Then they asked her, If it were ſeemly or fit, that Kings ſhould ſuffer any Subjects to be familiar in their Diſcourſe or Actions, either to themſelves privately, or in the preſence of a publick Aſſembly?

She ſaid, No: for, ſaid ſhe, a familiarity makes a parity, for it advances a Subject to a greater reſpect; and draws down a King to a leſs eſteem; but ſaid ſhe, Kings ſhould be like Gods, obeyed with fear, and loved for Mercy.

Then they asked her, What Kings ſhould do to ſuch Subjects or Servants?

She ſaid, They ſhnuld be check'd with frowns, and baniſhed from their preſence; for, that King that doth not keep ſtrict orders, and rules ſeverely, ſhall neither be obeyed nor loved, as being either fearful, that dares not check Offenders, and cut off

Criminals; or facil, to ſuffer boldneſs in his ſight; or hated, as being thought partial: and if you will obſerve (ſaid ſhe), you ſhall find the more ſtern a Maſter, the better he ſhall be ſerved: for, although his Servants complain, yet they dare not diſobey: ſo a King, the more Tyrannical he is, the better he ſhall be obeyed; when a gentle Maſter, and a facil King, ſhall loſe his Power and Authority.

Then they asked her, Whether it were wiſe for a King to diſcover the ſecrets of his Heart to a chief Favourite Councellor?

She ſaid, The King that made known the ſecrets of his Heart, or would but make known his ordinary Intentions, until they were to be put in execution, although but to the moſt truſty of his Council, was fitter to be ruled, than to rule: but, ſaid ſhe, it is an ordinary Policy in Favourite-Councellors, to perſwade their Prince to keep nothing of moment from their knowledg, or any Advice that others give; for if they do, they cannot counſel as they ſhould, becauſe they know but part of the King's Affairs; which credulous Princes believe, and ſo betray themſelves. But wiſe Princes, ſaid ſhe, hear others, but counſel themſelves; and fooliſh Princes, ſaid ſhe, will hear nothing from any, but thoſe they will entruſt; but if they do, they ſtraight tell their

their Favourites (as Children do their Nurſes) all that they hear or know.

The Ninth ſort were Trades-men, or Citizens; and they asked her, How they ſhould grow rich?

She ſaid, Not to have their Pride above their Calling: for, they that think themſelves too good, or too worthy, or too highly born for their Trade, will never thrive thereby; for they neglect it through ſcorn, and ſo grow poor with Pride.

Likewiſe, ſaid ſhe, not to take too many Apprentices; for, out of a covetouſneſs of a little preſent Money they get when they are bound, they are forced for ſeven years to maintain a company of idle Boys, that can gain them nothing, by reaſon they muſt learn before they can work; and by that time they come to be Shop-men, or Work-men, and skilful in their Trade, their Time is out: ſo that the Maſters loſe the time in teaching them, ſpends Money in maintaining them, and receives no profit by them.

Likewiſe, Not to have more Journey-men than Trafficque: for Journey-men have great Wages; and when they have more Servants than Employments, they ſpend more than they can get, giving more Wages out, than they have Profit coming in.

Likewiſe, Not to ſet too great prizes on their Ware; for thoſe that ſell deer, will have but few Cuſtomers.

Likewiſe, Not to neglect their Shops; for when there is no body to ſell their Ware, it muſt needs lye unbought.

Alſo, Not to neglect their Cuſtomers; for there are few will ſtay and pray for what they muſt deerly pay.

Likewiſe, Not to break their Promiſes, or day of Payments; for that will make all afraid to truſt them.

Likewiſe, Not to truſt much, eſpecially ſuch as have not viſible Eſtates; for they that ſell out their Wares for Bonds, may chance to break by their Cuſtomers: for, though Bonds may impriſon their Perſons, yet not always get their Money; for, as the old Saying is, *Where there is nothing to be had, the King muſt loſe his Right.*

Likewiſe, to ſhun all Law-ſuits: for, whilſt they follow their Suit, they are forced to neglect their Trade, leaving all to their Servants, who are as idle and as careleſs in their Shops, as the Maſter is buſie in Law. And whilſt the Lawyers pick their Purſe of their Gains, their Servants cozen and rob their Shops of their Wares, or loſe their Cuſtomers by their Careleſneſs, or lazily neglect their Work.

Alſo,

alſo not to be Drunkards, for Drink drowns all Induſtry; and though it ſwells the Body, it ſhrinks the Purſe; and as it diſorders the Brains, ſo it cauſes diſorders in a Family, by abuſing their Wives, Children, and Servants; diſturbing their Neighbours with their quarrels and unhandſome demeanours: beſides, by their drunken humours, ſometimes they ſpoil and deſtroy their Goods; ſo that what with their ſpending more, or at leaſt as much as they get, and ſpoiling what they have, and neglecting what they ſhould have, a Drunkard is never rich, but on the contrary very poor.

Laſtly, To marry Wives that are approved for good Huſwifry, rather than for Riches: for an idle Goſſip will ſpend more than ſhe brings; and will be maintained finer than her Husband's Quality, and above his Trade or Calling.

Then they asked her, What it was to be a good Citizen?

She ſaid, Not to look after their particular Profit more than the publike Good; and never to neglect their duty in diſcharging their Commiſſions or Offices of Authority.

Likewiſe, Not to prefer their own private Intereſt before the Publick, by ingroſſing Trading, or heightning the Prizes.

Alſo, Not to be factious, murmuring at Authority, or repining through envy.

Likewiſe, To defend their Countrey with Courage, Wealth, and Love, againſt any Aſſault made againſt it.

Likewiſe, to obſerve the Laws punctually, to perform the Cuſtoms and Ceremonies ſtrictly, to ſubmit to Magiſtrates willingly, to dwell by their Neighbours peaceably, to govern their Family orderly, to breed their Children civilly, and to live honeſtly.

The Tenth ſort that viſited her, were Houſekeepers, and Maſters of Families.

They asked her, What was the greateſt ruin to an Eſtate?

She anſwered, Great Eſtates were ruinated with gluttonous Hoſpitality, unneceſſary Servants, negligences of Stewards, unprofitable Horſes, drunken Cellars, careleſs Maſters, and Vain-glory.

As for the firſt, ſaid ſhe, a Man is only praiſed ſo long as the Meat is taſtable in their Mouths; but when their Bellies are full, and their Stomacks ſick, by being over-charged, they will curſe not only the Meat they eat, and the Cook that dreſt it; but the Maſter that gave it, when it is digeſted, is forgotten.

As for unneceſſary Servants, ſaid ſhe, when there are more Servants than Work, they grow lazy and proud

proud, thinking themſelves Maſters by their little Employment, forgetting at whoſe coſt they live; beſides the Factions Idleneſs brings, by hearkning after Tales, and reporting them worſe than they were meant: ſo they rather ſerve to eat, than to work; to command, than to obey.

Then they asked her, Whether it were not againſt Hoſpitality to quarrel with a Stranger in his Houſe?

She ſaid, Yes.

Then they asked her, If it were not lawful to defend his Honour againſt a Stranger in his own Houſe?

She ſaid, They might defend their Life in their own Houſe; but not aſſault the Life of their Gueſt or Stranger.

Likewiſe, ſaid ſhe, they may defend their Honour by reaſoning, clearing, and telling the truth; and by declaring the right; but not to revenge their Quarrel in their own Houſe; but when they are departed from their Houſe, they might do their pleaſure.

Then they asked her, If a Houſe-keeper might not in honour deny Strangers Entertainment?

She ſaid, Yes, when it was inconvenient to the Owner, and not very ſerviceable to the Gueſts.

Then they asked her, If an impertinent troubleſome Gueſt might not be put out of one's Houſe, if he would not go civilly of himſelf?

She ſaid, Yes; for, ſaid ſhe, every Man's dwelling-Houſe is, or ought to be his Earthly Paradice; and if there be a Serpent, he ought to be baniſhed out; or evil Angel, to be thrown out.

Then they asked her, If it were againſt the Laws of Hoſpitality, if they ſhould entertain their Gueſts only with a ſufficiency, without a ſuperfluity?

She ſaid, Honour did not bind or require any Man to ruin himſelf: wherefore, ſaid ſhe, every Man may, nay ought to entertain according to his Eſtate?

Then they asked her, If they ought not to make a difference of Perſons in their Entertainment?

She ſaid, Yes, if their Eſtates would allow it, or elſe not; for every Man, ſaid ſhe, muſt entertain according to the Ability of his Fortunes, not according to the Quality of his Gueſts.

Then they asked her, What was the reaſon the Man looks finer in the Maſter's old Clothes, than the Maſter did when he left them off.

She anſwered, The reaſon was, Becauſe the Maſter ſeemed too Noble for his old Clothes; but when the Man had them on, the Clothes ſeemed too Noble for him.

The

The Eleventh ſort that viſited her, were Married-Men and their Wives.

The Men asked her, What was the beſt courſe to keep their Wives honeſt?

She ſaid, Tender regard, civil reſpects, wiſe inſtructions, honourable examples, and virtuous employments.

For, ſaid ſhe, Idleneſs breeds vain thoughts, wild paſſions, and extravagant appetites; and vain thoughts and wild paſſions have a ſympathy to each other; and as thoughts lye in the Brain, ſo paſſions dwell in the Heart, and various thoughts raiſe up ſeveral paſſions: But Reaſon, ſaid ſhe, ſhould govern as King in the Brain; and Temperance, as Queen in the Heart; and when this King and Queen are contracted into a Matrimonial Bond, the Life lives orderly, the Mind peaceably, and the Body healthfully. Wherefore, ſaid ſhe, Women ought to be wiſely employed; for Buſineſs to the Mind, is as neceſſary as Exerciſe to the Body; and Inſtructions to the Mind are as neceſſary as Food to the Body; and let me warn you, ſaid ſhe, of Idleneſs; for it is the great Bawd of the World.

Then the Men asked her, If Husbands might not in honour correct their Wives?

Yes, ſaid ſhe, with timely Admonitions, ſeaſonable Reproofs, and loving Perſwaſions; but not with cruel Blows: for a Husband is a Wife's Guardian and Protector from all harms; wherefore he ought not to hurt her, but to cheriſh and defend her: But, ſaid ſhe, a Husband may reſtrain a Wife, although not beat her; for if ſhe be an unſufferable Scold, or a Vixen, he may bind her Hands with kind Embraces, and ſtop her Mouth with Kiſſes.

If ſhe be indiſcreet, he may reſtrain her from going abroad, leſt ſhe ſhould diſgrace him with her Follies.

If ſhe be a Slut, he muſt keep Servants that are cleanly, if he be able; if not, he muſt do his work himſelf, or viſit his Wife but ſeldom: but if he cannot do his work himſelf, through publick Employments, and yet he muſt be at home; he muſt ſtrive to make her better by Perſwaſions and Directions: for they that will not mend with good Counſel, will grow worſe and worſe, and more perverſe with blows.

If ſhe be wanton, ſhe muſt be kept to a ſpare dry Diet; ſhe muſt be purged much, and eat little; ſhe muſt ſtudy much, and ſleep little; and ſhe muſt have Moral Lectures preached to her very often;

often: likewiſe, ſhe muſt be maintained thriftily, not vainly; ſhe muſt not be ſuffered to be ſuperfluous or coſtly, but only to be allowed Neceſſaries or Conveniences, which will keep her from wandring or gadding abroad, having no Vanities to ſhew her Neighbours: as for a Man to lock up his Wife, it is no ſecure Remedy; for Women will find a thouſand inventions to get liberty.

Wherefore, if the Cure cannot be wrought upon the Body and Mind, they may deſpair: for reſtraint of liberty will do them ſmall good.

But the only way in this condition, is for a Man to part from his Wife; for then the World may only pity him as being a Cuckold, but cannot ſcorn him as being a Wittal.

Then they asked her, If a Husband might not be lawfully Complemental to other Women in their Wives company?

She anſwered, It was unworthy for any Man rudely to neglect a Civility to any Woman; and he was no ways worthy the name of a Gentleman, that uſed not reſpect to the meaneſt of that Sex: but, ſaid ſhe, a Husband ought to have reſpect to his Wife, and to do no action, nor ſpeak no words that may juſtly offend or diſgrace her, or to put her out of countenance: for, though Men

ought to be civil to that Sex, yet a Husband ought not to make Courtſhips to any, neither in jeſt or earneſt; for fooliſh toying, though harmleſs meaning and honeſt intentions, may cauſe great diſcontent betwixt a Married Pair, and breed ſuch Quarrels as cannot be reconciled.

Then they asked her, How they ſhould breed their Children, eſpecially Sons?

She ſaid, Children ſhould be bred according to their condition of Birth or Fortune: yet, ſaid ſhe, there is a general Breeding, as well as a particular Breeding; that is, to be bred on honeſt Grounds, and honourable Principles: to do as they would be done by, that is Juſtice; to ſuffer an Evil patiently, when they cannot avoid, that is Fortitude; to be induſtrious to prevent Evils that may come, is Prudence; to abſtain from tempting-Evils, that is Temperance; and to inſtruct them of the benefit that will accrew thereby, ſhewing them that it is the greateſt wiſdom for a Man's ſelf, to be honeſt; and to have Honourable Principles, is to do good when they have power to do hurt; to prefer their Neighbour's good before their own pleaſure; to maintain Right, to defend the Truth, to aſſiſt the Helpleſs, to incite them to Noble Endeavours, and Civil Demeanours.

For

For particular Breeding: If they be nobly born, they ſhould be reſpectfully bred; their Tutors ſhould inſtruct them ſubmiſſively and humbly, and not commandingly; they ſhould rather be perſwaded by Reaſon, than forced to learn by Terrifying; otherwiſe a Noble Perſon may have a Slaviſh Spirit: Their Learning muſt be, To know Men and Manners; to be inſtructed of times paſt; to be advertiſed of the times preſent.

Likewiſe, they muſt be bred to handle the Pen more than the Pencil, the Sword more than the Pen, the Horſe's Bridle more than the Fiddle-ſtring, the Cannon-Bullet more than the Racket-Ball, the Vaulting-Horſe more than Dancing; to encounter Strengths, more than running Lengths; to Wraſtle, more than ſhuffle Cards; and throwing the Barr, more than throwing the Dice: The actions of Cards are too ſoft and effeminate for Maſculine Spirits. Alſo, they muſt rather be taught to ſpeak well, than ſing well.

Likewiſe, they muſt rather ſtudy Fortification than Logick; to defend Towns, rather than diſpute Arguments; to decide Quarrels, rather than to make Quarrels.

Likewiſe, they muſt ſtudy how to return Obligations gratefully, to reward Merit nobly, to ſupply Neceſſity generouſly.

Likewiſe, they ſhould be bred more with the

Muſes, than the Sciences: for the Poetick Flame doth fire the Spirits with a Noble Ambition.

Likewiſe, they muſt be bred to know the Laws, Cuſtoms, and Priviledges of their Native Countrey, leſt their Ignorance ſhould commit faults in breaking the Laws, or commit errors in omitting the Cuſtoms, or do themſelves wrong in not claiming their Priviledges.

Alſo, they ſhould have ſome inſight of the Laws of other Nations, that they may know how to behave themſelves, if they ſhould be ſent Embaſſadors; or to adviſe, if they ſhould be called to Councils.

Alſo, they ſhould be inſtructed in the Maps of their own Nation, as alſo of Forreign Nations; that they may know how to order their Commands, to take their Advantages, and to avoid Dangers, in caſe they ſhould be employed as Commanders and Officers of Warr for their King and Countrey. In ſhort, They muſt be inſtructed by Truth, adviſed by Honour, and encouraged by Fame.

As for the breeding them in common Schools, I do utterly diſapprove, although ſome ſay it gives them Confidence, and quickens their Courage; but my opinion is, It rather makes them rudely bold, than manly confident.

It learns them rather to quarrel, than to fight: for a com-

a company of Boys make a wrangling-noiſe, and ſcolding-quarrels; but ſeldom fight or cuff with alacrity.

It makes them factious and unconſtant; for having not experience to underſtand truly, and judg rightly, they one while take this Boy's part, another while another Boys part; and there is a faction between the little Boys and the great Boys, and amongſt the leſſer Boys too.

A Free-School is apt to make Lyars, Sharks, and Thieves; for Boys will not only be apt to lye to ſave their Breech, denying the truth of a fault; but to get a Point, or rather for fear to loſe a Point or a Farthing at play.

They learn to ſhark, being neceſſitous, either by the thriftineſs of their Parents, or Tutor, or both; or being cozened by other Boys, whoſe Parents have not much to give them; and they, rather than want, will do any baſe thing to get: and Boys, being active and ſtirring, young and ſtrong, cauſeth ſharp Appetites, and quick Stomacks, which quick Stomacks and ſhort Commons do not agree; and their Hunger out-running their Meat, makes their Wit out-run their Honeſty; for they will be ſtrangely ſubtil, and moſt ingenious to cozen or get from thoſe Boys that have more than the reſt: it learns them to flatter and diſſemble, to get it by fair means; or to quarrel and lye, to get it by force;

or to watch or deſign, to get it by theft; and when they cannot compaſs their Deſigns, they will make other Boys ſharers, to help them to ſteal, or at leaſt to cheat.

It makes them envious at the praiſes of thoſe that are moſt apt to learn; alſo malicious, by being whipt; and makes them ill-natured, to wiſh, or be glad when any other Boys are whipt, becauſe they ſhall not be laughed at, or twitted, for being whipt.

It makes them baſe Informers, and many times falſe Accuſers; for rather than they will ſuffer the diſgrace (as they take it) to be whipt alone, they will betray, be-lye, or accuſe any, that they may make them have the ſame puniſhment.

Beſides, in common Schools much beaſtly wickedneſs is learnt: but it were a wonder if Vices ſhould not be catch'd in a common School, being ſo many Boys in a company, of ſeveral natures and diſpoſitions, qualities, births, and fortunes; and vicious qualities, being malignant, like the Plague; for one ſick body is able to infect a whole Town, when the beſt Cordial-Counſels and Advices cannot ſave life.

A company of Boys are like a company of Colts before they are back't, which kick, and fling, and run about; and are ſo impatient at the Bridle, Spurr, and Rod, that they ſtrive with all their ſtrength,

ſtrength, and uſe all their skittiſh tricks to fling their Rider off, ſtriking all that come near them; ſo do Boys their Tutors: and unleſs a Tutor be a diſcreet Man, and a Wiſe Governour, his Scholars grow reſty, and become unuſeful, ſtubborn, malicious, and ill-natur'd.

But by reaſon it is proved, that common Schools breed confidence, or rather boldneſs, it is good for the breeding of ſuch Youth whoſe Parents intend them for Lawyers and Divines, Embaſſadors, and the like, who are to preſent themſelves, and to ſpeak in a full Aſſembly, where baſhfulneſs may perchance diſturb and obſtruct their Oratory. And it is the beſt Breeding to get Experience, and to be acquainted with the nature of Mankind: for in Youth the nature lies open and plain to the view; and the reſt of the Senſes are not arrived to the Art of concealing them under counterfeit Veils, or diſguiſing them in various Dreſſes, which Time learns Men to do.

Likewiſe, theſe common Schools may be good for Phyſicians, and Chirurgeons, and Soldiers: for Chirurgeons, becauſe it makes them bold and adventurous: for Soldiers, becauſe it makes them hardy, venturous, and reſolute: for Phyſicians, becauſe it gives them experience of ſeveral Appetites, Diets, and Conſtitutions: for Prints ſtrike deeper in Youth than Age; and Men in Age remember

beſt the obſervations of their Youth; and Youth obſerve more than Age doth; and like a Jack-an-apes, imitate what they obſerve.

As for the particular Breeding of the Common-ſort, they are to be bred according to the Profeſſion their Parents intend them to practice: as, Clerks muſt be bred to the uſe of the Pen, and to learn ſeveral Hand-writings.

All Merchants, either trading, trafficking, or adventuring, muſt learn Arithmetick, and to keep Accounts.

Apothecaries muſt learn the difference and properties of Simples.

Doctors, to apply them.

Lawyers muſt learn the Laws, Cuſtoms, and Priviledges of the Kingdom; alſo, the Records, Fees, and Offices of ſeveral Courts; likewiſe, all ſorts of Warrants, Grants, Leaſes, and Wills.

Heralds muſt be good Antiquaries, and learned in the Faſhions, Ceremonies, and Orders of Dignities.

Surveyors, Architectors, and Muſicians, muſt be learned in the Mathematicks and Geometry.

Picture-drawers, in Hiſtory and Geography; as alſo in the Mathematicks, by reaſon of Symmetry.

As for Handicrafts-Trades, Practice makes them Maſters; and Trades-men of all ſorts, the leſſer ſpeculative Learning they have, the better Work-men they

they moſt commonly be, buſying their heads with nothing but their Trade.

As for Secretaries of State, they muſt be bred to ſeveral Languages, and to underſtand the Laws, Cuſtoms, Humours, and Potencies of Forreign Nations, for which they ſhould be bred with ſeveral Embaſſadors, whoſe Employments are Travelling-Schools, and Experienced-Tutors.

As for States-men, they muſt be bred to a general Learning, but no particular ſtudy; they muſt learn the Humours of Men, as well as the Laws of the Kingdom; they muſt learn the Diſcipline of Warr, as well as the Rules of Peace; they muſt learn the Weakneſs and Strength, the Infirmities and Advantages of the Kingdom, as well as the Traffick and Commerce. They muſt learn Morality as well as Rhetorick; they muſt learn to do well, as well as to ſpeak well: for he will be but a corrupt States-man, who hath more Eloquence than Juſtice, more Policy than Honeſty.

But in Youth, ſaith ſhe, the Underſtanding is like their Age and Bodies, little and young; their Eyes muſt firſt be fed with Action, their Ears with Relation; without which Objects and Subjects, the Underſtanding would become lean or ſtarved: for ſeveral Objects and Diſcourſes, put to the ſight and hearing, paſs through the Eyes and Ears, into the Head, to feed the Brain, which maintains the life of

the Underſtanding; as ſeveral ſorts of Meats put by the Hands into the Mouth, paſs through the Throat into the Stomack, to feed the Body, to maintain the life thereof; and the natural Capacities digeſt thoſe ſeveral Objects and Subjects into Knowledg and Underſtanding, as the natural heat into Fleſh and Blood.

And the Brain is like the Body, ſometimes more ſtrong, and ſometimes more weak; which makes the Underſtanding ſometimes more ſick, and ſometimes more healthy: and ſometimes alſo the Brain will be ſtuft with Fancy, as the Body with Humours. But ſome Brains are like an unhealthy Body, that will never thrive; and others, like Stomacks that are nouriſh'd but with ſome particular ſort of Meat, when Variety will corrupt, but never digeſt.

And others are like Stomacks, that the more Varieties are received, the better Concoction, where particulars would cauſe a Surfeit.

Likewiſe, ſaid ſhe, young Brains are like tender Slips, not grown to bear Fruit; but length of time brings them to maturity.

And ſome Brains are like barren Grounds, that will not bring Seed or Fruit forth, unleſs it be well manured with the Wit which is rak'd from other Writers or Speakers.

Others are like unplowed ground; for the Senſes, which are as the Husband-man, either neglect through

through lazineſs, or are ſo poor that they have not a ſufficient ſtock of Objects or Subjects, or Matter or Form, to work with, or ſow in the Brain.

Others are like fooliſh Husband-men, that either ſow or reap too ſoon or too late; that know not how to ſett and graft, to prune or to cheriſh; which makes the Brain unprofitable.

Others, like ill Husbands, run wandring about unconſtantly, and never regard their Affairs, but let the Brain run to Weeds, which with good Huſbandry might bear fruitful Crops.

And ſome are ſo rich and fertil, that if they be not plowed nor ſett, yet they will be fat Meadows, and rich Paſture, wherein grow wild Cowſlips, Prim-roſes, Violets, Dazies, and ſweet Thyme, Marjoram, Succory, and the like.

Then they asked her, How they ſhould govern their Servants?

She anſwered, With Employment: for, ſaid ſhe, idle Servants, like idle Subjects, grow factious, and ſo rebellious, for want of good Employments to buſie their heads with.

Then they asked her, How Maſters ought to uſe Servants?

She anſwered, As good Princes do their Sub-

jects, with a Fatherly care for their well-being, well-doing, and ſubſiſting: they muſt have a Protector's regard, for their ſafety; be juſt Judges, for their Rights and Priviledges, for their Condemnations and Puniſhments; honeſt Friends, to adviſe them; wiſe Tutors, to inſtruct them; prudent Governours, to order them; powerful Generals, to command them; bountiful Gods, to reward their painful Labours, their dutiful Obediences, their honeſt Services, their faithful Truſt, and their conſtant Fidelity.

Then the Wives asked her, If it might not be as lawful for Wives to receive and entertain Love's Courtſhips, as for Husbands to make Love-Courtſhips?

She ſaid, No: for, ſaid ſhe, unconſtant Women are the ruin of a Commonwealth.

For firſt, It decays Breed: for, though many be barren by Nature, yet there are more become barren through Wildneſs.

Secondly, It corrupts Breed, mingling the Iſſues of ſeveral Men.

Thirdly, It decays Induſtry: for, a Man that doubts the Children be none of his, will never take pains to provide for them, or at leaſt not to enrich them.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, It makes dangerous and deadly quarrels: for the Cuckold and the Cuckold-maker can never agree.

Then they asked her, What they ſhould do in caſe their Husbands did kiſs their Maids, or their Neighbour's Maids, Daughters, or Wives?

She ſaid, To take as little notice of it as they could; to give them as much liberty as they would have; to praiſe their Miſtreſſes more than they deſerved; and to cauſe them to be as jealous of them as they could be.

Firſt (ſaid ſhe), To take no notice, makes them to live quiet, and makes their Husbands to be more ſhye, leſt they ſhould perceive it; otherwiſe, ſaid ſhe, there will not only be quarrels, but ſhe will receive often affronts and diſgraces by himſelf and Whores.

Secondly (ſaid ſhe), To give them liberty, will glut their Appetites, ſurfeit the Humour, and quench their Affections.

Thirdly (ſaid ſhe), A ſuperlative Praiſe will abate the Truth, and out-reach the Admiration.

Laſtly (ſaid ſhe), To make them jealous by diſcourſing, That no Woman is to be truſted or relied upon, for their conſtancies in Love, when they have forſaken their own Honour, their Modeſt

Nature, their Honeſt Birth, their Lawful Rites, their Civil Cuſtoms, and their Pious Zeal to Heaven: for Jealouſie, ſaith ſhe, turns Love into Hate.

Then they asked her, What they ſhould do if their Husbands Whores did enſlave them by being as Miſtreſſes to command, and they as Drudges and Slaves to obey, making them as Bawds or Witneſſes to their Laſcivious Acts?

She ſaid, There was nothing for that, but parting: for, ſaid ſhe, a Noble Mind cannot play the Bawd, nor live with impudent Vices.

But, ſaid they, if the Wife have Children, how ſhall they part then?

'Tis better, ſaid ſhe, to part with the Goods of the Body, than the Goods of the Soul; wherefore it were better to part from Children or Life, than with Honour and Virtue: for, though Virtue, ſaid ſhe, may wink at an Infirmity, and Honour may excuſe a Fault, yet not be made as a Party, or brought to the publick view, or be made a Slave thereto.

Then they asked her, What was the beſt way to keep their Husband's Love, and cauſe them to be conſtant?

She

She ſaid, The beſt way to keep their Husband's love, was, to be honeſtly modeſt, cleanly, patient, prudent, and diſcreet: but, ſaid ſhe, a man may love dearly and tenderly his Wife, and yet deſire to kiſs his Maid: wherefore, to keep him conſtant, ſaid ſhe, a Wife muſt act the Arts of a Courtizan to him, which is very lawful, ſince it is to an honeſt End: for the Arts are honeſt and lawful, but the Deſign and End is wicked: but, ſaid ſhe, to learn thoſe Arts, you muſt be inſtructed by ſuch as have practiſed or ſeen them; for I have not, nor cannot gueſs or deviſe Arts.

The Twelfth ſort were Nurſes with their Nurſe-Children.

And they asked her, How Children ſhould be ordered?

She ſaid, Young Children ſhould be handled gently, watched carefully, uſed kindly, and attended prudently.

The gentle handling, ſaid ſhe, is moſt requiſite: for Children have rather Griſsles than Bones, more Jelly than Fleſh; whereby the leaſt oppreſſion, or wrenching, or turning, may deform them, cauſing ſome Members to be deformed, that otherwiſe would be in perfection; and by reaſon Nurſes handle

not Children tenderly, there is ſo many lame and crooked as they are.

Likewiſe, Nurſes ſhould give their Limbs liberty, not ſwaddle nor tye them too hard, or to ſuffer their Coats to be too little, or their Shooes or Stockings too ſhort, nor to pin too many Pins about them, leſt they ſhould prick them.

Likewiſe, not to toſs nor tumble them, nor to dance nor rock them too violently; for a weak motion may diſplace an unknit Griſsle-Joint; and what Pains ſoever they feel, or Hurts they get, they cannot complain or tell their Grievance by their Speech, having not learnt a Language; and though their Tears ſupply their Speech, yet Nurſes moſt commonly take their Tears to be ſhed out of a froward paſſion, rather than a mournful complaining, or a craving redreſs; which makes them only to ſing, or prate, or whiſtle, or rattle to them, to pleaſe them; but not to ſearch about them, or obſerve them, to find out their Malady, to eaſe them; but rather, by the dancing and rocking them, they put them to more pain.

Secondly, To watch them carefully: for many Children are killed, or cripled, or blinded, or ſcarified (which is worſe) by the negligence of the Nurſes. And ſome are over-laid by the Nurſes in their ſleep; ſome choak't by giving them Meat too hard, or too big to paſs through their little tender throats.

Some

Some fall into the fire and burn themſelves, or put out their Eyes, or disfigure their Face; ſome fall from Tables, Stools, Beds, Stairs, or the like, whereby they become oft-times Cripples all their life-time; and many the like accidents befall through the careleſneſs of the Nurſes: wherefore, Children ſhould rather lye and play upon the ground, laying ſome ſoft Blanket under them, then be ſet upon Tables, Stools, or Beds: beſides, it is both healthful and ſtrengthning, for Children to lye ſtretching and rolling themſelves; for their weak ſtrength cannot diſorder their tender Limbs, but rather gives them liberty to grow; whereas to be carried much in Arms, or to ſet much in Chairs, or to lye much in Cradles, cramps up their Limbs, and doth (as it were) rivet their Joints, cauſing them to grow, as we ſay, double-jointed.

Thirdly, To be fed ſparingly, or rather diſcreetly: for there is nothing that deſtroys Children, or cauſeth more Diſeaſes, than too full Diet; or Nurſes are of an opinion, That a Child cannot live and be in health, unleſs they be always eating; through which opinion the Nurſes feed them ſo long, as they puke it up again; and the Nurſe is ſo deſirous they ſhould eat, that they will return the Meat they ſpue up, into their Mouths again, forcing them to eat againſt their Appetite or Stomack; which muſt needs be very unwholeſome:

Firſt, In over-charging their Stomacks. Next, In not giving their Stomack time to digeſt. Laſtly, In giving a Child Milk and Fleſh-meat, which no ways agree; for it curdles the one, and corrupts the other. Thus an overcharged Stomack cauſeth Surfeits, which Surfeits breed a ſuperfluous moiſture, which cauſeth the Rickets; or elſe it breeds tough matter, which matter breeds obſtructions, which obſtructions cauſeth ſwellings. Likewiſe, an ill digeſtion breeds Crudities, which Crudities cauſe the Cholick and Convulſions. Alſo, Milk and Meat together, the corruption of the one doth cauſe Burning-Fevers, or Scabs on their Heads and Faces; and the ſharpneſs of the other cauſes Agues or ſharp Rheums, making ſore Eyes, or the like Rheumatick Diſeaſes. And Children being weak of nature, and ſickly in breeding of teeth, which makes them more weak; yet they feed them ſo much, that if a Man at his full ſtrength ſhould eat as often, and as great a quantity for his growth, as Children for theirs, he would become as weak as a Child, and there would be as great a Mortality of Men, as there is moſt commonly of Children; for more dyes in Infancy than in Age; and the reaſon is, that they are killed with over-feeding, although Nurſes and Parents impute it to the Teeth; for a Child, as I ſaid, cannot tell its grievances, which makes them miſtake, by reaſon they can only gueſs at the cauſe.

Where-

Wherefore, ſaid ſhe, Children muſt be both orderly and temperately fed, have a Breakfaſt, Dinner, and Supper, until ſuch time as they are ſo ſtrong as to run about, and then they may eat four times a day: for by reaſon a Child is active, and always ſtirring, and likewiſe growing, they may eat the oftner, if they exerciſe much; but whilſt they are weak, having not ſtrength to run about, they muſt be fed with leighter Meat, and a leſs quantity: for, though ſome are of opinion, That a Child's Stomack is extraordinary hot, which heat they think cauſeth a quick digeſtion; yet I am of opinion, That the heat is according to their years, which is like a new-kindled fire, which is rather a ſmuthering heat, than a hot diſſolving heat; and as heat is weak in a Child, as being not throughly kindled; ſo it becomes weak by Age, as being burnt out: wherefore, Infancy and Old-age ſhould feed moſt temperately, leſt the quantity of the Fuel ſhould quench out the ſtrength of the Heat; but howſoever, Nurſes feed Children as if they had *Oſtritch*'s Stomacks, which is able to digeſt Iron.

Laſtly, Children ſhould be kindly uſed, and prudently bred: wherefore they muſt be humoured in all things that are not hurtful; otherwiſe to be croſſed, makes them of a froward and croſſing nature; for the ill cuſtom of being croſſed, makes them take the habit or cuſtom of croſſing, and to

ſtrike, or beat, or whip them, is worſe; for ſtripes create a Spaniel's diſpoſition; and timorous ſpirits are hard and cruel natures.

Likewiſe, Not to ſcold, rail, or to give Children ill language, for that only teaches them the rudeſt part of language, and to be foul-mouthed, as we ſay.

Likewiſe, Children muſt not be deceived with Lyes, leſt they learn to deceive with lying: alſo, they muſt not be frighted with telling them of *Hob-goblins*, or the like; for what is printed in Infancy, doth not eaſily wear out with Age; and certainly the terrors of Youth are a great cauſe of cowardly Age: for ſurely, frighting-tales to Children work the ſame effect on the Mind, as unwholſome Food on the Body; for as the Body becomes weak, ſo the Mind fearful.

Likewiſe, Children ſhould be taught the pureſt and perfecteſt parts of their Language, and the moſt ſignificant Words and eloquent Speech; and the Tongue get the habit of a good pronunciation, as well as the Underſtanding the right and clear ſenſe thereof; otherwiſe they will be like thoſe that have learned Muſick of an ill Maſter, that though they can play a Tune perfectly, and keep juſt time, and ſet a true Note, yet they play not ſweetly, but rough and rudely, making a jarring-ſcraping, or ſqueaking-noiſe.

Where-

Wherefore, Children muſt hear Truth, and not Lyes; be inſtructed with Reaſon, not beaten with Rods; adviſed with Kindneſs, not threatned with Words; preſented with Gifts, not croſt in Toys; uſed with Reſpect, not ſleighted with Neglect.

Likewiſe, They muſt be taught to ſpeak perfectly, ſenſibly, and ſeaſonably, not impertinently; civilly, not rudely; truly, not falſly.

To conclude, Thoſe that attend Children, ſhould behave themſelves well before them, leſt they ſhould give an ill example.

Wherefore the better ſort, that have Eſtates to maintain it, ſhould have their Children attended by none but ſuch as are well faſhioned, well ſpoken, and well qualified.

The Thirteenth ſort were Widowers and Widows.

The Widowers asked her, If it were not allowable for a Widower (in the Laws of Honour) to Marry?

She ſaid, Yes, in ſix caſes.

The firſt was, If he had a good Eſtate, and had no Children to be Heir to it; or that there were none left of his Family to keep alive the lovely memory of his Anceſtors.

The ſecond was, If he had many young Children, and his Employments or Affairs required him often from home.

Thirdly, If he had many Servants, and much Houſhold-Employments.

Fourthly, If he were a Melancholy Man, and lived ſolitarily alone.

Fifthly, If he were infirm or ſickly.

And laſtly, If he were conſciouſly honeſt, or honeſtly amorous.

Yet, ſaid ſhe, he muſt be wiſe, in chuſing ſuch a Woman as his Affairs require, or his Humour deſires: for a Man that marries for Children, muſt chuſe a Woman well born, well bred, of a good Reputation, and who comes from a fruitful Stock; likewiſe, ſhe muſt be beautiful and well ſhap't, leſt ſhe gives his Breed an ill dye, or an ill-favoured mark.

Secondly, If a Man marry a Wife to take care to bring up his Children, he muſt chuſe a diſcreet, ſober, and well-natured Woman, and one that is honourably born, and well bred; for thoſe that are honourably born and bred, have good Natures, noble Qualities, and ſweet Diſpoſitions; alſo, it breeds Children to reſpect, it humbles them to obedience, it ſubjects them to corrections, and begets in them a love.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, If a Man marries a Wife to follow his Servants, and govern his Houſhold-affairs; ſhe muſt be ſuch a one as hath been bred thriftily, and to good Huſwifry, and one that hath had ſome experience in the World: otherwiſe he may chance to have a buſie Wife, but not a prudent Wife; ſhe may take pains, but he get but ſmall gains.

Fourthly, If a Man marries becauſe he would not live ſolitarily, he muſt uſe his endeavour to get a cheerful Wife, and of a pleaſant Humour, or rather a pleaſing Humour; ſhe muſt be converſible, and of a ready Wit, and a good Underſtanding: alſo of a healthful Conſtitution: otherwiſe he will have a Diſeaſe inſtead of a Wife; a Trouble inſtead of a Companion; a Grave inſtead of a Bed.

If a Man marries a Wife to attend and nurſe him, ſhe muſt be a neat, cleanly, ingenious, and handſome-handed Woman; alſo skilful in Chirurgery and Phyſick, and the applying of Medicines: likewiſe, ſhe muſt be careful, watchful, and induſtrious; alſo patient, ſilent, chaſt, and good-natur'd; otherwiſe his Wife, inſtead of a Nurſe, may prove his Plague, his Hell, his Tormenter; his Plague, with her Sluttery; his Hell, with her Diſhoneſty; his Tormenter, with her froward nature, and ſcolding tongue.

And laſtly, If a Man marry out of a Conſci-

encious Honeſty, as being Honeſtly Amorous; he muſt endeavour to get a Chaſt, Healthful, Beautiful, Cleanly Woman.

Likewiſe, ſhe muſt be of a free Diſpoſition, a merry Humour, and a kind Nature; alſo, ſhe muſt rather be modeſtly kind, than boldly wanton.

For if ſhe be diſhoneſt, his Jealouſie will diſturb his Love. If ſickly, his Kindneſs will diſturb her Health. If ill-favoured, it will tempt his Conſtancy. If ſluttiſh, he will loathe her Bed. If peeviſh or coy, it will croſs his Deſires; and if bold, it will ſurfeit his Appetite.

But, ſaid ſhe, Equal Matches and Happy Marriages, are not common; by reaſon Fortune, Covetouſneſs, or Luſt, makes more Marriages, than prudent Judgment or Love; and oft-times Men and Women are deceived in each other; by reaſon the nature of Man is ſo obſcure, as it can hardly be found out: beſides, Woers do ſtrive to conceal their Faults, and veil their defects; or pretend to be vertuous, becauſe they would be gracious in the opinion of their Miſtreſſes, or the Miſtreſs in the opinion of the Suitor; whenas Marriage will diſcover them to be but Counterfeits, gilded with deceit; which Golden outſide is rubbed off with acquaintance; and then their baſe droſſie Nature appears, and Repentance is dearly bought.

Then

Then they asked her, If it were not lawful for a Man to keep a Miſtreſs, in caſe he was unwilling to marry?

She ſaid, The Laws of Nature and Cuſtom would allow it; but not the Laws of Morality or Divinity: Wherefore if they could not live a chaſt ſingle life, ſhe ſaid they ought to marry.

Beſides, ſaid ſhe, although thoſe Men that have Miſtreſſes inſtead of a Wife, have liberty to change their Miſtreſſes, which they cannot do their Wives; yet it is a far worſe condition of life to keep a Miſtreſs, than marry a Wife: for the beſt natur'd Miſtreſs is harder and more difficult to pleaſe, than the worſt humour'd Wife: for a Miſtreſs is a Tyrant, prouder than a mean fooliſh Favourite; more commanding than a ſtrict General; more Tyrannical than any Tyrant; more falſe than a Traitor: Proud, becauſe ſued to; Commanding, becauſe ſerved with obedience; Cruel, becauſe jealous; Falſe, becauſe unconſtant. Wherefore, ſhe muſt be flattered, obeyed, obſerved, and watch'd. Likewiſe, they will be more prodigal than a Gameſter; for what they get by Vice, they ſpend in vanity; and yet more covetous than an Uſurer; for if ſhe lend her Lover her Perſon, ſhe will have the Intereſt of his Eſtate.

This ruins his Family, and impoveriſhes his Eſtate: Alſo, ſhe is more froward than a Child, if ſhe hath not what ſhe deſires; or as melancholy as a Stoick, when ſhe hath ſo much ſhe knows not what to deſire; more furious than a deſperate Madman, when ſhe is croſt. Wherefore, ſhe muſt be humour'd and pleas'd, to keep her quiet.

Likewiſe, when is merry, ſhe is more miſchievous than a Jack-an-apes, more skittiſh than a Colt, skips more than a Frog, chatters more than a Pye: when ſhe is angry, ſhe is more furious than a Bull, and more fierce than a Maſtiff.

When ſhe hath Deſigns, ſhe is craftier than a Fox, more ſubtil than a Serpent; when Covetous, more ravenous than a VVolf; when Jealous, more cruel than a Tiger; when Kind, they are worſe than Beaſts; for VVhores are ſeldom harmleſly merry, or vertuouſly melancholy, or honourably angry, or innocently wiſe, or prudently thrifty, or lovingly jealous, or modeſtly kind. The Gifts of Nature, Youth, VVit, and Beauty, they ſet as ſnares to intangle Virtue, or to intrap Vice; Youth fits, Beauty draws, and VVit catches hold.

To conclude, A VVhore and good Fortune leaves a Man at once; and a VVhore many times makes the Fortune ill; when a chaſt VVife is conſtant to a Man all her life, and many times makes an ill Fortune good.

Then

Then the Women asked her, If it were not allow'd in Honour's Laws, for Widows to marry?

She ſaid, By no means: for Widows do both Cuckold their dead Husbands, and their living Husbands.

The Fourteenth ſort were Virgins.

They asked her, How they ought to behave themſelves?

She ſaid, Soberly, Modeſtly, Silently, Civilly, Temperately, and Dutifully.

Soberly: Behaving themſelves with reſervedneſs; not to dance, skip, jump, or toy wildly about, or to wander or gad abroad without their Parents or Governeſſes.

Modeſtly: Not to keep lewd or ill-famed Company, or to entertain all ſorts of Viſiters, or to ſuffer Men to embrace, kiſs, or whiſper to them.

Silently: Not to talk much, or loud; or to laugh or ſing much before Company, unleſs they have excellent Voices; nor then, except they are civilly entreated; and if they can ſing, and are entreated thereto, not to be fooliſhly nice, nor confidently forward; alſo, to leave the Hearers with a reliſh or

appetite, and not to ſing ſo long as to tire them, or ſurfeit their ears.

Civilly: To give every one their due reſpect.

Temperately: Not to drink too much Wine, or eat too high or luxurious Meats.

Dutifully: To obey their Parents, Governeſſes, Tutors, or Miſtreſſes, with all humility, care, diligence, willingneſs, and love.

Then they asked her, If they might not lawfully entertain Suiters?

She ſaid, Yes; but ſo, as to have ſome Friend by, as Witneſs, that they may not give them cauſe to brag of their received-favours, or to challenge Promiſes, or to receive diſgrace by their Inconſtancies; but to hear their Suit with attention, to return them an Anſwer with diſcretion; to entertain modeſtly, or deny them civilly.

Then they asked her, What Age was beſt to marry in?

She ſaid, At the years of Twenty: for at that Age (ſaid ſhe) Time doth both uſher and follow you: and at thoſe years a Woman is like the Sun at high-noon, being then in full ſtrength, glory, and

and ſplendor, as being paſt the dawning-day of Infancy, and hath enlightned the dark Clouds of Ignorance, and is fill'd with the ſweet Morning-dew of good Education: and at this height you give a full light of Beauty, without ſhadows; a clear day of Wit, without Miſty Errors, or Foggy Follies; a comfortable Warmth, by an aſſured ſetled Love; a nouriſhing Life, by a fruitful Womb: for Marriage, in Childiſh Years, is like unſeaſonable Weather, wherein nothing is brought forth kindly: it dries the ſap of Youth, ſhrinks up the Body of growth; it nips the Buds of Beauty, blaſts the Bloſſoms of Modeſty, withers the Leaves of Pleaſure, ſpoils the Fruits of Birth, and kills the Root of Love. If Women marry before they come to full growth, their Children are moſt commonly weak and infirm; for when a young and tender Slip bears Fruit, the Fruit is moſt commonly little, or inſipid, or very watriſh; and thoſe forward Trees laſt not ſo long, nor are ſo ſtrong nor large, nor flouriſh ſo much, as thoſe that bear more late.

Likewiſe, when Women marry before they are experienced in Knowledg, or have ſolid Judgment, they moſt commonly repent, having been deceived, and deſpiſing the Acts of their Youth, or condemning their Childiſh Affections, or rather Fondneſs: for Youth is rather fond, than truly loving, by rea-

ſon they have not judgment to diſtinguiſh Merit and Worth from Vanities and Trifles; for they will be catch'd with ſweet Banquets, perſwaded with kind Words, enticed with gay Clothes, and won with pedling Toys; nay, many young Maids will marry for no other reaſon, but to wear a Wedding-Ring; for they never enquire after the Birth, Fortunes, Breeding, or Diſpoſition of their Suiters, but obſerve whether they be brave or no; a Silver and Gold-laced Suit they prize more than Lands and Livings; gay Ribbans, and flanting Feathers, they eſteem more than Titles or Birth; to dance, and make a Courtly Congey, they account exact Breeding; their flattering Courtſhip they believe is good nature, and gentle diſpoſition: they think them very wiſe if they talk much, and very valiant if they ſwear or rant highly; very noble if they brag; very handſome if they be fine; and very fine, if they be gay.

Three or four Lacqueys they take to be moſt honourable Attendance, and more than forty other Servants; and the Maſter of a Race-horſe ſooner wins a Miſtreſs, and with more facility, than the Wager for which he runs.

But let me warn you (ſaid ſhe) of Bawds, for they are more crafty, and have more Devices and Policies to deceive young Virgins, VVives, or VVidows, than *Machiavel*, or the wiſeſt States-men,

to

to cozen the People. Of which Bawds there are four ſorts: A Procuring Bawd, a Protecting Bawd, a Conniving Bawd, and a Flattering Bawd.

A Procuring Bawd, is to make Love-Matches, and contrive Love-Meetings.

A Protecting Bawd, is to help Lovers in diſtreſs, as to entertain, or hide, or conceal Lovers.

A Conniving Bawd, is to wink, or to take no notice of Lovers Deſigns, hindring not their Meetings, nor obſtructing their Deſires, but leave them both to Time and Opportunity.

A Flattering Bawd, is to palliate Lovers Faults, excuſe Lovers Follies, to maintain Lovers Arguments, and to plead Lovers Freedoms.

But many one, ſaid ſhe, are Bawds to corrupt their own Virtue; and are as ingenious and induſtrious to cozen themſelves, as thoſe that get a Fee or Bribe to cozen another.

Wherefore, ſaid ſhe, Women ſhould guard their Chaſtity with Temperance and Prudence, with Courage and Conſtancy, with Innocence and Modeſty, with Honour and Piety.

Then they asked her, Whether it was a diſgrace and diſhonour to live to be an old Maid?

She ſaid, No: for Virginity, ſaid ſhe, may be

compared to Angels for Purity and Innocency;and to be like Angels, is no diſhonour to any Age, Sex, or Quality: but if a Woman cannot be free from Scandals, or ſafe from Injuries, ſhe ought to marry: for a Husband is a Tower, and a Champion, to keep and defend a Woman's Chaſtity and Reputation.

Then they asked her, Why old Maids were moſt commonly ſcorned and deſpiſed?

She anſwered, It was out of a corrupt nature in Mankind, which ſtrives to ſcandalize Virtue; and a ſpightful Reproach from the Maſculine Sex, that would corrupt all the Female Kind.

Beſides, ſaid ſhe, the generality of Mankind think it a diſgrace to be ignorant in any thing in Nature, although it be in Vice; for they had rather be Criminals than ignorant. But Virtue, ſaid ſhe, deſires to know no more than for Vertue's uſe.

The Fifteenth ſort were Lovers.

And they asked her, VVhat made Love ſo painful?

She ſaid, That a Lover was as if he were tied to a Poſt, his Mind being firmly fixed upon one Object: but when the Mind is ſtretch'd, ſaid ſhe, with admiration, then is a Lover nailed with Thoughts, as it were, upon a Croſs; for admiration is extenſion, and yet is fixed; and when the Mind, ſaid ſhe, is extendedly fixed, the Spirits grow faint, the Senſes dull, the Complexion pale, the Body ſick, the Fleſh withers, and the Strength decays: whereas if the Thoughts, ſaid ſhe, were looſe, the Mind would be at liberty, and free from Love's tormenting-pains.

Then they asked her, VVhy Lovers were apt to weep?

She ſaid, That when the Mind was crucified, it was a hundred to one but it would bleed: for, ſaid ſhe, Tears are the Blood of the Mind, although they flow in the Body; for the Head and the Heart, ſaid ſhe, are the Ciſterns that are fill'd with this Blood; and the Eyes are the Veins or Artery-

Pipes, through which it runs; and when the Mind is wounded, it bleeds; which Blood is dropping-tears, that fall upon the Cheeks, and ſometimes guſh out in a full ſtream.

Then they asked her, VVhy they were apt to ſigh?

She ſaid, Sighs were the Minds Pulſe; and when the Mind was ſick, the Pulſe beats ſtrong, faſt, and unevenly; which made Lovers ſigh ſoftly, ſmutheringly, and ſometimes deeply and ſtrongly.

Then they asked her, VVhat made Lovers groan?

She ſaid, Groans were the Mind's Voice; and when it felt pains, it complained, as finding no eaſe.

Then they asked her, VVhat made Lovers extravagant?

She ſaid, That Extravagantneſs was a diſtemper in the Mind; which diſtemper was cauſed by the Pain it felt.

Then they asked her, If there were no Cure?

She

She ſaid, Yes; Time was a good Phyſician; and Change, the only Remedy: unleſs (ſaid ſhe) the Object of Love be unalterable, and then it is dangerous. But (ſaid ſhe) the Mind would be well and free from ſuch pains, if it were not for the Appetites, which are never pleaſed, but are reſtleſs, run after Exceſs, and hunt after Variety; for they are always in pain, either in deſiring and not enjoying, or elſe with ſurfeiting of what they have fed upon: for the period of the Appetites, is Exceſs; and Exceſs is Surfeit; and Surfeit is Sickneſs; and Deſire is Travelling, and Travelling is Reſtleſs, and Reſtleſneſs is Weariſome, and Weariſomneſs is Painful; inſomuch as before we get to our deſired End, we are tired or dead.

Seldom do Lovers weep, ſigh, groan, or tremble,
But to make love, or rather to diſſemble:
For ſome can forge thoſe Paſſions by the dozen,
And act them all, poor Women for to cozen.

The ſixteenth ſort of Viſiters, were Poets.

Who asked her, Why Poets were moſt commonly Poor?

She ſaid, Poets are ſo employed with Contemplations, that they have no time for Fruition; for

Poets, ſaid ſhe, had rather have Fancies in their Heads, than Money in their Purſe; and take more pleaſure in expreſſing the one, than in ſpending the other; which makes their Imaginations their chiefeſt Poſſeſſions; being careleſs of Fortune's Goods, deſpiſing her Service, regarding neither her Frowns nor her Favours; being entertained by Nature, whom they moſt induſtriouſly ſerve, and diligently attend.

Then they asked her, Who were moſt in Nature's favour, Poets or Philoſophers?

She anſwered, There was no doubt to be made, but that ſhe eſteemed and loved Poets the beſt: for (ſaid ſhe) Natural Philoſophers tire Nature with Enquiries, trouble her with ſearching and ſeeking about, anger her with their Erroneous Opinions, tedious Diſputations, and ſenſleſs Arguments, and make her outragious with their cruel Extractions, Subſtractions, and Diſſections.

As for Moral Philoſophers, ſaid ſhe, they reſtrain, encloſe, and tye Nature, as one that is mad, tormenting her beyond all reaſon: but ſometimes, ſaid ſhe, with ſtrugling and ſtriving, ſhe breaks out; but cannot get ſo far, but they ſtraight get hold of her again; which makes them always at variance.

But Poets, ſaith ſhe, never croſs nor anger her, nor

nor torment her; they pleaſe her all they can, and humour her every way; they ſooth her Paſſions, feed her Appetites, delight her Senſes, praiſe her Wit, admire her Beauty, adorn her Perſon, and advance her Fame.

Then they asked her, What the *Muſes* were?

She ſaid, That the *Muſes* were Nature's Dreſſers, and Poet's Miſtreſſes; to whom they made Love, and ſeveral Courtſhips.

Then they asked her, What Poets were?

She ſaid, Poets were Nature's Painters, which drew her to the life; yet ſome do flatter her, ſaid ſhe, and ſome do her wrong; but thoſe that flatter her, ſhe favours moſt (as all great Ladies do).

Then they asked her, What was the ground of Poetry?

She ſaid, Diſtinguiſhing and Similizing, which is, ſaid ſhe, Judgment and Fancy: as for Numbers, Rhyme, and Rhetorick, they are but the ſeveral Accoutrements, but no part of the Body of Poetry.

Then they asked her, What was the Effect of Poetry?

She ſaid, To move Paſſions, to deſcribe Humours, to expreſs Actions, to correct Errors, to condemn Follies, to perſecute Vice, to crown Virtue, to adorn the Graces, to entertain Time, to animate Youth, to refreſh Age, to encourage Noble Endeavours, to quicken the Spirits, to pleaſe the Senſes, to delight the Mind, to recreate the Thoughts, to encreaſe Knowledg, to inſtruct the Underſtanding, to preſerve the Memory, to refine Language, to praiſe Heaven, to enflame Zeal, to regiſter Life, to in-urn Death, to pencil Nature, and raiſe Fame.

Then the Poets asked her, If Wit might not be gotten by Induſtry?

She ſaid, Yes: for, though it is Nature's Work to make a Brain ſtrong, and well-temper'd, or put it in tune; yet it is Learned Practice and Skill, that muſt play therewith; like a Lute, although it ſhould be well ſtrung, and juſtly tuned, yet if there were no hands, or other things, to ſet it in motion, it would become uſeleſs; and unleſs it were tried, it would not be known whether it could

could ſound or no; and one that was not practiſed and learnt in the Art of that Inſtrument, might jangle, but hardly play a compoſed Tune, or make any Harmony therewith. So a Brain becomes dull for want of uſe, ſtupid for want of ſubject, and barren for want of learning; unleſs Nature doth play on the Inſtruments ſhe makes, without the help of Art: which ſhe can do, and doth ſometimes; but ſo ſeldom, that it is a wonder.

But although ſhe doth not always make uſe of Art, ſhe never but doth make uſe of Time; for Time is her chief Inſtrument, with which ſhe works, and produceth all things.

I perceive, ſaid ſhe, that few profit by reading over or repeating of their own Wit; for it is like the Breath of Water-Divers, who have two Bags, one filled with Air, the other to put in Breath that iſſues out; and that Breath that goes out, can never be drawn back for uſe; for the life of the Body muſt be fed with freſh Air, or elſe it is ſmuthered out: ſo the life of Wit muſt be fed with new Subjects; or elſe it becomes idle, or (panting) dyes.

The Seventh ſort that viſited her, were Aged Perſons.

They asked her, What made Age ſo dull?

She ſaid, That moſt commonly Aged Bodies had Melancholy Minds; their Thoughts, as their Bodies, were always travelling towards death; unleſs (ſaid ſhe) it be the Irrational ſort, who live only to their Appetites, and dye like Beaſts: for although old Father Time preaches Death to them every minute, they ſenſually (or being accuſtomed to his Doctrine) regard him not, but follow their Senſes as long as they can, until they become as inſenſible, as before irrational.

Then they asked her, What made Mankind afraid to dye?

She ſaid, Pain, and Oblivion: but, ſaid ſhe, all Creatures are afraid of the one; but none but Mankind are afraid of the other.

Then they asked her, What Age endured the moſt violent Pangs of Death?

She ſaid, Middle-age, and perfect growth, as being

being ſtrongeſt Bodies: for perfect growth, with middle-age, is like a well-built Houſe, throughly ſeaſoned, and ſtrongly ſetled; which makes Death take the greater pains to pull it down. But Infancy and Age, ſaid ſhe, are like to Houſes newly wrought, or rotten with long time, which the leaſt puff of Wind lays level with the ground.

Then they asked her, What courſe of life was beſt for Age to live?

She ſaid, Piouſly, temperately, ſoberly, eaſily, peaceably, pleaſantly, and ſagely: to be Pious in ſerving the Gods duly; and to be Compaſſionate and Charitable: for the Aged many times ſeem as if they were tired in the Service of the Gods, making their Age a lazy excuſe for their omiſſions. And Age having the Experience of the changes of Fortune, the accidents of Chance, the Miſeries and Cruelties in Nature, and the Havocks and Spoils Death makes, grow hard-hearted: for, as Time hardens a tender Plant with the growth; ſo Cuſtom hardens a tender Heart with frequency. As alſo, having obſerved the falſe Natures, the malicious Diſpoſitions, the ſubtil Deſigns, the Self-ends, the cruel Actions in the generality of Mankind, they are apt to cenſure, miſtruſt, and condemn all; which makes their Charity cold, and Aſſiſtance ſlow.

They ſhould be Bountiful; for Age ſeeing the many Miſeries that Poverty brings, and the Power that Riches hath, become oft-times ſo covetous, and ſo ſparing, that they become miſerable, making their Stores their Priſons, their Gold their Shackles, laſhing themſelves with the Rods of Scarcity and Inconveniency; and though their Blood ſtreams not through a porous skin, yet are their Veins ſhrunk up, and dry within; they feed on Thoughts, as Lovers do; and their Gold is their Miſtreſs, admiring it as the faireſt of Nature's Works, worſhip it as a Deity, believe all happineſs lives therein, and good is produced thereby. But thoſe that have a generous Soul by Nature, and have been accuſtomed to relieve by Practice, encreaſe in Humanity, Compaſſion, Charity, and Liberality, as in years: alſo, their Love and Piety is fuller of Fervencies; and though the Lamp of their Life is blinking, yet the Flames of their Zeal are more clear; for as their Oil of Life waſts, their Oil of Devotions encreaſes continually, pouring in Glory, Praiſes, and Thankſgiving.

Likewiſe, ſaid ſhe, Age ſhould live ſoberly and temperately: As for Temperance, ſaid ſhe, Age is a Diſtemper in it ſelf; and therefore they ſhould have a greater care in ordering themſelves; but ſome are ſo far from patching the Ruins of Time, or propping, or upholding a ſagging, ſinking Life, that they

they make the rents greater, and pull down the Building ſooner than Nature intended, diſturbing their bodily reſt, and peaceable mind, by their unſeaſonable Hours, and unneceſſary Cares; as alſo, by their unwholſome Diets, and diſordered Appetites, which weakens Nature, and diſturbs Health, more than otherwiſe they would be. But thoſe that are prudently wiſe, ſurvey themſelves, and induſtriouſly maintain Life in as good Repairations as they can, placing ſhelters before it, or laying covers upon it, to defend and keep it from boiſterous Storms, and nipping Colds.

Likewiſe, they repair it with nouriſhing Food, comfortable Cordials, and quiet Reſt; which makes them appear like a famous Monument, or an ancient Palace, whoſe ſtately Structure cannot be buried in the Ruins.

They ſhould alſo live ſoberly, gravely, and reſervedly: for an aged Body, with a vain Mind, fantaſtical Humours, extravagant Actions, apiſh Behaviours, and idle Diſcourſes, ſuit not well together; they appear both uncomely, undecently, and unnaturally: for, Can there be any thing vainer, than for Age to rant and ſwagger, brag and boaſt, or to be vain-glorious? or, Can there be any thing more phantaſtical, than for Age to be inconſtant and various, pining and ſpightful, goſſipping and thwarting, amorous and wanton? And

can there be more phantaſticalneſs, than for Age to be fooling and toying, ſporting and playing, dancing and ſinging, flanting and revelling, poſting and travelling, ſearching and ſeeking, ſharking and fawning, crouching and creeping? Or, Can there be more apiſhneſs, than to ſee Age full of imitation, as to affect a dancing, jetting, ſtrutting, ſtragling gait; a pruning, jointing, wreathing, rowling poſture; a ſimpring, fleering, jeering, mopping, mewing Countenance; or leering, fleering, winking, gloting Eyes?

And what can be idler, than to hear Age talk laſciviouſly, buffoonly, impertinently, falſly, amorouſly, vain-gloriouſly, maliciouſly, factiouſly, and wickedly? But ſober Age hath a ſetled Mind, quiet Thoughts, well governed Paſſions, temperate Appetites, noble Reſolutions, honeſt Deſigns, prudent Actions, rational Diſcourſes, and Majeſtical Behaviours.

For an eaſie life, ſaid ſhe, Age ſhould ſhun all troubleſome Offices, painful Employments, tedious Travellings, long Speeches, impertinent Talkers, hard Couches, uneaſie Garments, ſharp Colds, burning Heats; alſo Surfeits, or unpleaſant or loathſome Meats or Drinks; for it were better to dye, than live in pain; and the infirmities of Age is pain enough, without any addition to encreaſe them.

Like-

Likewiſe, Age ſhould ſtrive to live a peaceable life, as neither to hear Quarrels, or make Quarrels, or be a Party in Quarrels, or quarrelſome buſineſs; ſhould abate all turbulent Paſſions, reſtleſs Cares, endleſs Deſires, vexing Thoughts.

It ſhould alſo avoid all Clamours or mournful Noiſes; cruel, dreadful, or pitiful Objects: they ſhould forgive Injuries freely, ſuffer Injuries patiently, ſubmit to Power willingly, or at leaſt readily: for Life is a torment when Peace is baniſhed; and to have an unquiet Life, a troubled Mind, joined with a weak Body, would be as bad as Hell's torments.

The laſt is, To have a pleaſant Life: for Age being apt to be melancholy, it ought to pleaſe it ſelf, to divert its ſaddeſt Thoughts, and raiſe its drooping Spirits. Beſides, Age hath moſt reaſon to pleaſe it ſelf, having by nature the ſhorteſt while to live; and they are moſt unwiſe, that make not the beſt uſe, or take not the moſt profit of Time.

But ſome may ſay, That Age cannot take pleaſure, by reaſon that Pleaſure lives in the Senſes; and the Senſes, which are the Strings, Organs, or Pipes of Pleaſure, are broke, or out of tune; and the Mind, they will ſay, is ſubject to ruinous Time, as much as the Body and Senſes: for Knowledg, which is the Foundation thereof; and Underſtanding, the Building thereon; and Memory, the Doors

thereto; and Remembrance, the Windows therein, is apt to decay; which forceth the Inhabitant, which is Delight, to forſake its Manſion: But I ſpeak not to thoſe that are ſo old, or ſo infirm, as to be paſt thinking, as it were; for thoſe are but breathing-Carcaſſes, not living-Men: but I ſpeak to ſuch, whoſe Knowledg is more, and Underſtanding clearer, by Time's Experience: for, though the Body hath a fixt time to arrive to a perfect growth and perfection, yet the Mind hath not; for the Mind can never know nor underſtand ſo much, that it might not know and underſtand more; neither hath Time ſuch a Tyrannical Power over the Mind, as over the Body.

Wherefore, ſaid ſhe, the Mind may have delight when the Body is paſt Pleaſures; and the Thoughts, which are the Children of the Mind, may have more various Paſtimes and Recreations to delight them, than the Senſes can have Varieties of Subſtance to work Pleaſures out of; for they can create Delight in themſelves, which the Senſes cannot; for they become dull, and grow as dead, when they have nothing to work on.

When the Thoughts are like Spiders, or Silkworms, that can ſpin out of their own Bowels, which is the Mind; for the Mind is the Bowels or Womb of Thoughts: and though ſome think the Mind would be like an empty Houſe, if it were not

not furniſhed by the Senſes, and outward Objects; yet ſome Minds are ſo largely, curiouſly, and ſumptuouſly built by Nature, and with ſuch excellent, rich, and ſtrong Materials, that they need not the Senſes.

The ſeveral Objects that the Senſes bring in, do but incumber it, and lumber it, hiding the curious Architecture, and ſhadowing the light thereof; but howſoever, to pleaſe or delight the Mind by the Senſes, Age muſt hear ſweet charming Muſick, view delightful Objects, ſmell comfortable Scents, taſte ſavoury Meats, drink delicious Drinks, be lapt in ſoft Silks, or warm Furr.

Likewiſe, they muſt converſe with witty and pleaſant Company, and ſo recreate themſelves in what they moſt delight: for Wiſe and Noble Age cannot delight in any thing but what is Honourable, Allowable, and Commendable; and whoſoever lives temperately, prudently, ſoberly, eaſily, peaceably, and pleaſantly, lives ſagely; but, ſaid ſhe,

Wiſe Age Majeſtick ſeems, like Gods above;
Their Countenance is Mercy join'd with Love:
Their Silver Hairs are like to glorious Rays;
Their Eyes, like Monarch's Scepter, Power ſways.
Their Life is Juſtice Seat, where Judgment's ſet;
Their Tongue is the ſharp Sword, which Truth doth whet.

Their grave Behaviour the Balance, which poiſe
The Scales of Thoughts and Actions, without noiſe:
Merit's the Grains, which makes them even weight;
Honeſty the ſteddy hand that holds them ſtreight.

The Eighteenth ſort were Soldiers.

And they asked, What ſort of Men were fit to be Generals?

She ſaid, Thoſe that could command themſelves, were wiſe enough to command others.

Then they asked her, What ſort of Men were beſt for other Commanders and Military Officers?

She ſaid, Thoſe that had learnt to obey; for from their Obedience they could well Command.

Then they asked her, Of what age Men ſhould be choſen for Soldiers?

She ſaid, That Men of Twenty were deſperate, and Men of Thirty were couragious, and from Thirty they were valiant: for Courage (ſaid ſhe) is not ſo furious as Deſperateneſs; nor Valour ſo raſh as Courage: and Beaſts (ſaid ſhe) are furious and couragious; but none but Men are Valiant: but

but (ſaid ſhe) of neceſſity there muſt be Men of all ages, that are able to bear arms; or elſe there will not be Men enough to make up a Number: for, though (ſaid ſhe) Fury is ſoon ſpent by violent Force, and Courage is weaker by raſh Follies; yet if none ſhould be choſen but thoſe that are rightly Valiant, there would not be a Troop where there ſhould be an Army: for true Valour (ſaid ſhe) is ſuch an equal temper and mixture of Capacities, Qualities, and Virtues compounded, as Juſtice, Prudence, Temperance, Patience, Judgment, Underſtanding, Reſolution, Audacity, Circumſpection, and the like, to make Valour, that there are few Valiant Men to be found; whenas of Men of Courage, whole Armies are full: for, Courage is only a Paſſion, without any mixture of Fear; or rather, it is an Appetite to Adventures.

Then they asked her, What Aſſaulting-arms were beſt?

She ſaid, The Sword: for, ſaid ſhe, Cannons, Muskets, Carbines, Piſtols, or the like, are fitter to fight with Walls, than Men: Beſides, ſaid ſhe, there is no aſſaulting-arms that ſtands at a diſtance, but ſeem cowardly, as Bows, Slings, Piſtols, Guns, and the like; which make Men ſeem as if they were afraid to meet and encounter Body to Body, when

a Sword, or the like Weapon, ſeems (as it is) Heroick and Manly.

Then they asked her, Whether an Army were better to intrench, or lye in Garriſon-Towns?

She ſaid, To intrench: for, ſaid ſhe, the Soldiers will be careful to defend their Walls of Mudd, which are Trenches; but when they lye in Garriſons, they become negligent, as thinking the Walls of Stone ſhould defend them.

Then they asked her, How they ſhould begin the Onſet of a Battel?

She ſaid, Cloſely, Coldly, and Temperately, leſt their force ſhould waſte in their fury, and diſorders ſhould grow by the violence thereof.

Then they asked her, How they ſhould behave themſelves in a Victory?

She ſaid, Humbly and Mercifully.

Then they asked her, How they ſhould behave themſelves when they loſt?

She ſaid, Patiently and Cheerfully; to ſhew their Spirits were not dejected with their ill fortune.

The

The laſt ſort that viſited her, were Hiſtorians.

They asked her, Whether it were worth the taking pains, to write an Hiſtory?

She ſaid, There was no pains worth the taking, but for the cauſe of Truth, for Right ſake, and for the advancement of Good.

As for an Hiſtory, ſaid ſhe, it cannot be exactly true, becauſe there are ſo many ſeveral Intentions interwoven with ſeveral Accidents; and ſeveral Actions divided into ſo many ſeveral Parties and ſeveral Places; and ſo many ſeveral Reporters of ſeveral Opinions, Partialities, Underſtandings, Judgments, and Memorials, which give ſuch various relations of one and the ſame Action, that an Hiſtorian (being but one Man) cannot poſſibly know the truth; which makes them write ſo falſly, whereby Right is injured and degraded of that Honour which is due unto its Merit; or elſe that Honour is given where there is not Merits to deſerve it. Neither doth Hiſtory add Good to an Human Life, or Peace to a Diſordered State, or Zeal to a Pious Soul: for it inſtructs the preſent Life with the Vices, Follies, and Ambitions, Rapines, Cruelties, Craft, Subtilties, and Factions, of former Ages; which makes the preſent Age more bold to do the

like, and deſirous to follow their fore-fathers ſteps; which rather inflames the Diſtempers, than gives Peace to a Commonwealth; indeed it diſtempers a peaceable Commonwealth, and oft-times brings it to ruin, over-heating the Youth, and hardning the Aged: neither doth it add Zeal; for reading in Hiſtory the ſeveral Religions, and many Gods, that Wiſe Men held and prayed to, in every Age, weakens their Faith with doubt of the right, not knowing what to chuſe.

Alſo Hiſtorians are, for the moſt part, Detractors; for they oftner blurr Men's Reputations, than glorifie them; and the World is apt to believe the worſt part: for, one Pen may blurr a Reputation, but one Pen will hardly glorifie a Reputation; for Glory requireth many Pens, many Witneſſes, or elſe the World will not believe it; when one Accuſing-Pen ſhall ſerve to condem the moſt Noble Perſons, and Heroick Actions; ſo unjuſt the World is.

They are alſo contrary one to another, writing according to their Opinions, Judgment, and Belief, not often to the Truth; for ſome praiſe thoſe Men and Actions that others diſpraiſe; cauſing doubts to the Readers, who know not which to believe: beſides, they are ſo partial to Sides and Factions, that to the adverſe Party they note things to their diſadvantage; or aggravate their Errors or Imper-

Imperfections, and leave out ſome things that are of high worth, and worthy the remembrance; or elſe leſſen them in their Relations. But to thoſe they adhere to, they do the contrary; they either obſcure or excuſe their Errors, Imperfections, and Crimes; and illuſtrate, with falſe lights, their dim Virtues; or give them ſuch Praiſes they never deſerved.

Wherefore, no Hiſtory ſhould be eſteemed, but what was written by the Authors themſelves; as, ſuch as write the Hiſtory of their own Lives, Actions, and Fortunes, and the ſeveral Accidents that befell in their time, and to their knowledg: yet, (ſaid ſhe) I wiſh I might out-live the Hiſtorians of theſe times, that I might write a Hiſtory of the Hiſtorians, there to deſcribe their Birth and Breeding, their Life, their Actions, their Fortunes, their Intereſt; and let the World judg, whether they writ Truth, and without Partiality.

But to draw towards an end of my Tale: All ſorts of People reſorting to hear her ſpeak, ſhe became ſo famous, as that a great Monarch (whoſe Kingdom was neighbouring to the Countrey ſhe was born, bred, and lived in) had a great curioſity to ſee and hear her; for the fame of her Beauty was equal to the fame of her Wit; and putting himſelf into a diſguiſe, left his Kingdom and Wife, to viſit this Lady; whom when he ſaw, and had heard ſpeak, her Wit, Beauty, and graceful Beha-

viour did ſo raviſh him, that he became a deſperate Lover: Whereupon he ſecretly revealed himſelf unto her, perſwading (all he could) to leave that incloſed life, proffering her to be divorced from his Wife, and to marry her: But ſhe refuſed his Offers, deſpiſed his Love, forbid his Suit, and abſented her Perſon; which cauſed him to return in a rage and fury, ſending Ambaſſadors to proclaim Warrs, unleſs the State would deliver the Lady into his Power. But they abſolutely denied to deliver her, thinking it both a wicked and diſhonourable diſgrace to their Countrey, although they perceived an utter ruin was like to fall upon them, by reaſon the Kingdom was in a weak condition, cauſed by former Warrs. But it came no ſooner to her hearing, but ſhe deſired to meet the Ambaſſadors in a publike audience, which they granted; where multitudes of People came thronging to ſee her; and when they were met, ſhe thus ſpake:

I come not here to make Eloquent Orations to divulge my Wit, or to preſent my Beauty to the view of many Eyes: for, though I may thank Nature for her bounteous Gifts,

Yet I have not that Vanity or Pride,
For to allure or draw from Virtue's ſide.

But

But I come to anſwer theſe Threatning-Ambaſſadors; for I cannot call them Noble, or Honourable, ſince they come upon a baſe Deſign, and to an unjuſt End: But let me tell them, That the Gods would hate me, ſhould I break my holy Vow. Next, I ſhould grieve my Father's ſleeping-Aſhes, ſhould I diſobey his dying-command. Thirdly, I ſhould be a diſhonour to my Birth and Sex, ſhould I live incontinently. Laſtly, I ſhould curſe my Birth, hate my Life, blaſt my Fame, ſhould I be the cauſe of my Countrey's Ruin; and my Countrey had cauſe to do the ſame, ſhould it be ruined for me: But ſince it will prove a Miſchief, Sin, and Shame, to live; Honour, Prudence, Love, and Juſtice, bids me dye: Wherefore I have ſacrificed my Life for my Countrey's Peace and Safety; my unſpotted Chaſtity, holy Vows, and dutiful Obedience, and to quench the raging Luſt of a wicked Tyrant.

And growing very ſick, ſhe became ſo weak, that ſhe could ſtand no longer; but gently ſinking to the ground, ſhe fell: whereupon all that could get near, run unto her to help her: but ſhe told them it was in vain; for Poyſon (ſaith ſhe) hath been the Engine that hath broken open the Gate of Life, to let Death in; and ſo immediately dyed. Which the People no ſooner underſtood, but made ſuch outcries, lamentations, and mournings, as if there had been an utter deſolation of the whole World.

Then after ſome time of Preparations, they buried her with great ſolemnity, and intombed her coſtly; the State ſetting up her Statue of Braſs, for her Courage and Love to her Countrey: the Church Deified her a Saint, for her Virtue and Piety; and the Clergy raiſed Altars, where all the Kingdom twice a year did offer unto her ſolemn Sacrifices: and the Poets built ſeveral Pyramides of Praiſe of her Beauty, Wit, Virtue, and ſweet Graces; which Pyramides reach'd to *Fame*'s higheſt Tower: and the Hiſtorians writ her Life and Death in Golden Letters, and recorded them in *Fame*'s Brazen Tower, that all the World might know and follow the Example of her Heroick Spirit, Generous Soul, Chaſt Body, Pious Life, and Voluntary Death.

HEAVEN's Library, which is FAME's Palace, purged from Errors and Vices.

JOVE, and ſome of the other Gods, being ſet in Council, *Pallas* being one, roſe up, and bowing to *Jove*, thus ſpake:

Great *Jove*, ſaid ſhe, I ought in duty and love to inform you, not only of the Vices and Errors, which are numerous in the World, and in time may bring it to confuſion; but of thoſe Errors and Vi-

ces

ces which are crept into your great Library (*Fame*'s Palace), and if order be not taken to deſtroy them, they will devour all your beſt and nobleſt Records.

Jove anſwers, That Vices were as Serpents, and Errors as Worms, bred in the Bowels of Nature, of which ſhe could never be cured, for the Gods had no Medicine ſtrong enough to purge them out; and by reaſon they were from all Eternity, they could not be deſtroyed: for, if any thing could be deſtroyed that is from all Eternity, then we our ſelves might be deſtroy'd: but, ſaid *Jove*, we can caſt them out of our own Manſions, though we cannot caſt them out of Nature's Bowels; alſo, we can hinder them from coming in: wherefore *Fame* is to be reproved for ſuffering the Library to be ſo foul, and full of filthy Vermin.

Whereupon *Mercury* was ſent to call *Fame* to appear before *Jove* and his Council; ſo when *Fame* came, *Jove* told her, That Gods and Goddeſſes ought to be juſt and upright, and to have their Palaces pure, and full of Truth; which (ſaid he) you nor your Palace hath not been; for you are Partial, and your Court full of Faction, and my Library (your Palace) foul, and full of Wormy Errors; which if it had been kept pure and clean, they would never have entred; or if they had entred, you might have cauſed them to have been

ſwept out by Old Father *TIME.*

Fame anſwered, That it was not her fault; for *Mars*, *Venus*, and *Fortune*, had ſent them in; and it is not for me to oppoſe ſo great a God as *Mars*, or ſo great a Goddeſs as *Venus*; or to ſit as Judg, to determine what was beſt to be flung out, or what to be placed therein; for none is fit to judg thoſe Cauſes, but you (great *Jove*) and your Council.

Jove approving what *Fame* ſaid, told his Council, That after they had taken ſome repaſt, they would ſit in Council again, and their only Buſineſs ſhould be, to purge and cleanſe their Library. So after they had feaſted with *Ambroſia* and *Nectar*, they returned to Council; where they did firſt decree:

That all thoſe Records that were to be caſt forth, ſhould be heapt up together, and then they would decree how to diſpoſe of them. After that, they did decree, That all thoſe Records that were of Uſurpers and Invaders, ſhould be caſt forth.

Next, All Fabulous and Profitleſs Records.

Thirdly, All Wanton and Amorous Records.

Fourthly, All Records of Uſeleſs Laws, and Inhuman Sacrifices.

Fifthly,

Fifthly, All Records of tedious Speeches, or vain or factious Oratory.

Sixthly, All obſtructive Controverſie, as being deſtructive to Truth, ſhould be caſt out: Alſo, tedious Diſputes and Sophiſtry.

But *Mars*, *Cupid*, and *Mercury*, oppoſed it as much as they could, ſaying,

That if all theſe Records ſhould be caſt forth, the famous Library would be very empty.

Jove ſaid, It was an Infamous Library whilſt they were kept therein; and that no Records ought to be in *Fame's* Library, but of ſuch Acts as ſuppreſs'd Vice, and advanc'd Virtue, and were profitable for the Life of Man; and thoſe of neceſſary Inventions; but chiefly, thoſe that glorified the Gods, and ſung their Praiſes, declaring their Power, Wiſdom, Juſtice, and Love; whoſe Authors ought to have their memory recorded to everlaſting time. As for the Works of the Poets by Nature, ſaid *Jove*, the Fates have decreed them ſeveral places in the Library; wherefore it is not in our power to remove them: but thoſe that are like falſe Coyn, that have only got, by unjuſt means, the ſtamp of the true Figure, and not the worth of the Metal; ſuch as are droſs, or baſely mixt, not pure and perfect pieces, we ſhall find out by their trial.

After they had decreed the Generalities, they ſate in Council on the Particularities; as, which were unworthy to be kept, or worthy to be caſt out.

Firſt, they began with Moral and Natural Philſophers, Phyſicians, and Chymiſts; where *Jove* ſaid, All but ſome few ought to be caſt forth; for, to what purpoſe ſhould we ſtuff the Library with the Repetitions and falſe Commentaries, of which all Modern Records are (for the moſt part) full, being only alter'd in language.

As for the Philoſophers, the firſt ſhall be *Plato*, and his Works ſhall be all kept, but his Commonwealth; and that ſhall be put out, by reaſon it was ſo ſtrict it could never be put in uſe, nor come into practiſe: The reſt that were nam'd, were *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, *Socrates*, and *Ariſtotle*. As for Phyſicians, only *Hippocrates*, and *Galen*; and *Paracelſus* for his Medicines; and *Reymund Lully* for the Philoſoper's-ſtone: for although their Records be loſt in the Rubbiſh of the Library, yet old Father *Time* ſhall be employed to find them out, and other Records that are buried in the duſt, which are worthy of perſpicuous places. Alſo *Ariſtotle*'s Logick and Rhetorick was kept; and for Gramar, *Lilly*.

The next they came to conſider, were Mathematical Records; whereof none was to be kept but

but *Archimedes* and *Euclid.* As for the Records of Invention, all that are either neceſſary, profitable, or pleaſant, ſhall be inrolled: but all ſuch Invention as is hurtful, diſtruſtful, obſtructful, vain and uſeleſs, ſhall be caſt forth.

Then ſaid one of the Gods, *Archimedes* muſt be caſt out, for he invented many Engines of Warr.

'Tis true, ſaid *Jove*; but by reaſon it was in the defence of the City he lived in, and was a Native thereof, he ſhall be ſpared.

The next were *Aſtronomers*; whereof four were kept; *Copernicus*, *Tichobrache*, *Ptolomy*, and *Galileo.* The next ſort were Orators and Law-makers: As for Law-makers, there were *Moſes*, *Licurgus*, and *Solon* kept: for Orators, only *Thucydides* and *Demoſthenes*: as for *Tully*, he was a vain Boaſting Fellow, and *Seneca* a meer Pedant, and a diſſembling, pretending Philoſopher; and therefore they ſhall out. For Politicks, only *Achitophel* and *Machiavel.*

Then they came to Heroick Records. *Jove* ſaid, That all the Records that were of the Actions of thoſe they call the *Heroes*, ought moſt of them to be caſt out, being violaters of Peace, and deſtroyers of Righteous Laws, and Divine Ceremony; Prophaners of our Temples, breaking down our Altars and Images, robbing us of our Treaſures, to maintain their ill-gotten Power therein;

therein; or to get that Power they have no right to; having no Juſtice but Strength to make their Titles good: Beſides, they are the greateſt Troublers of Mankind, Robbers, and Thieves, diſpoſing the Right of Ancient Poſſeſſions, and defacing the Truth of ancient times.

With that *Mars* roſe up, and bowing to *Jove*, ſaid, May it pleaſe your great God-head, There are Prieſts of yours that have made it good by Divine Laws, and many Lawyers that juſtifie it by the Laws of every Kingdom, and by the Laws of Nations; and will you caſt down that which your Prieſts and Lawyers preach and plead up?

With that *Pallas* roſe up, and ſpoke:

Great *Jove*, ſaid ſhe, Wiſdom knows, that Force makes the Gown ſtoop; and *Mercury* knows, that Orators Tongues are as often brib'd for Fear, as Reward; and thoſe two Profeſſions plead always for the ſtronger ſide, and falſifies your Text for Intereſt, and turns Right to Wrong, and makes the Text and Laws a Noſe of Wax, which will take any Print; or elſe, How ſhould various diſputes ariſe in that we hold Sacred, as Divinity; and every Cauſe diſputed *pro* and *con*, in all Courts, by oppoſite Counſels? Wherefore (All-ſeeing *Jove*) your Power will rectifie it, and it will be Juſtice to throw them out. Wherefore, let all the Records of all thoſe of the Heroick Acts and Heroes both

both of *Greeks* and *Romans*, that were Invaders or Uſurpers, with their Heroes (as *Alexander*, *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, *Cæſar*), and all the reſt; and all other Records and Heroes, of what Nation ſoever, which is of that injurious, turbulent, ambitious, and vain-glorious Nature, whereof there be Thouſands, which ought to be caſt into Hell's Dungeon, the place of Infamy, there let their Actions be recorded; and not uſurp Heaven's great and glorious Library, as they did Earth's.

Then (ſaid *Mars*) you muſt caſt all the Heroick Actions and Worthies, in *Homer*'s Works, into that Dungeon.

That muſt not be, ſaid *Jove:* for *Homer* was Heaven's Chronologer; and the Records of the Gods of Heaven muſt not be caſt into Hell. Beſides, there was a juſt pretence for that Warr; for the *Grecians* had received a palpable Injury, and the *Trojans* did but defend themſelves; and though the Injury done, and the Wrong received, were but by Two ſingle Men; and the Quarrel but for a leight inconſtant Woman; yet it was a Riot: and the more faulty, and leſs pardonable, becauſe it was a Riot of our Deputies on Earth: for Kings are the Gods Deputies and Vicegerents, and therefore Sacred, and ought not to be injured; but when they are, their Injuries are to be ſeverely puniſhed; and Heaven forbid we ſhould be ſo unjuſt, as to

caſt out all Heroick Actions, and Warring Heroes; no, we caſt out only thoſe that make warr unjuſtly, vain-gloriouſly, or covetouſly.

Then *Mars* ask'd, If *Tamberlain* ſhould be caſt out?

Jove ſaid, Yes; for he had no right to the *Turks* Empire.

Then he ask'd, If *Scanderbeg* ſhould be thrown out?

Jove ſaid, No: for it is lawful for any to get their own, and to maintain their Right by what force ſoever: and that *Scanderbeg* had reaſon to fight for, and to maintain by force his own Inheritance.

Then he asked, If the Records of the Jews Heroes, and their Heroick Actions in the Land of *Canaan*, ſhould be caſt out?

Jove ſaid, No: for that Land was given them by the Gods.

Then they came to *Romances*; where *Jove* ſaid, All *Romances* ſhould be caſt out, but *Don Quixot*, by reaſon he hath wittily abuſed all other *Romances*; wherefore he ſhall be kept, and alſo have his Books writ in Golden Letters.

Then *Cupid* ſpoke in their behalf, and entreated *Jove*, that they might not be caſt out: for, ſaid *Cupid*, *Romances* work as great effects upon the hearts of Mortals, as my Arrows (tipt with Gold)

Gold) do: beſides, they are my Mother *Venus* Looking-glaſſes.

Jove ſaid, They did corrupt Mortals thoughts, and made them neglect their Divine Worſhip, cauſing them to ſpend their time vainly, idly, and ſinfully.

Then *Cupid* deſired *Jove* to ſpare *Amadis de Gaul.*

But *Jove* ſaid, That ſhould be the firſt that ſhould be caſt out, by reaſon it was the original of all the reſt.

Likewiſe, ſaid *Jove*, all Fables ſhall be caſt out, but *Eſop's Fables*, which profit Mankind by his Morals. Alſo, *Lucian* and *Rabelais* ſhall be kept, both for their huge Wit and Judgment, rectifying Scholars Underſtandings; and though ſome that are ſpiteful at their Wit, call them Scoffers, yet they are not ſo, but Teachers of Truth in a pleaſant ſtile; and thoſe that ſay they are Prophane, judg preſumptuouſly and maliciouſly of them. At this Sentence *Mercury* joyed.

At laſt they came to judg of Poets; where *Homer*, *Pindar*, and *Anacreus*, were preferr'd as the three firſt.

Then one of the Gods, named *Virgil* as the fourth.

Jove ſaid, It was a queſtion whether *Virgil* was a true Poet by Nature, or no, by reaſon he was

rather an Imitator of *Homer*, than of Nature; and his praiſe was more for his Language, than either for Fancy or Natural Deſcription: Wherefore, ſaid *Jove*, he might be queſtioned for a true-born Poet; and ſince it may be doubted he is of a Baſtard-kind, I will prefer *Horace* before him, who certainly is a true-begotten Poetical Son of Nature.

Another of the Gods ſaid, I ſhould judg *Ovid* to be plac'd before either of them both, for the ſweetneſs of his Verſe, and fineneſs of his Fancy; the curious intermixing, and the ſubtil interweaving of his ſeveral Diſcourſes, Theams, Arguments, or his Tranſitions.

Jove ſaid, For his part he was no Friend to *Ovid* for divulging his ſeveral Amours; and if it were in my power (ſaid *Jove*) to alter the Decrees of Fate, I would caſt him forth; but by reaſon he is a right Poet by Nature, I cannot; but yet I can place him in Heaven's Library as I will; and therefore he ſhall not be before either *Horace* or *Virgil*, but he ſhall ſtand in the ſixth place; and in the ſeventh place ſhall ſtand *Martial.*

Cupid ſaid, Your God-head hath forgot *Tibullus* and his Son.

No, ſaid *Jove*; they ought to be put out, becauſe their Verſes were wanton.

Cupid

Cupid ſaid, Your God-head cannot put them out, becauſe they are Poets by Nature.

Then let them (ſaid *Jove*) be placed in ſome out-corner of the Library. At which Sentence *Cupid* frown'd, knowing his Mother *Venus* would grieve to have them diſ-reſpected. After them were placed the Comedians, *Terence* and *Plautus*; and the Tragedian, *Seneca*. And having given their Judgments of all the Ancient Poets, which were more than could be numbred in this place; they tried the Moderns, whereof they could not find one true Poet by Nature, amongſt Five hundred: for though there is an infinite company of them, yet hardly one true one amongſt them all; for moſt of the Moderns have been like a company of Ravens, that live upon dead Carkaſſes, ſo they upon old Authors; and ſome have been like Maggots, that have been bred in their dead Fleſh, which is the living Works of dead Authors; and ſome like Hornets, and ſome like Bees: but very few rightly begotten from Nature; indeed ſo few, as I am loath to ſet them down: ſo moſt of the Moderns were caſt out. Then after they had divided the Records, what to be put out, and what to be kept in, there roſe a great diſpute amongſt the Gods, How thoſe that were caſt out ſhould be diſpoſed of? At laſt *Jove* decided the caſe: Thoſe that were wicked, miſchievous, and baſe, ſhould be put into Hell; and thoſe that were

idle, vain, uſeleſs, and fooliſh, ſhould be drown'd in the River of *Styx*; but they were forc'd to make new Boats to waft ſome to Hell, and to drown others in the River; for there was ſuch an infinite company, that *Charon* had not leiſure, neither could one Boat ſerve their turn. But then there roſe another diſpute about thoſe that go to Hell; for, ſaid ſome of the Gods, the Records muſt not be in Paper, nor Parchment, nor in Metal, nor Stone, by reaſon there is a continual and eternal Fire in Hell, which will burn the one, and melt and moulder away the other. Whereupon *Jove* ordered, That thoſe that were to go into Hell, ſhould be recorded in *Salamander*-ſtone, on which the Fire hath no force; for the more it is burnt, the more it is purified. After they had decreed this, all the Records of Tyrants, Uſurpers, Invaders, Murderers, Thieves, Raviſhers, Extortioners, Detractors, Licentious Mutiniers, Factious, Prophane, and Rebellious Records, with Evil Inventions, were caſt into Hell, a Room being provided as a Library, and one of the Furies with a fiery Trumpet to ſound out their reproach: And all thoſe Records that were Vain, Uſeleſs, Idle, Amorous, and Wanton; with all thoſe that were full of Sophiſtry, Tedious, Obſcure, Pedantical; and thoſe that were only Repetitions and falſe Commentaries; alſo, thoſe of uſeleſs Inventions, and that were meer Rhymers, were caſt into the River of *Styx*, and ſo drown'd in Oblivion.

FINIS.